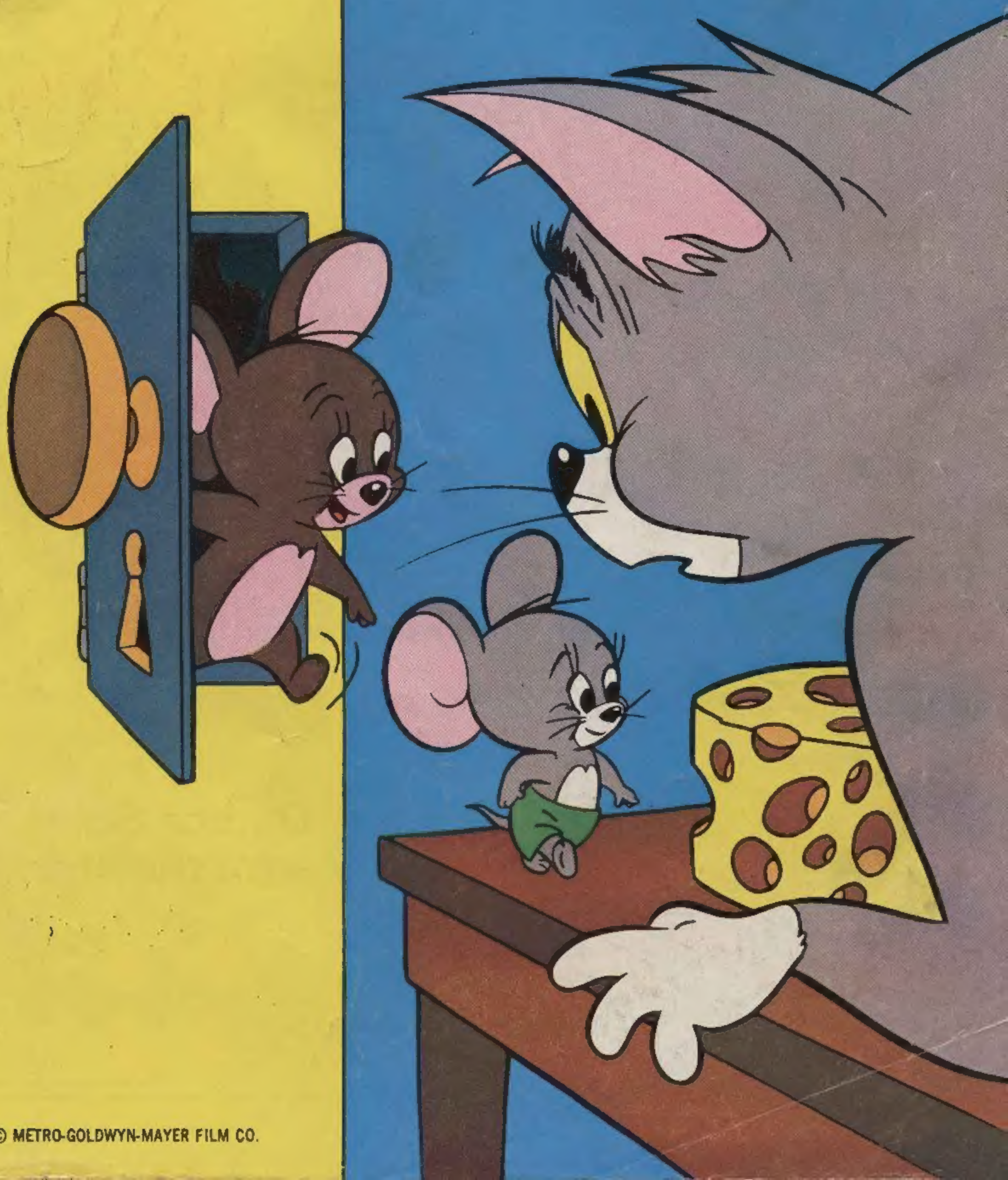


337
TOM &
JERRY
WHITMAN
90058-110

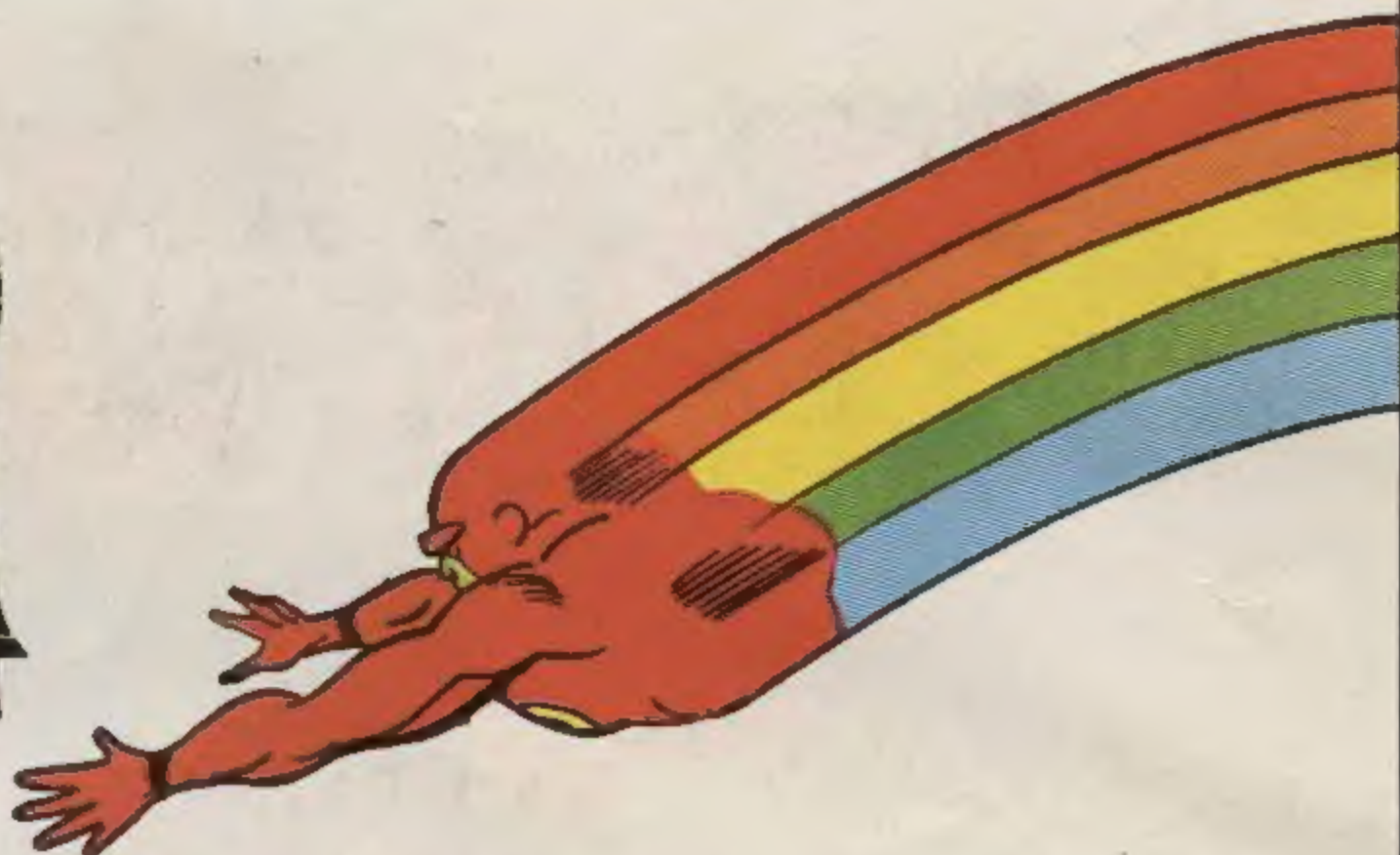
50¢

TOM and JERRY



DOCTOR SOLAR

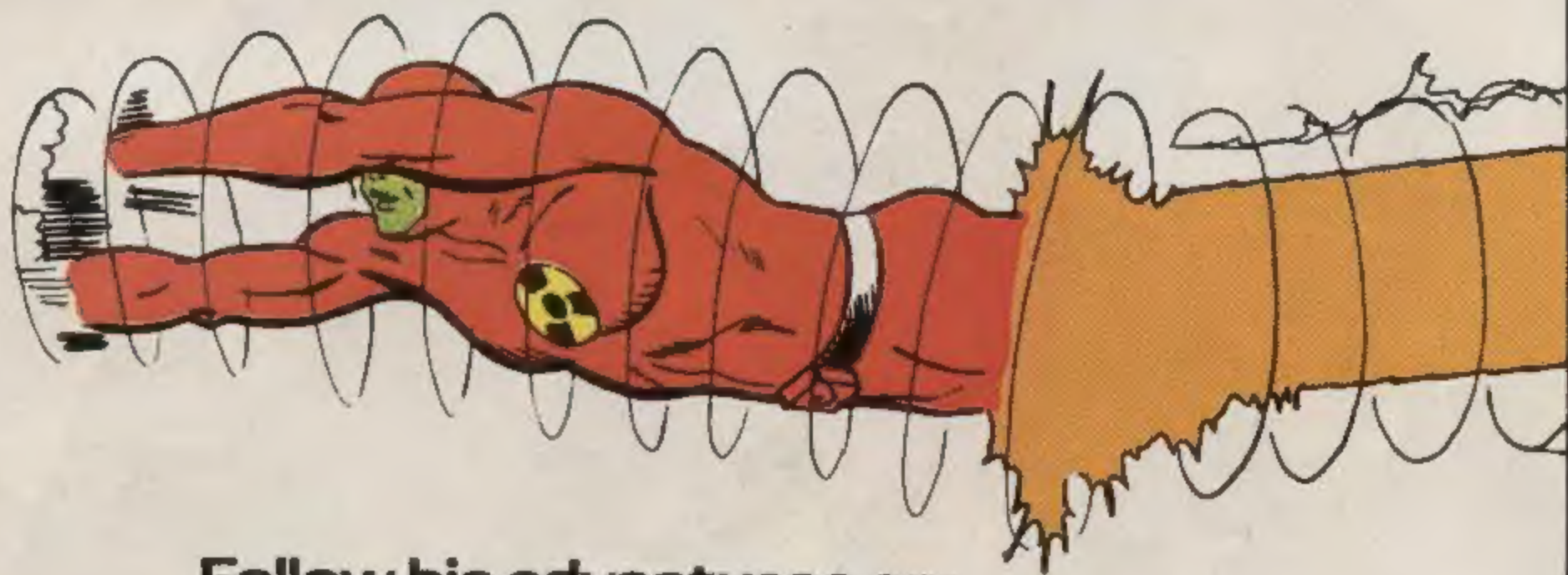
MAN OF THE ATOM



A scientist caught in the fury of an atomic accident...



...is changed into a being with fantastic powers!



Follow his adventures as:

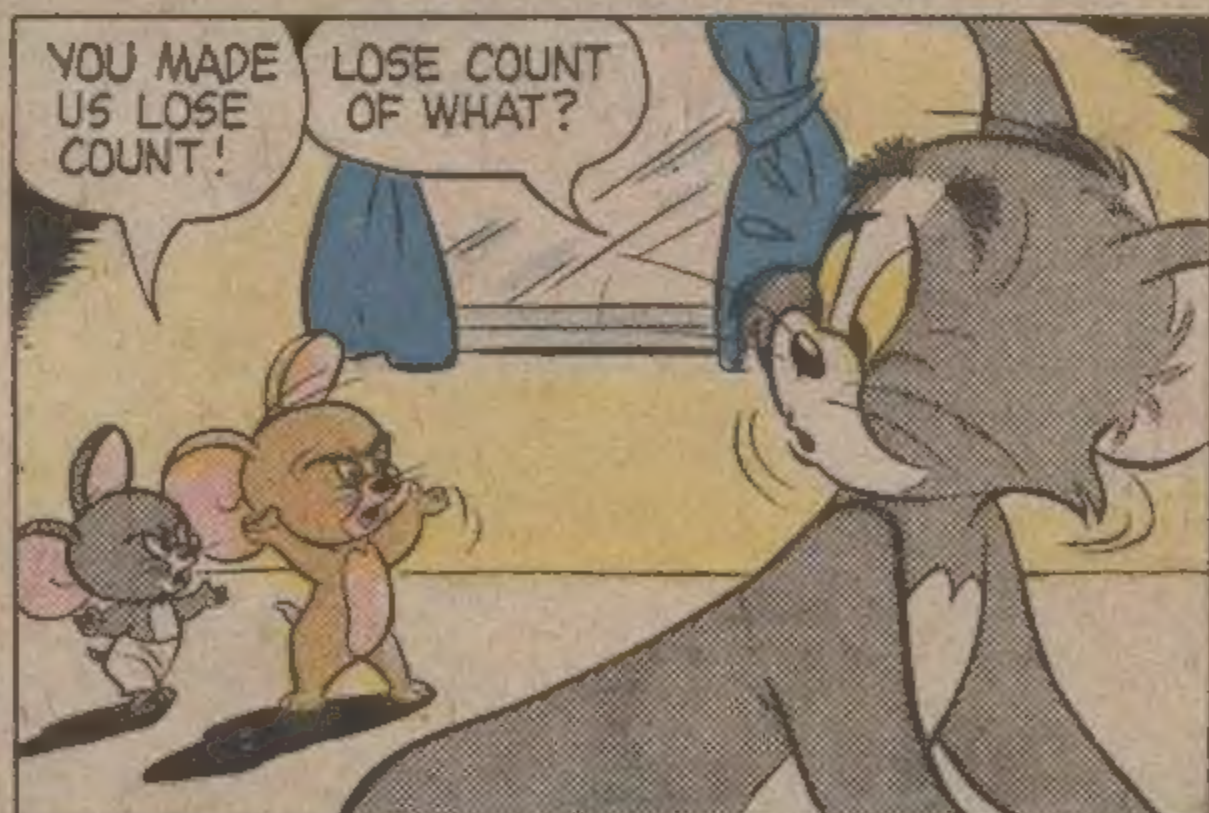
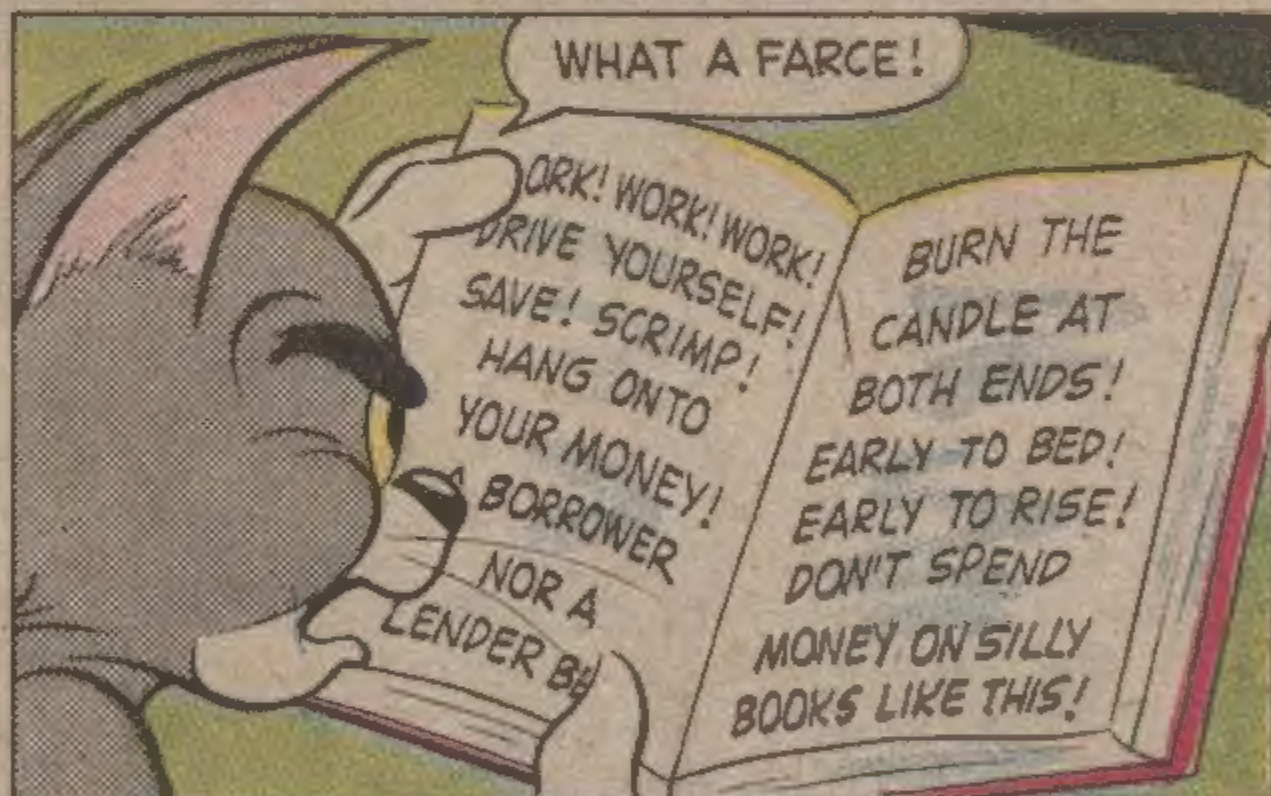


**Doctor Solar
Man of the Atom!**

Now a Whitman Comic!

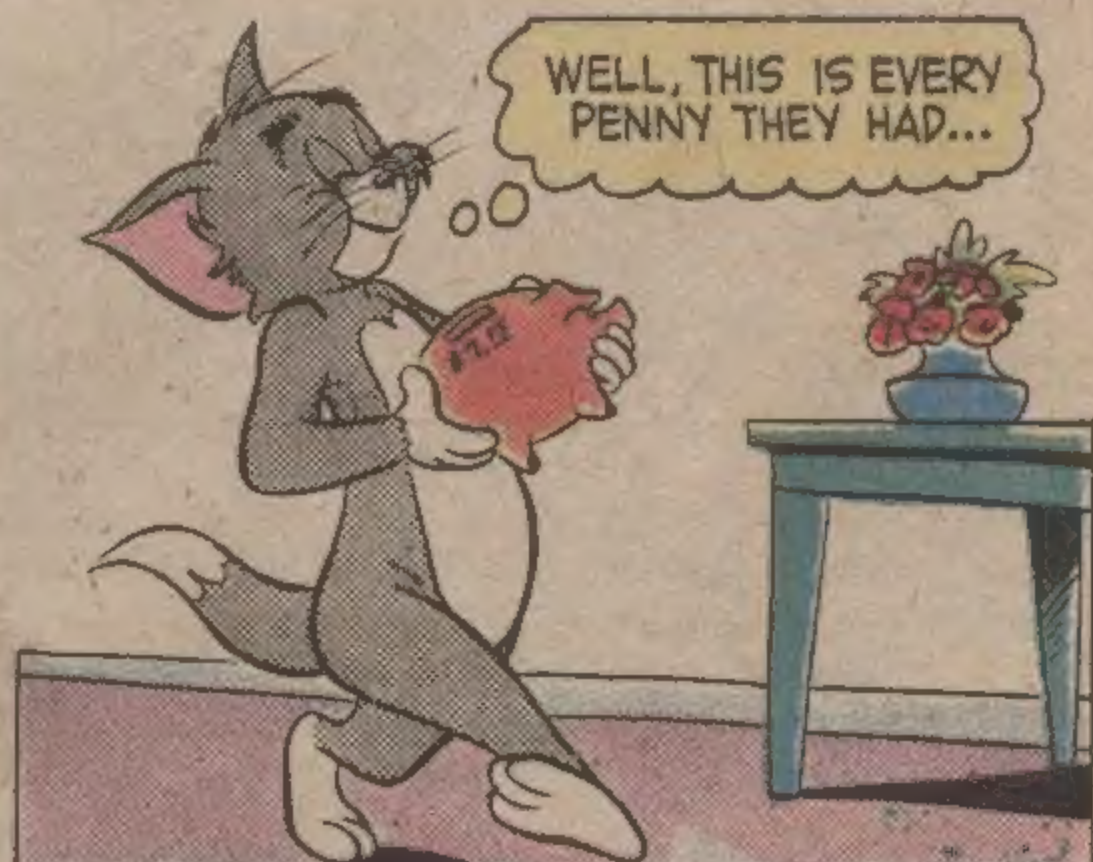
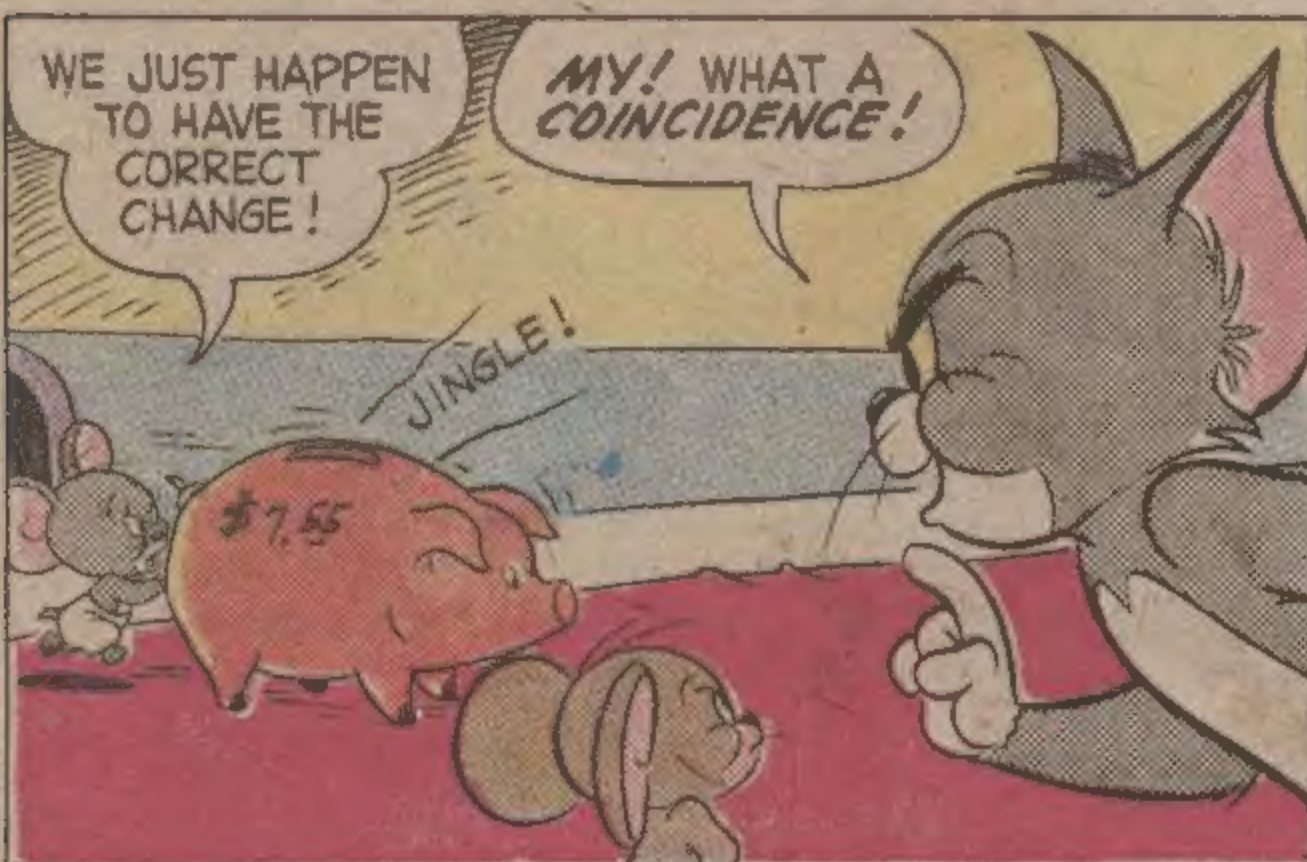
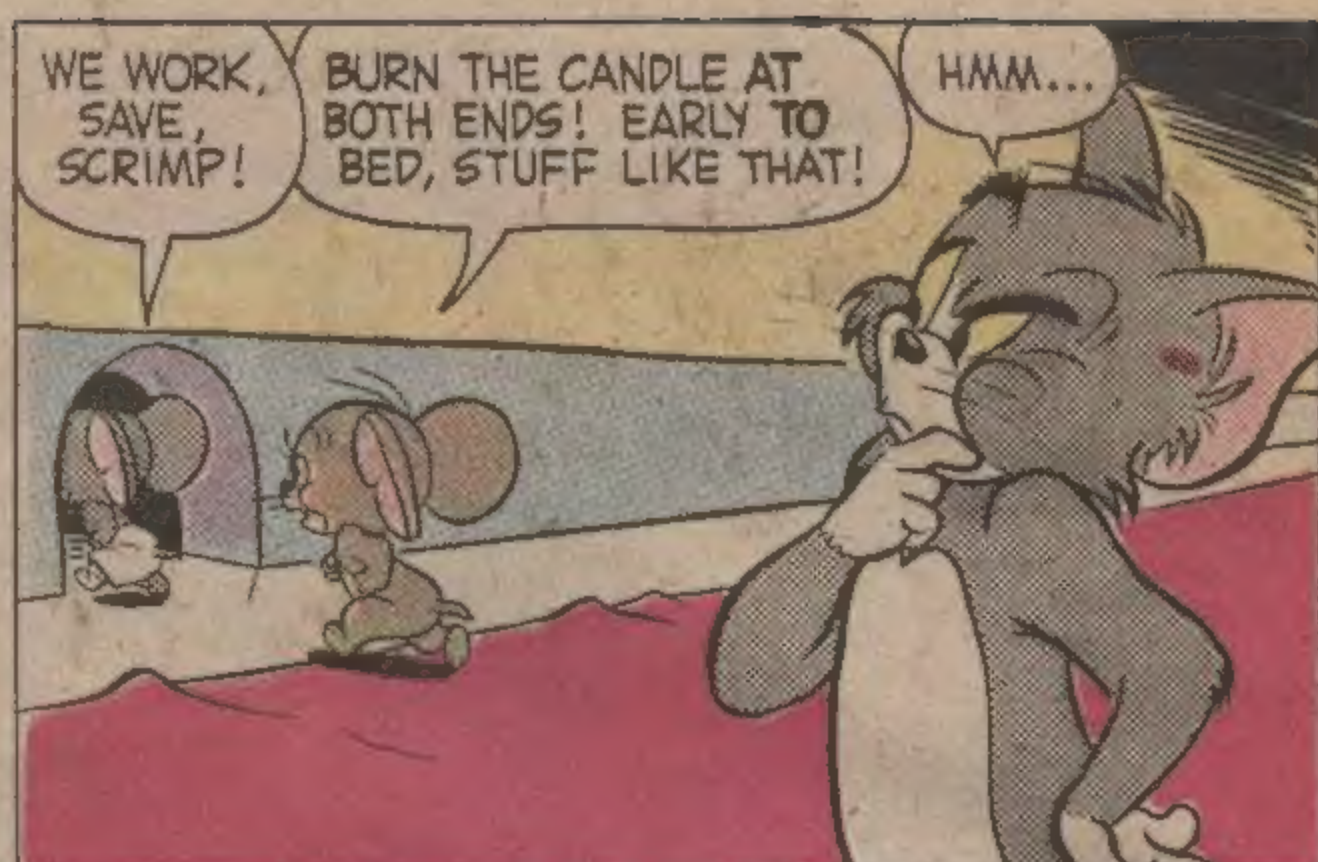
Tom and Jerry

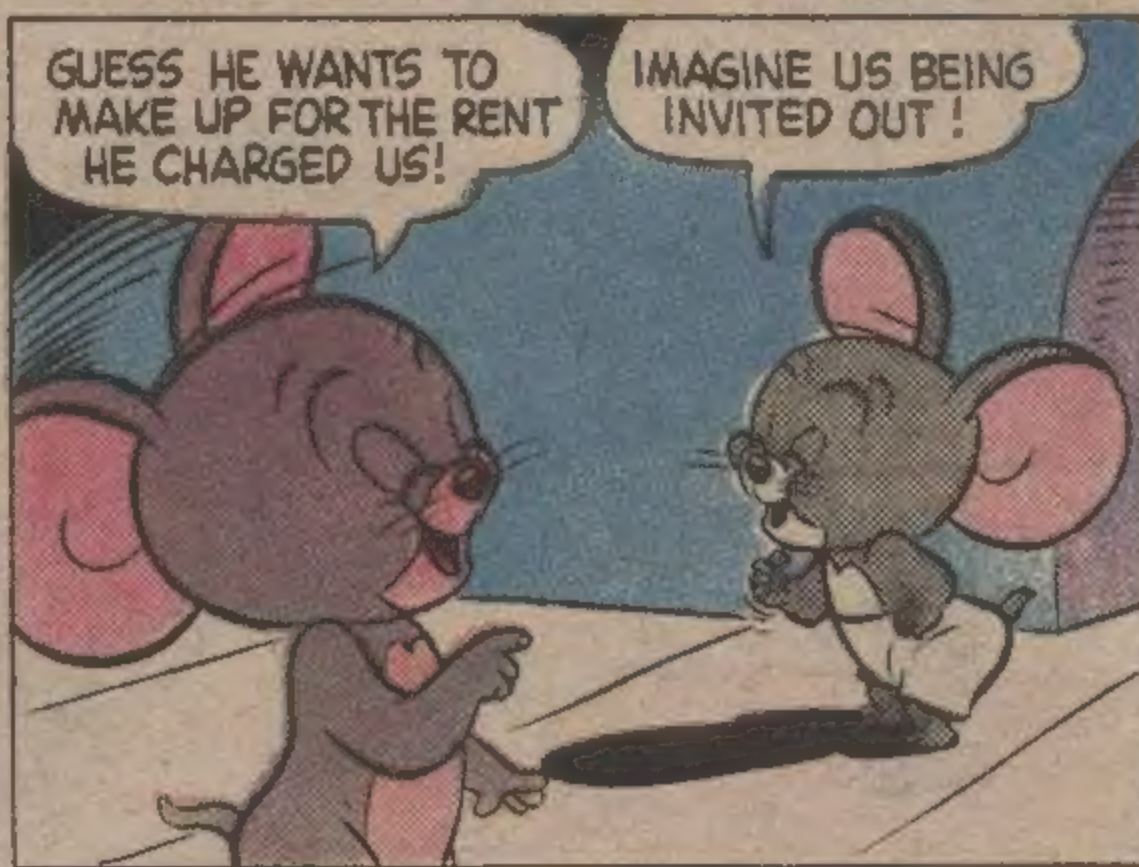
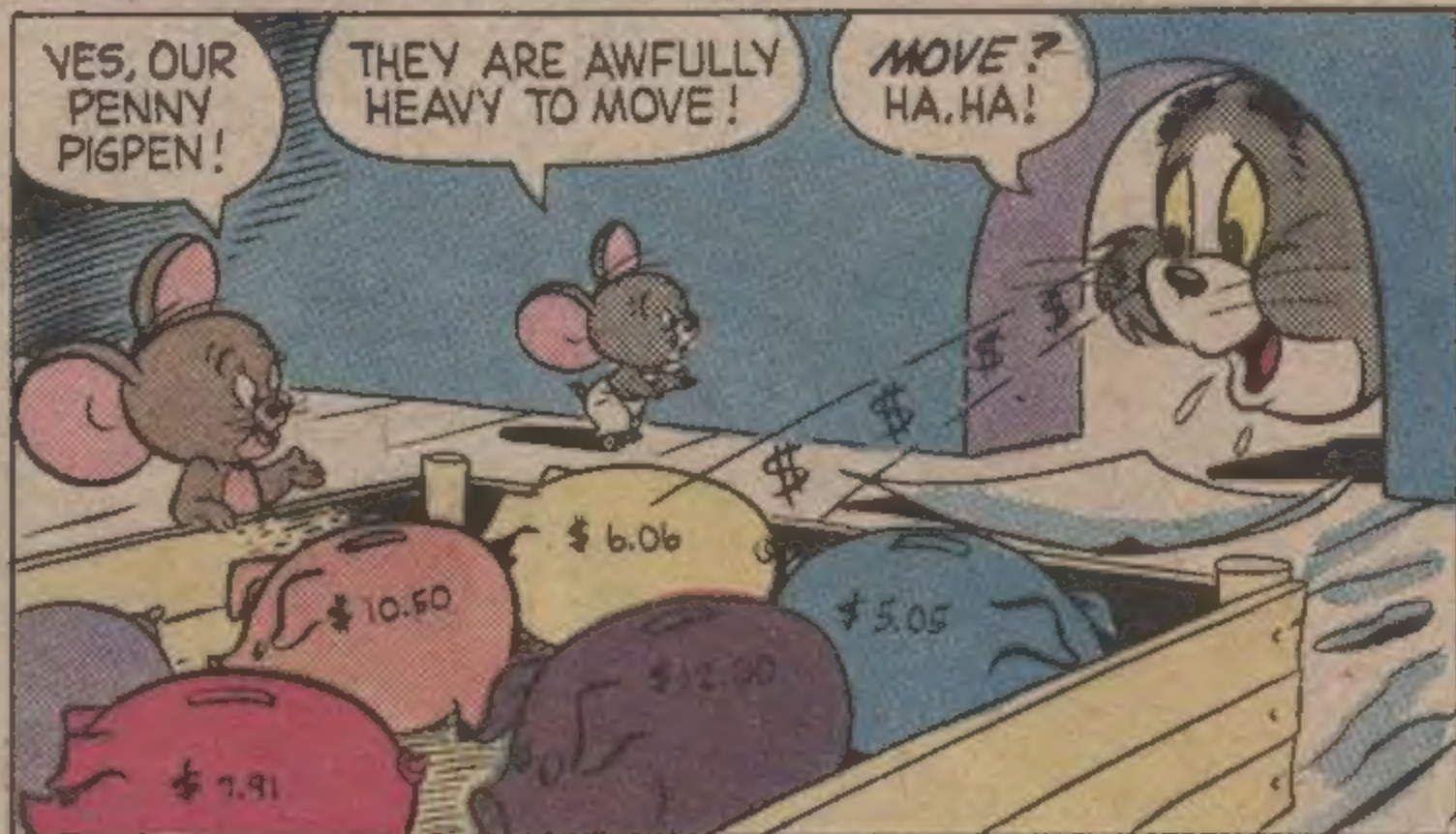
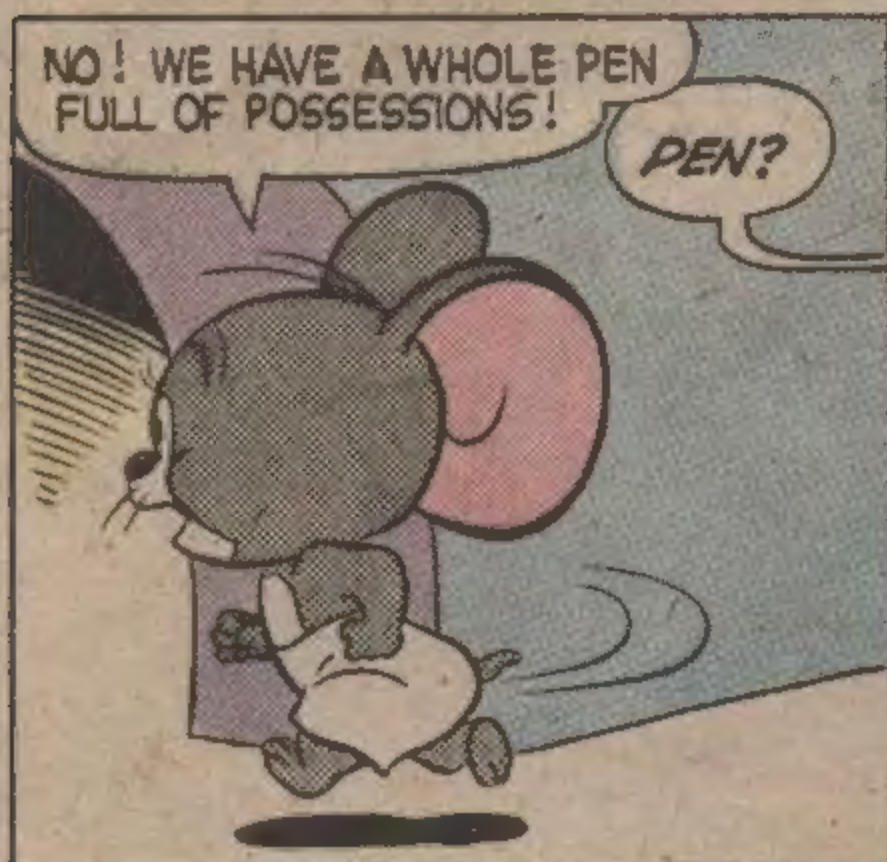
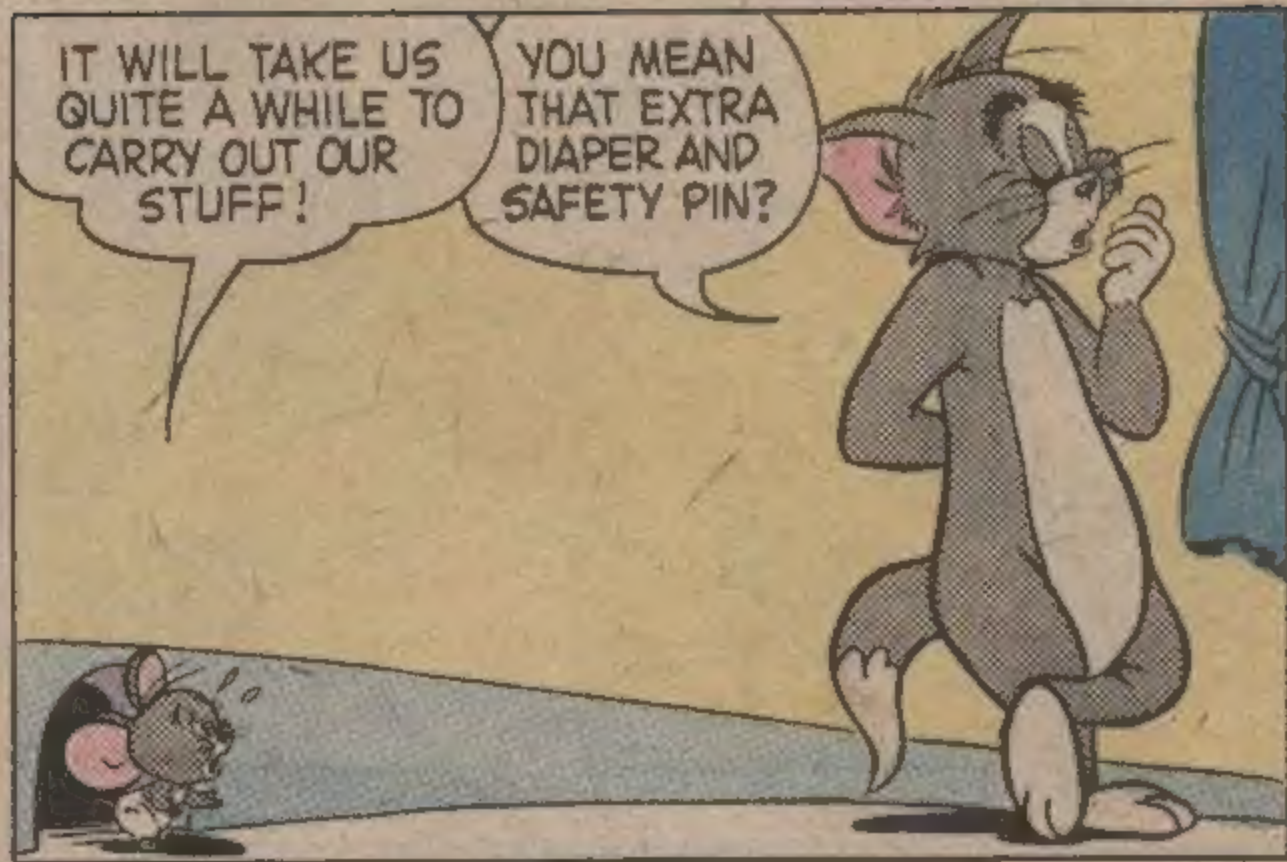
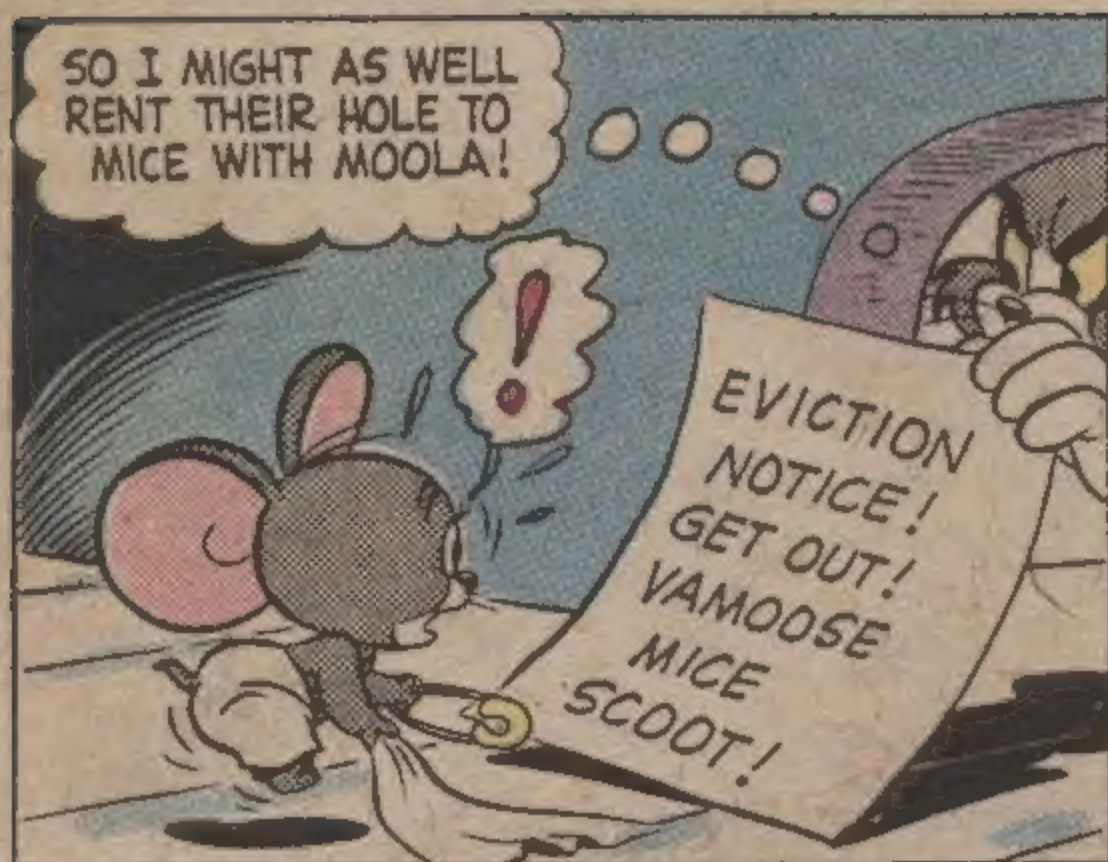
TOM'S ITCHY PALM

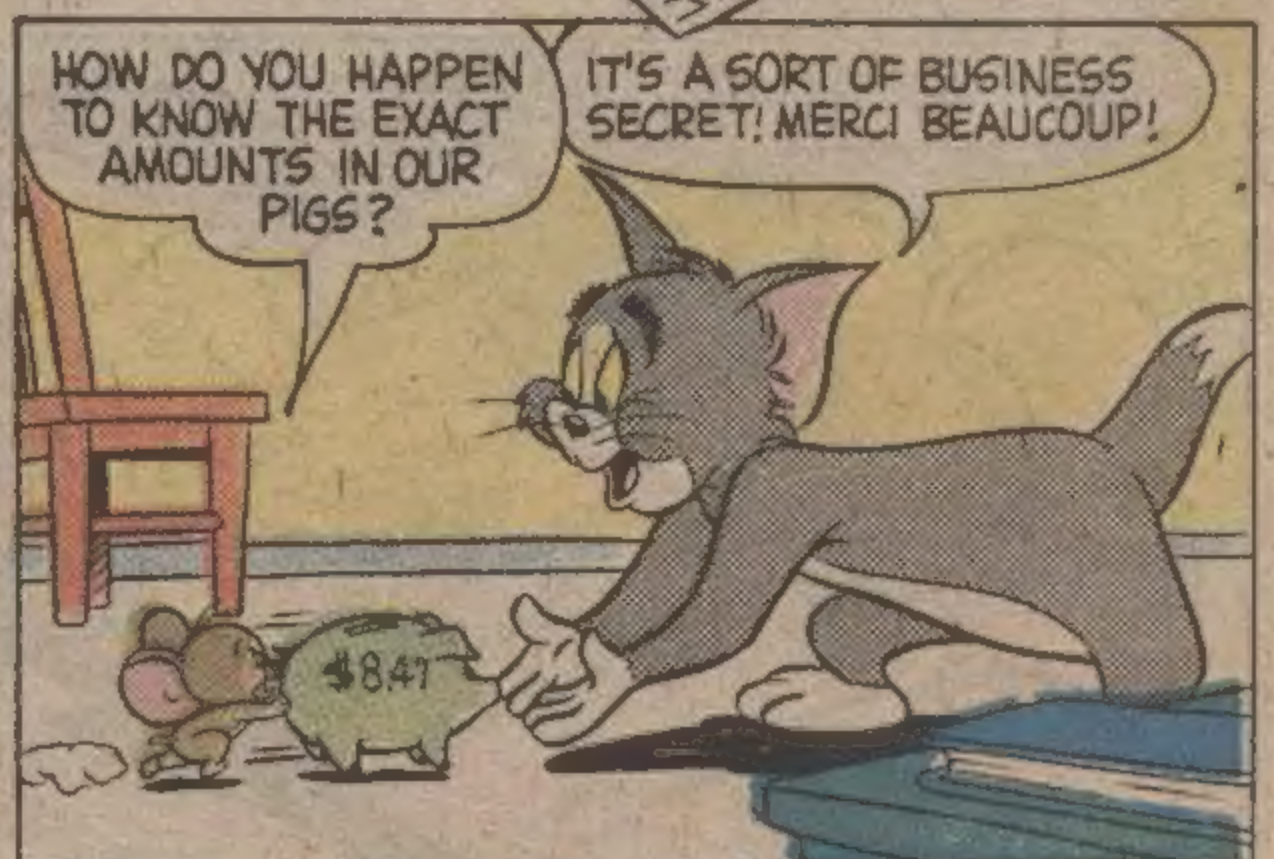
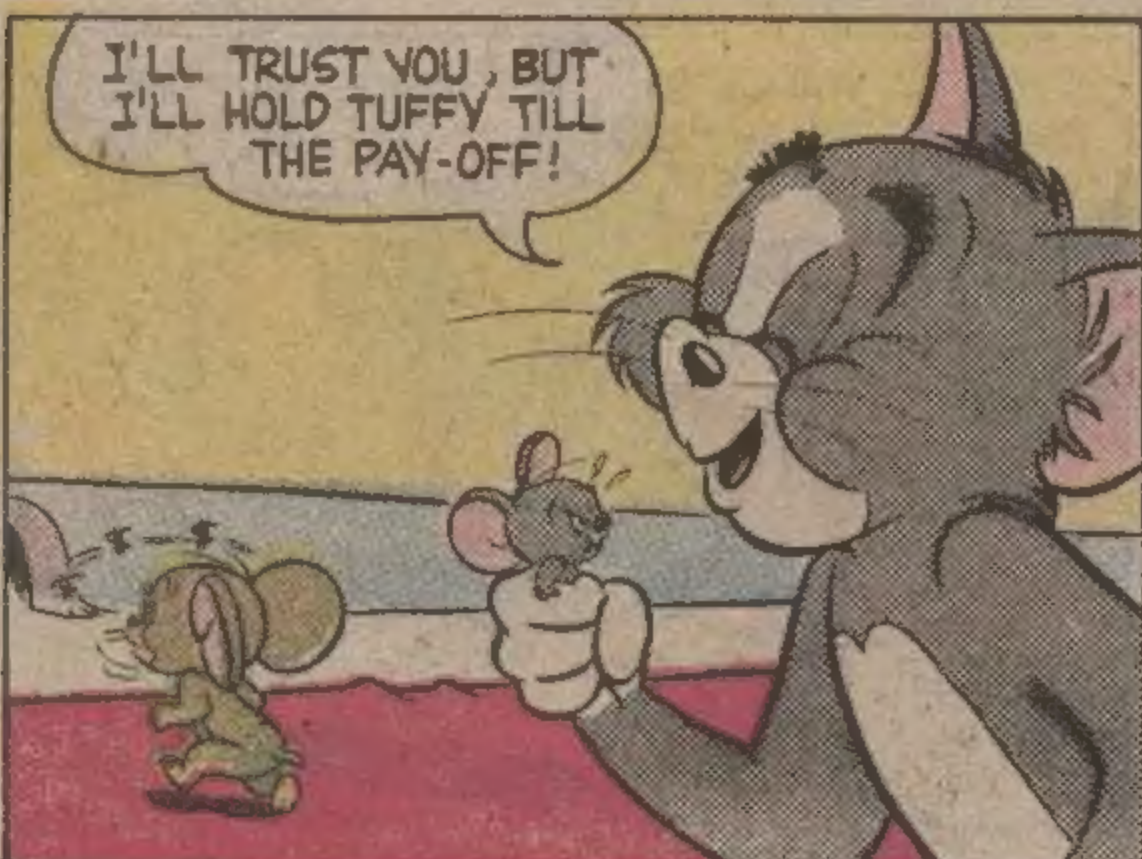
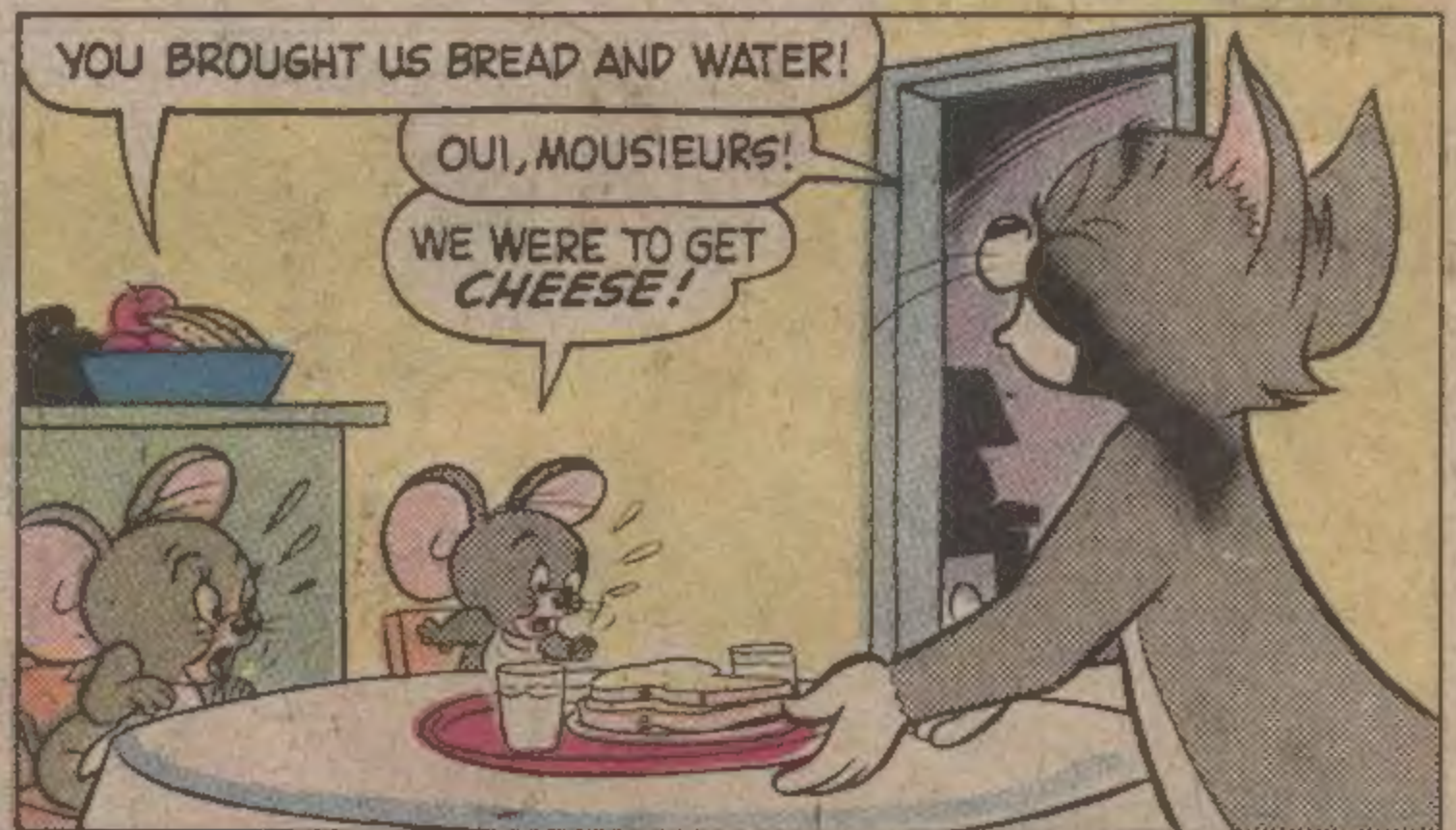
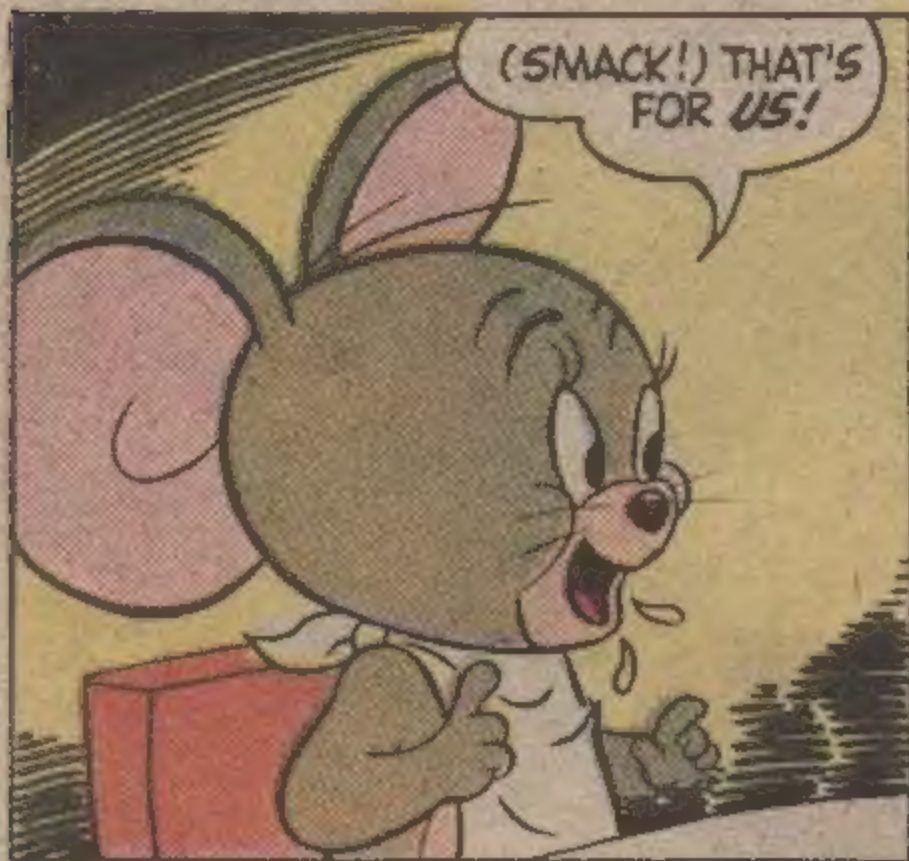
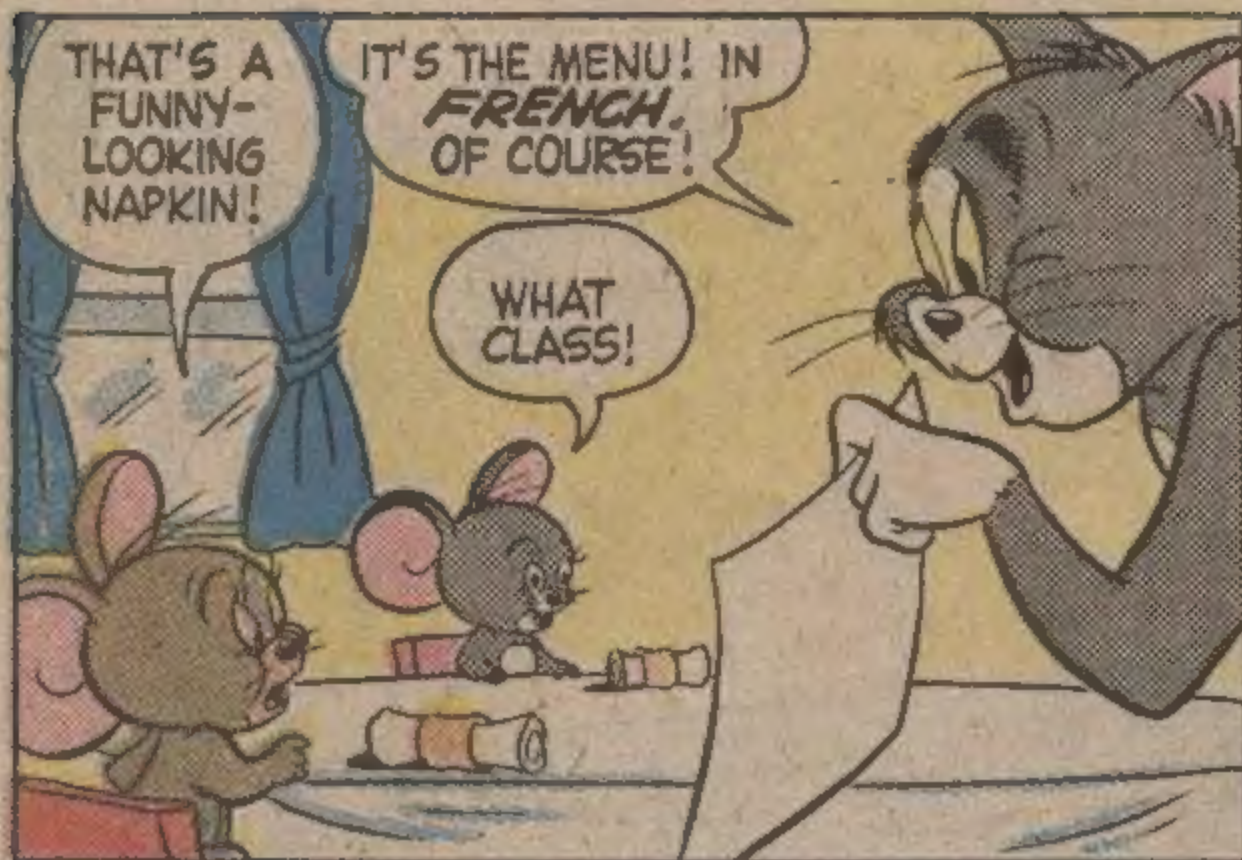


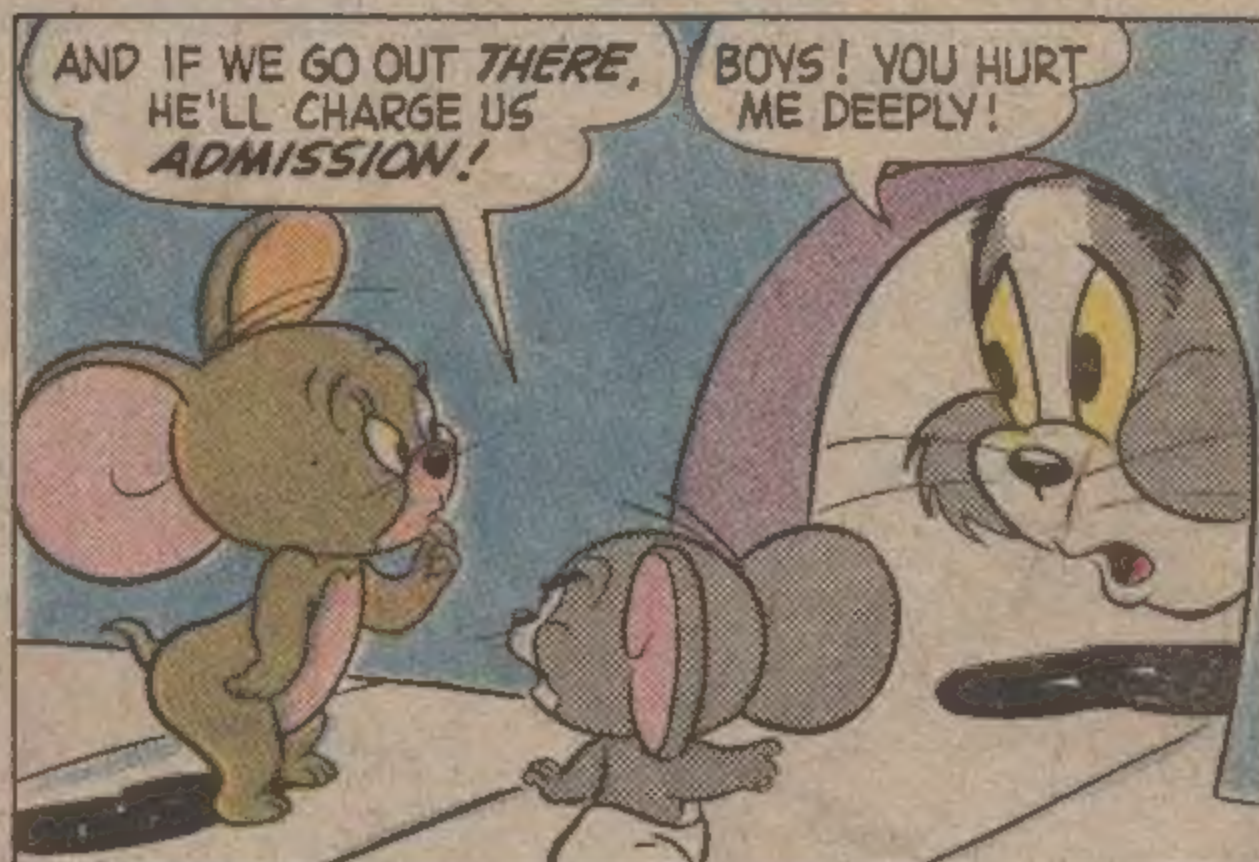
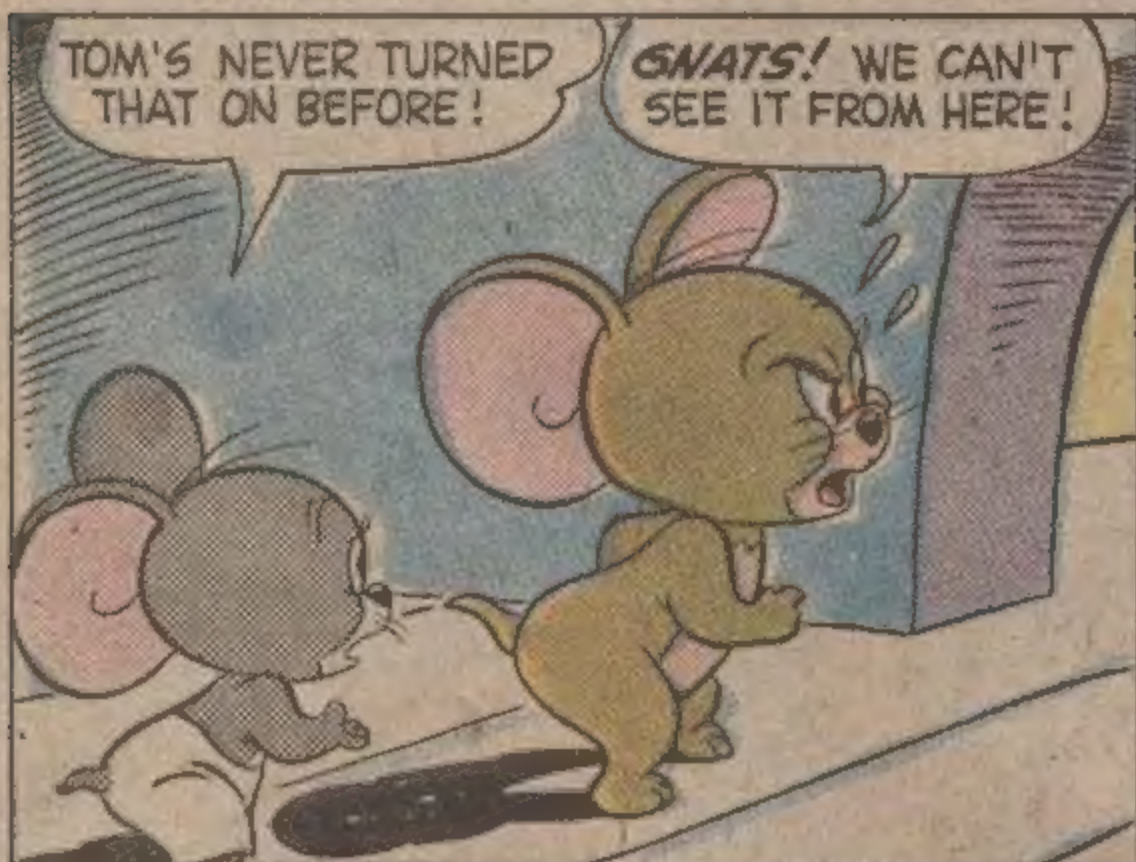
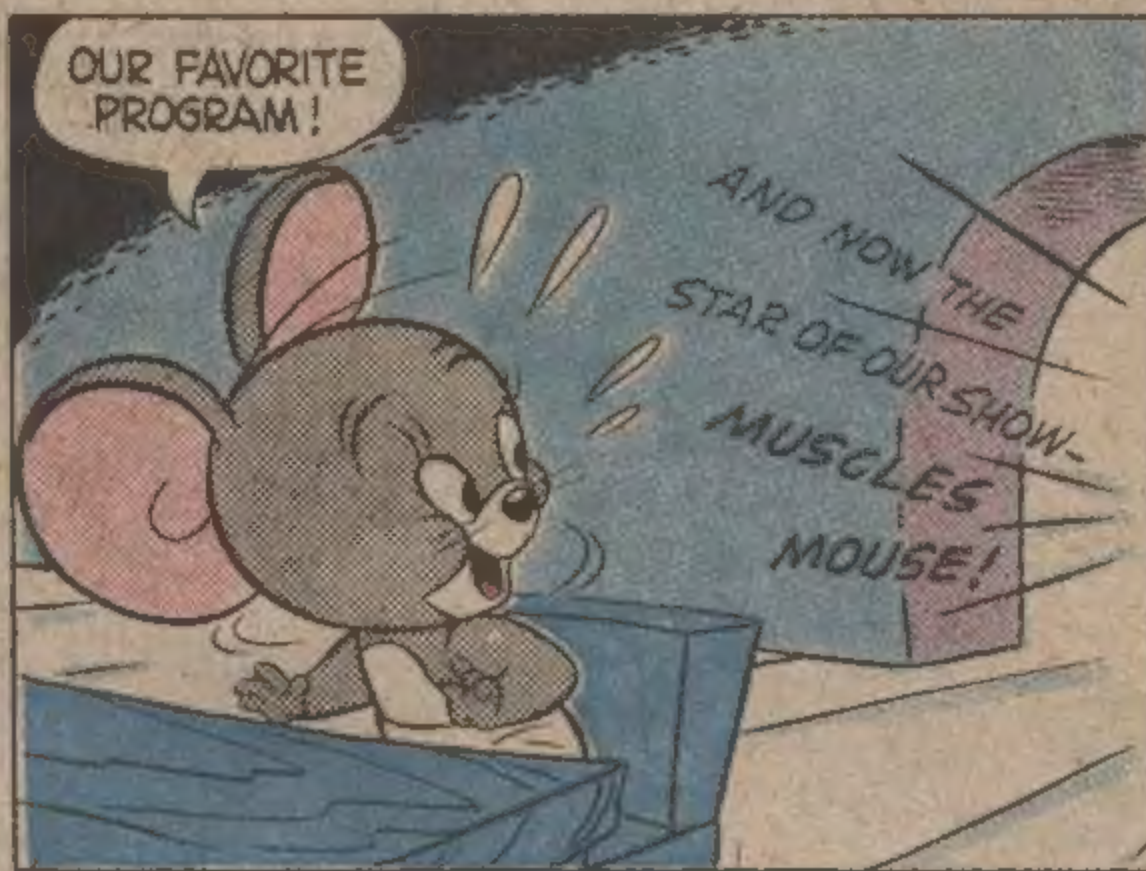
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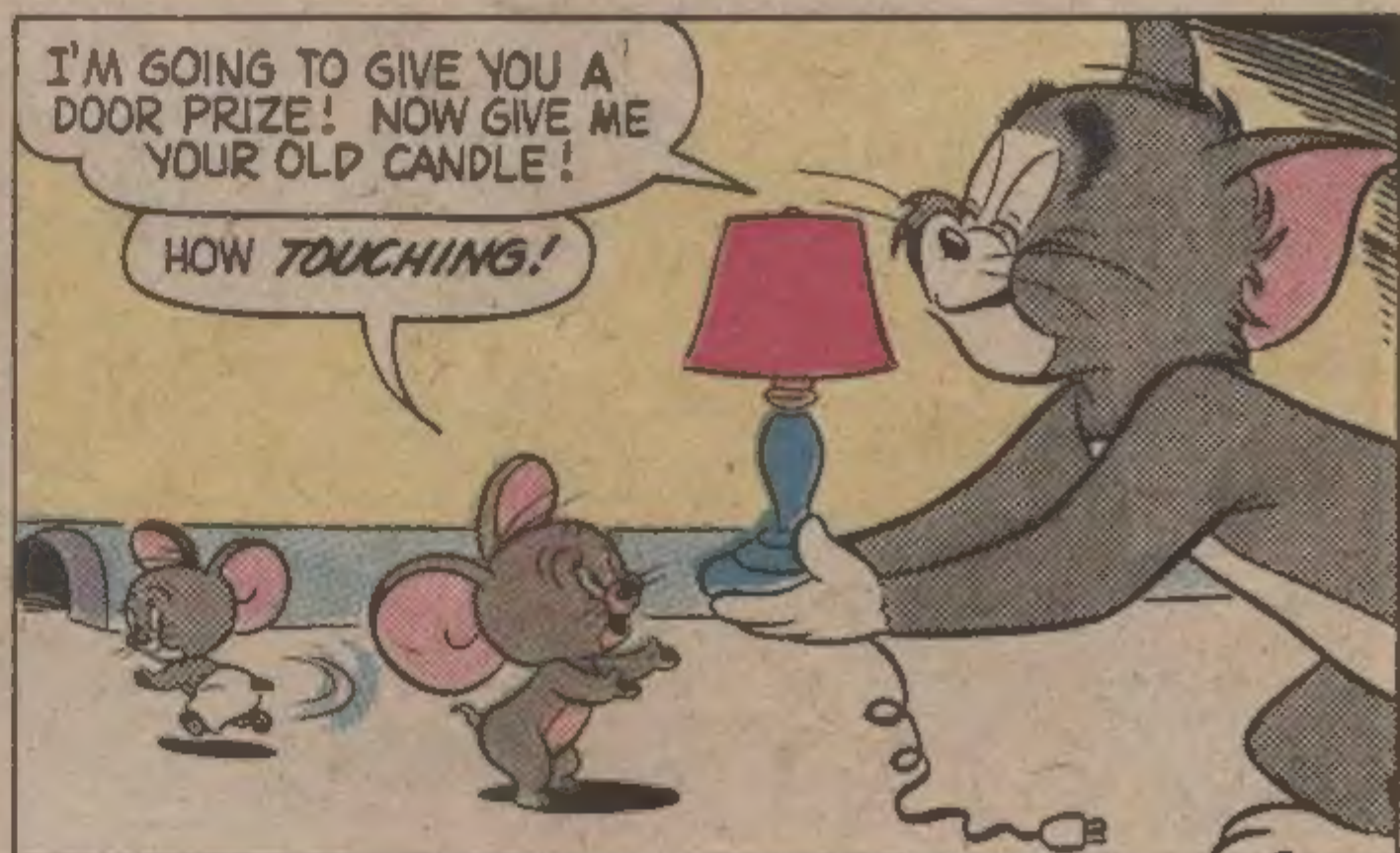
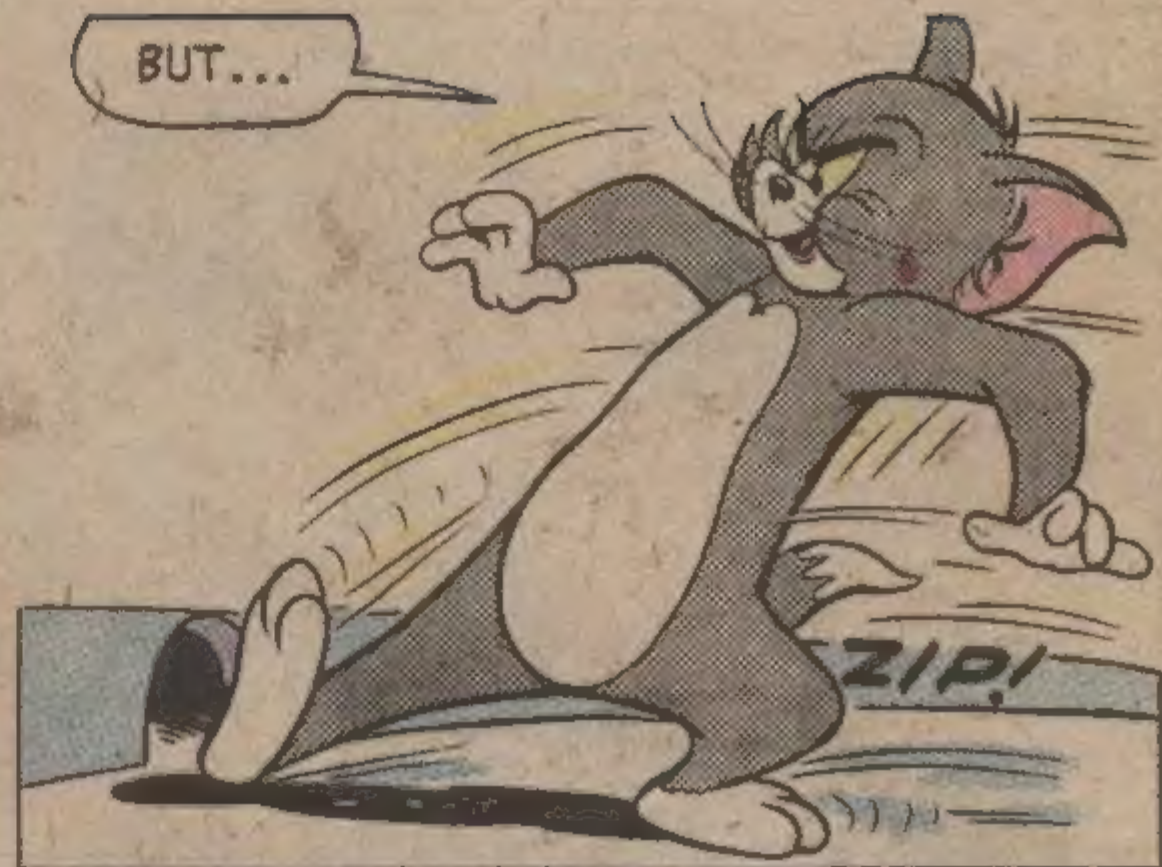
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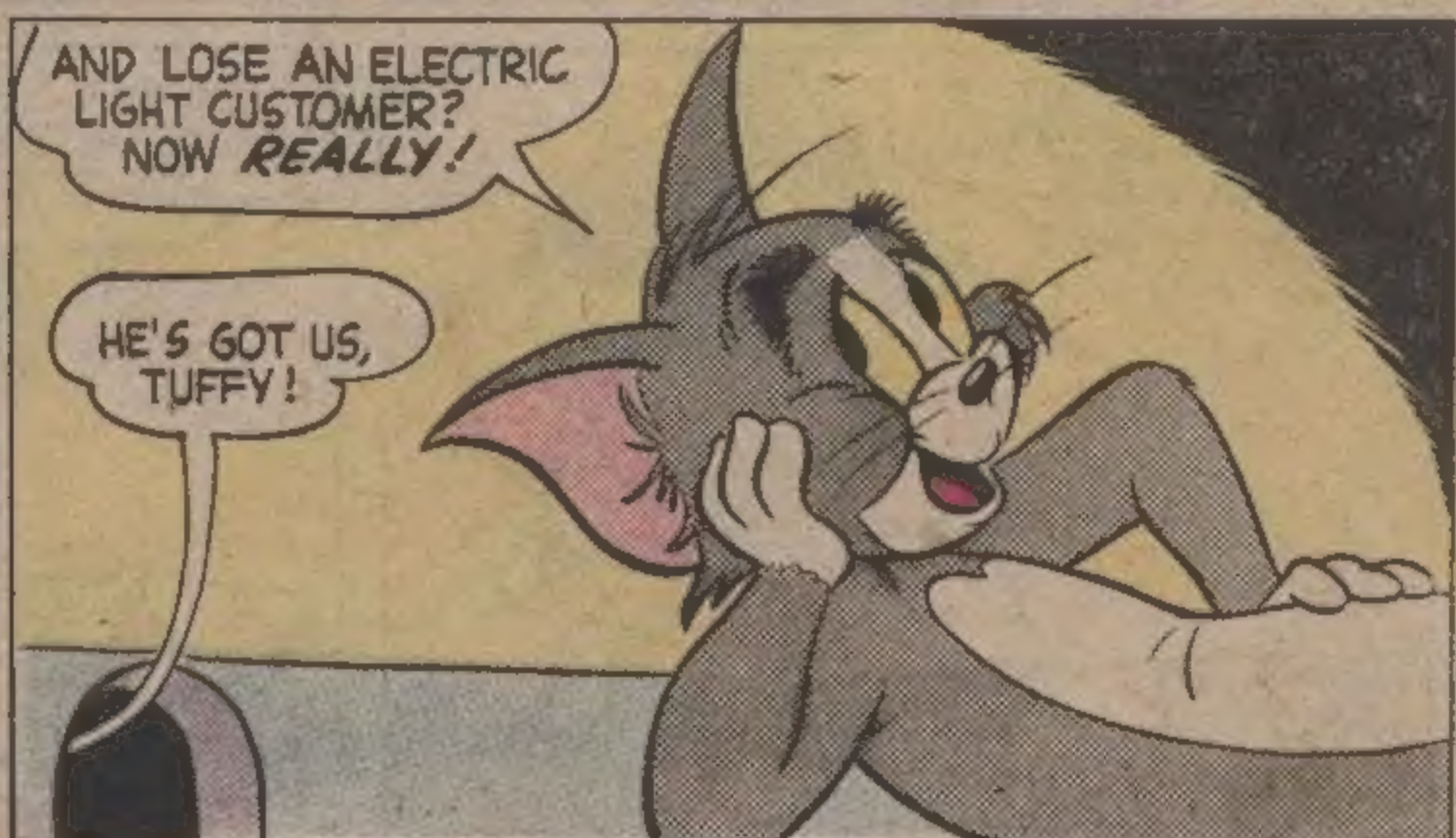
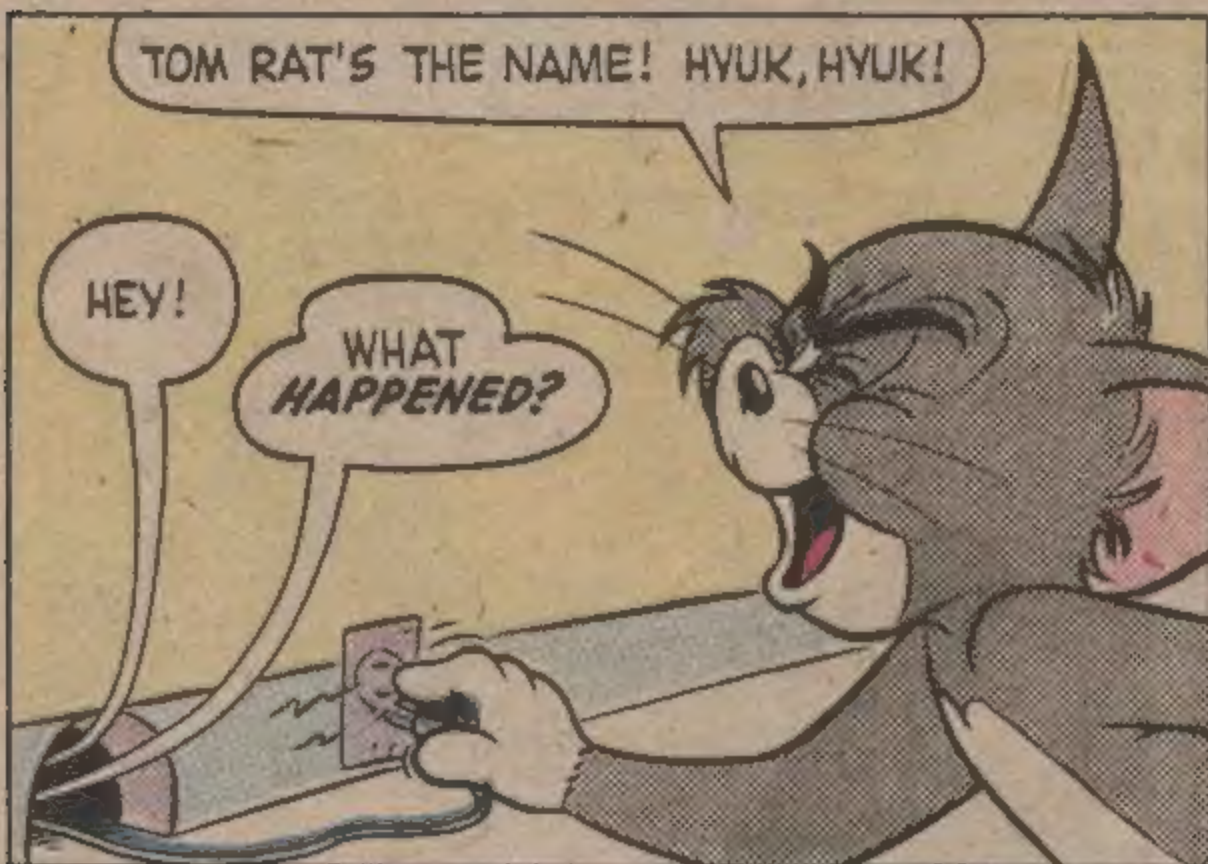
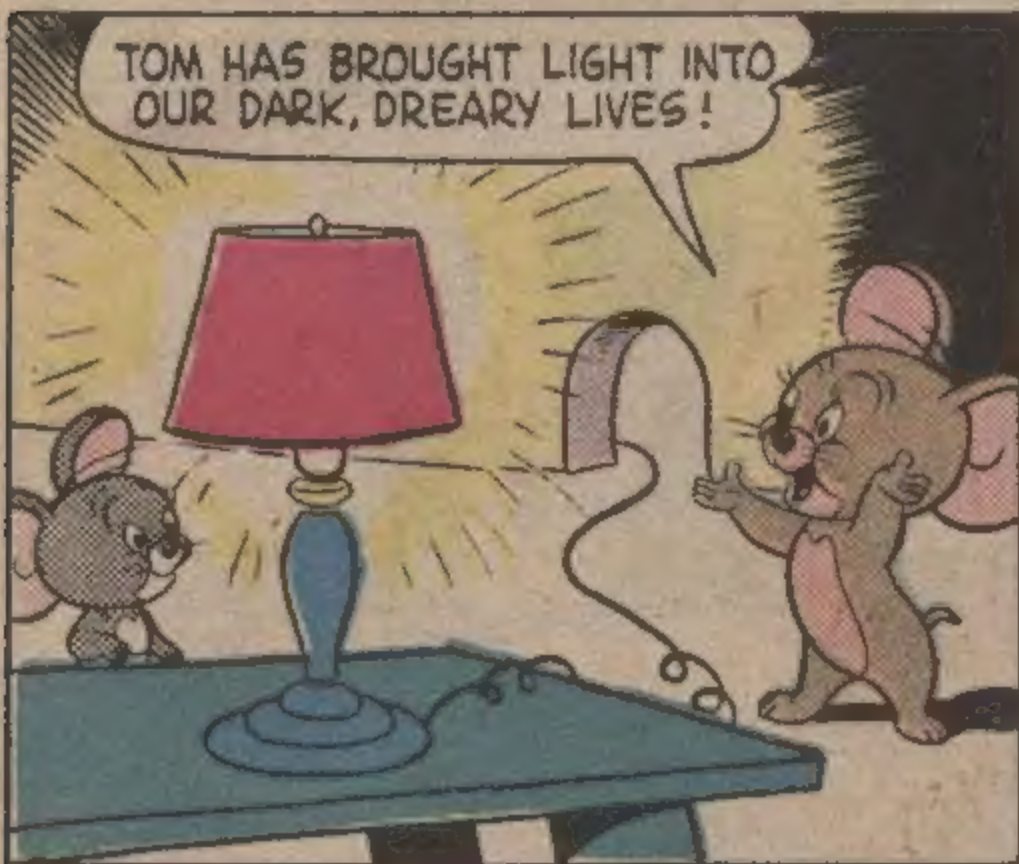
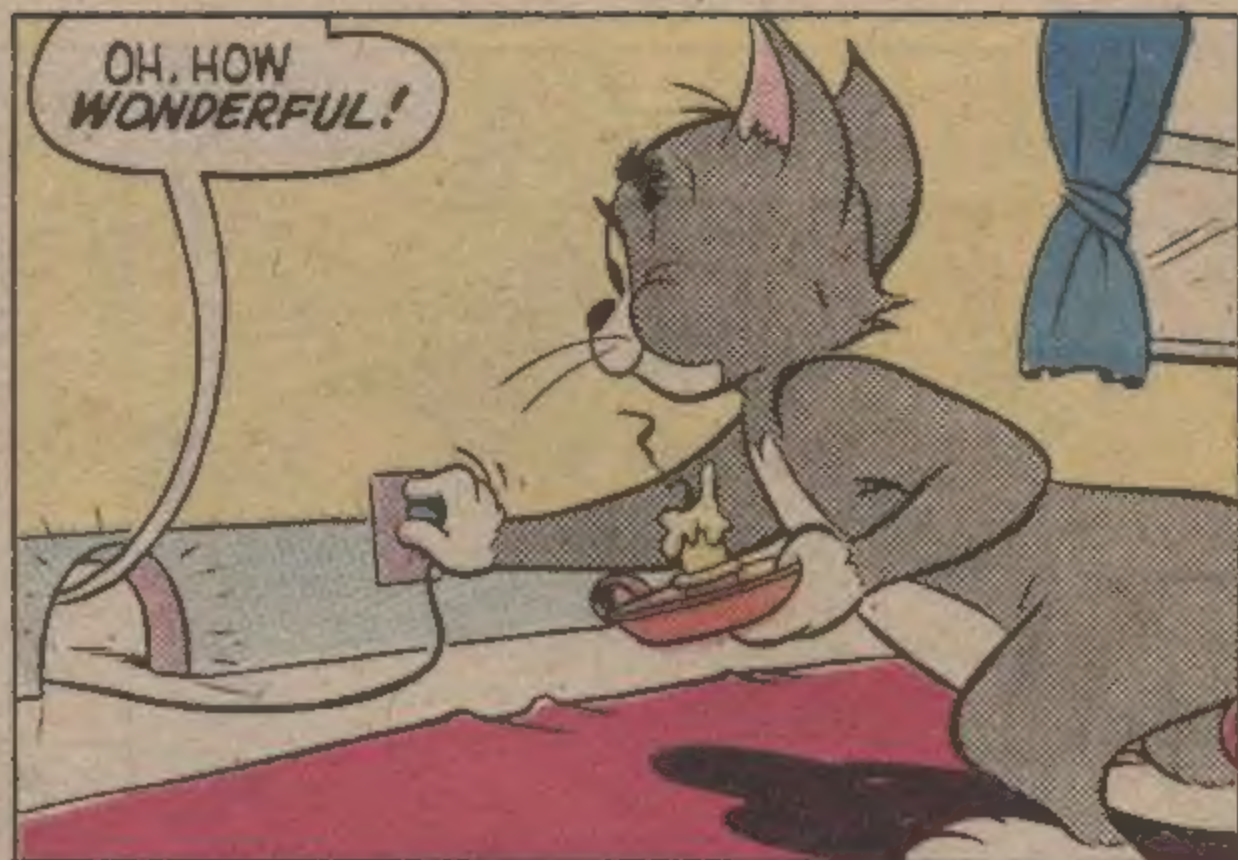


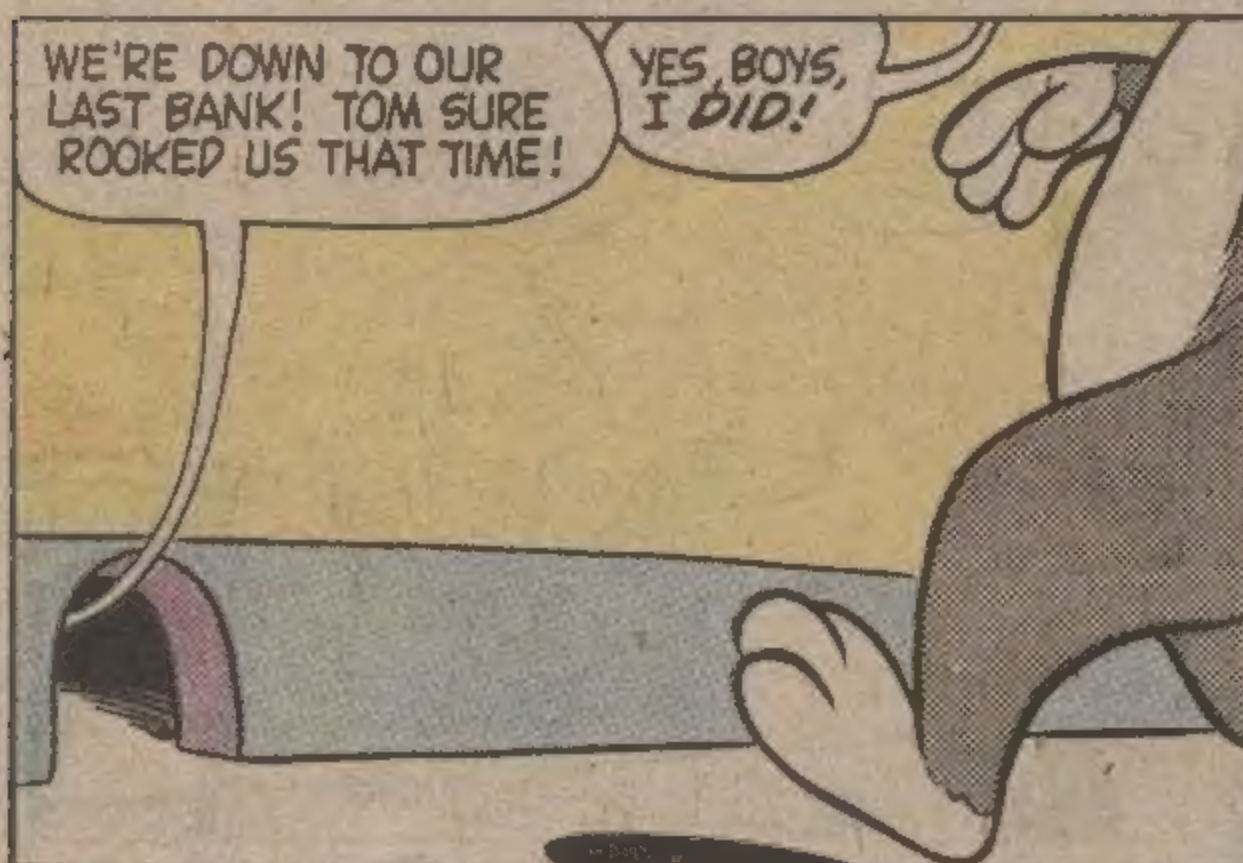
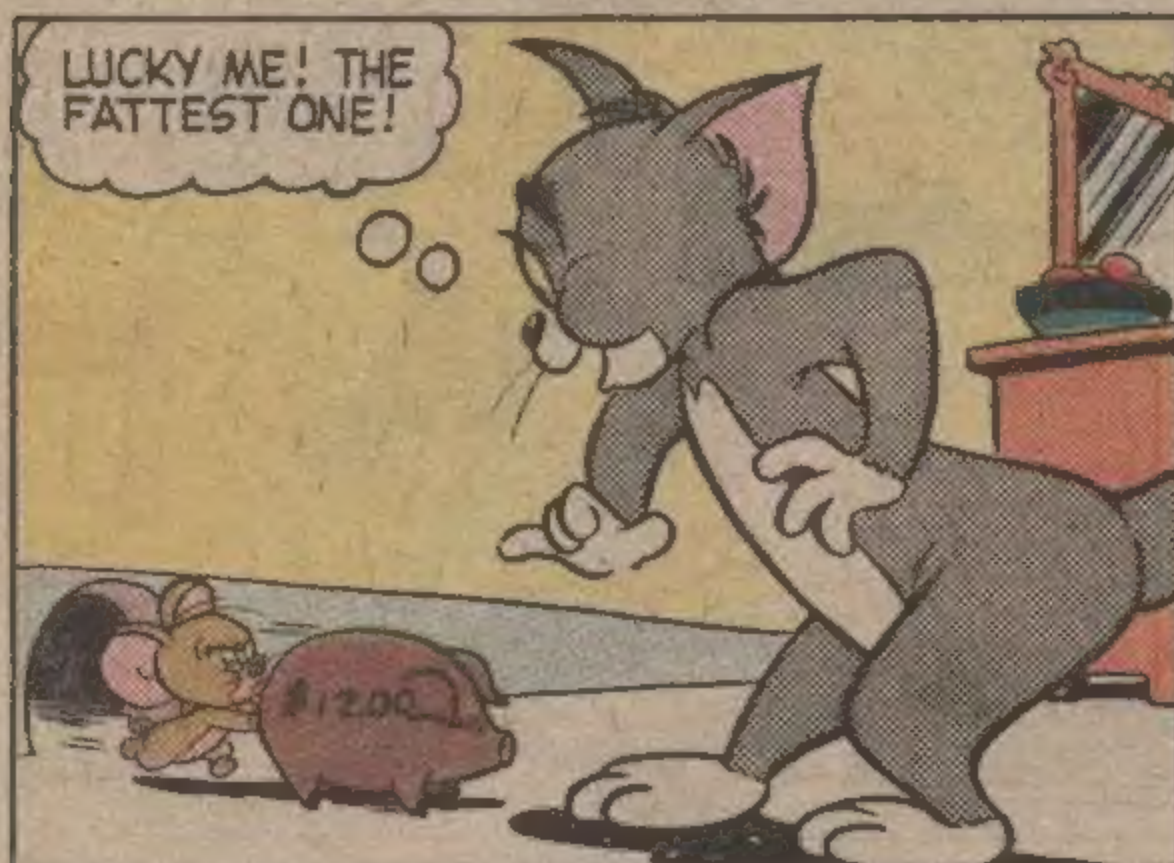
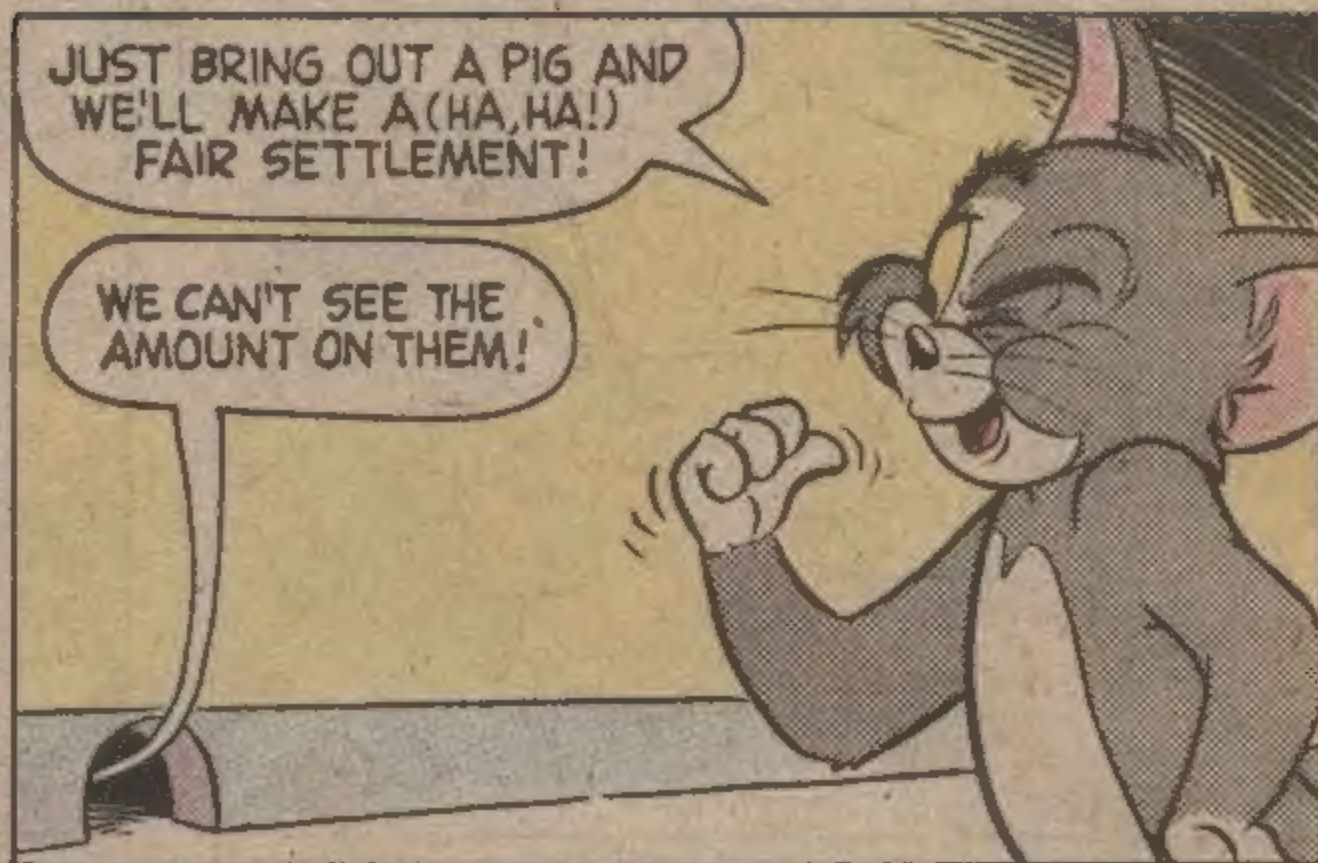
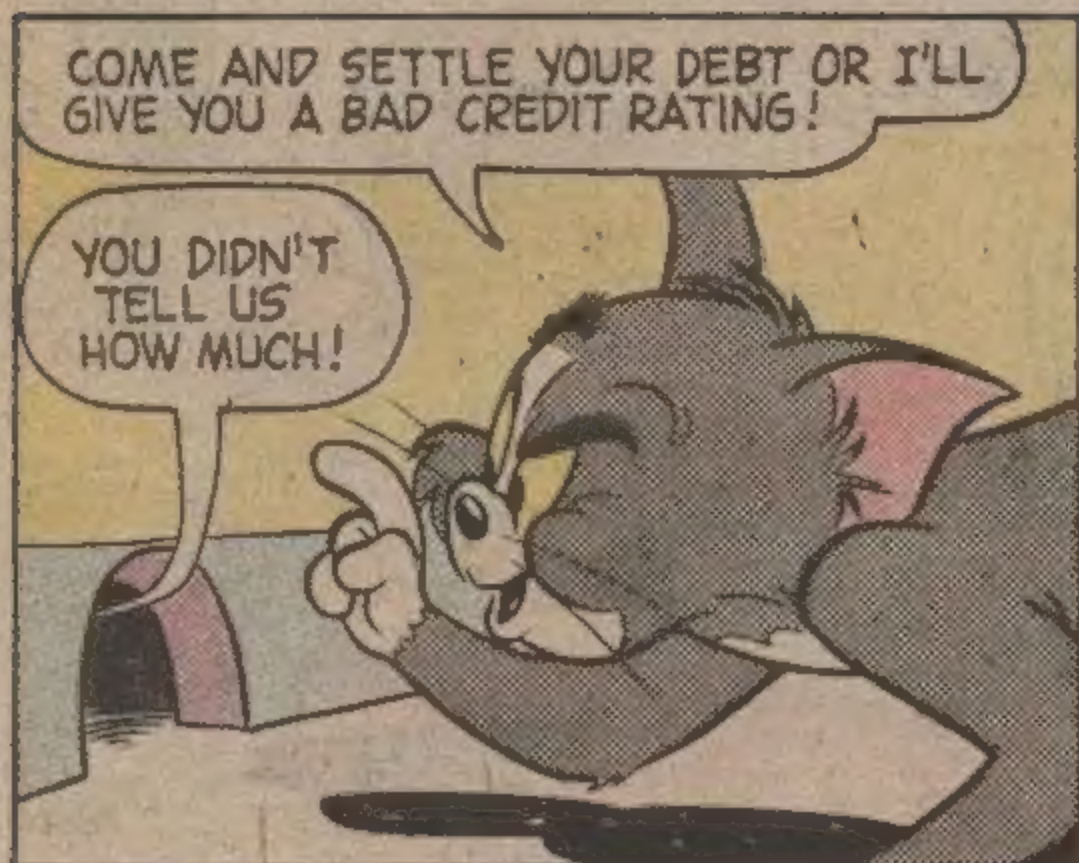


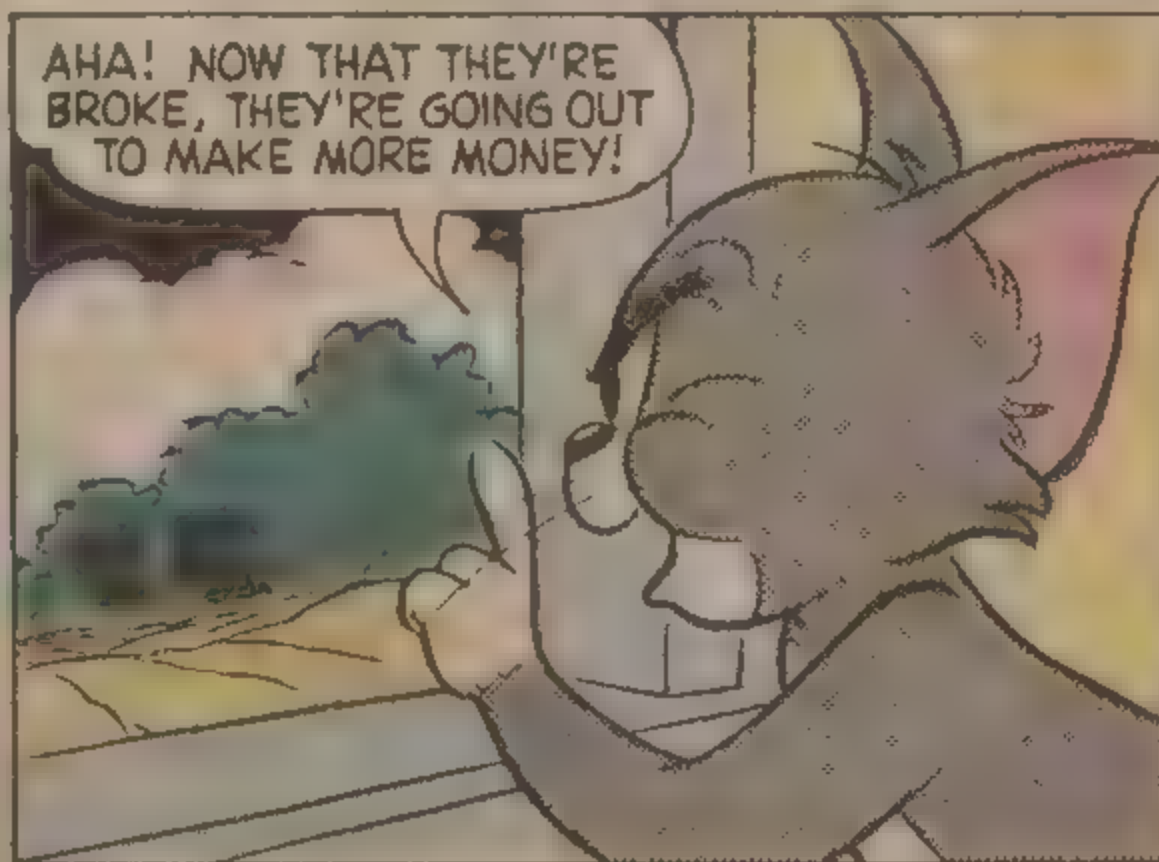
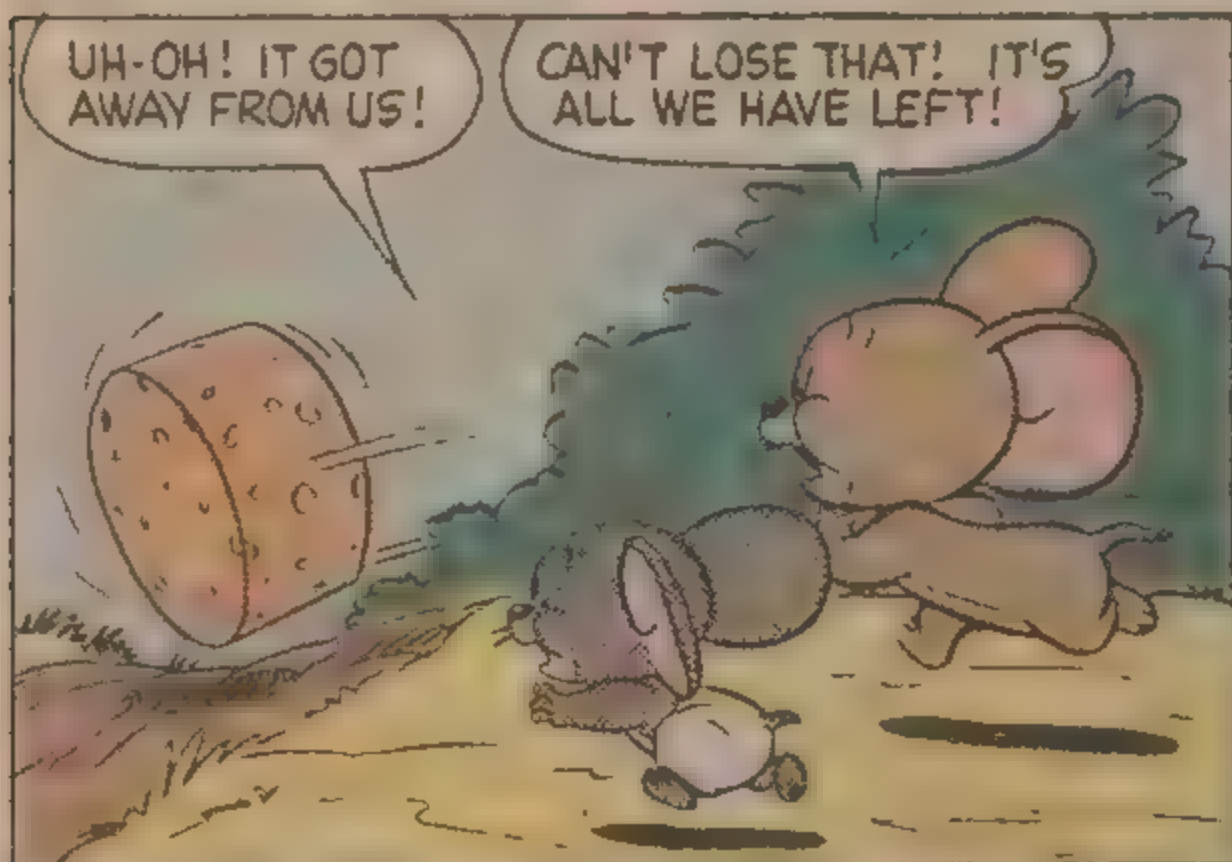
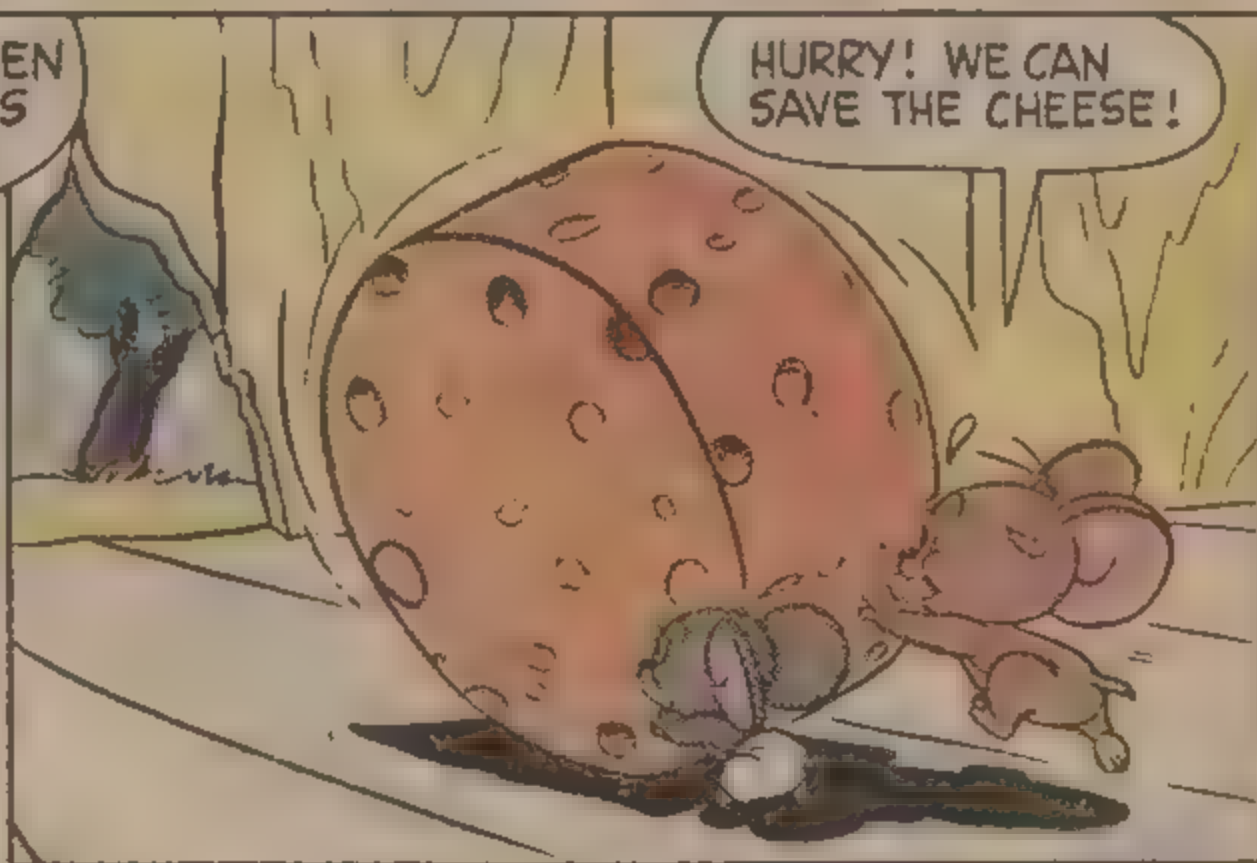
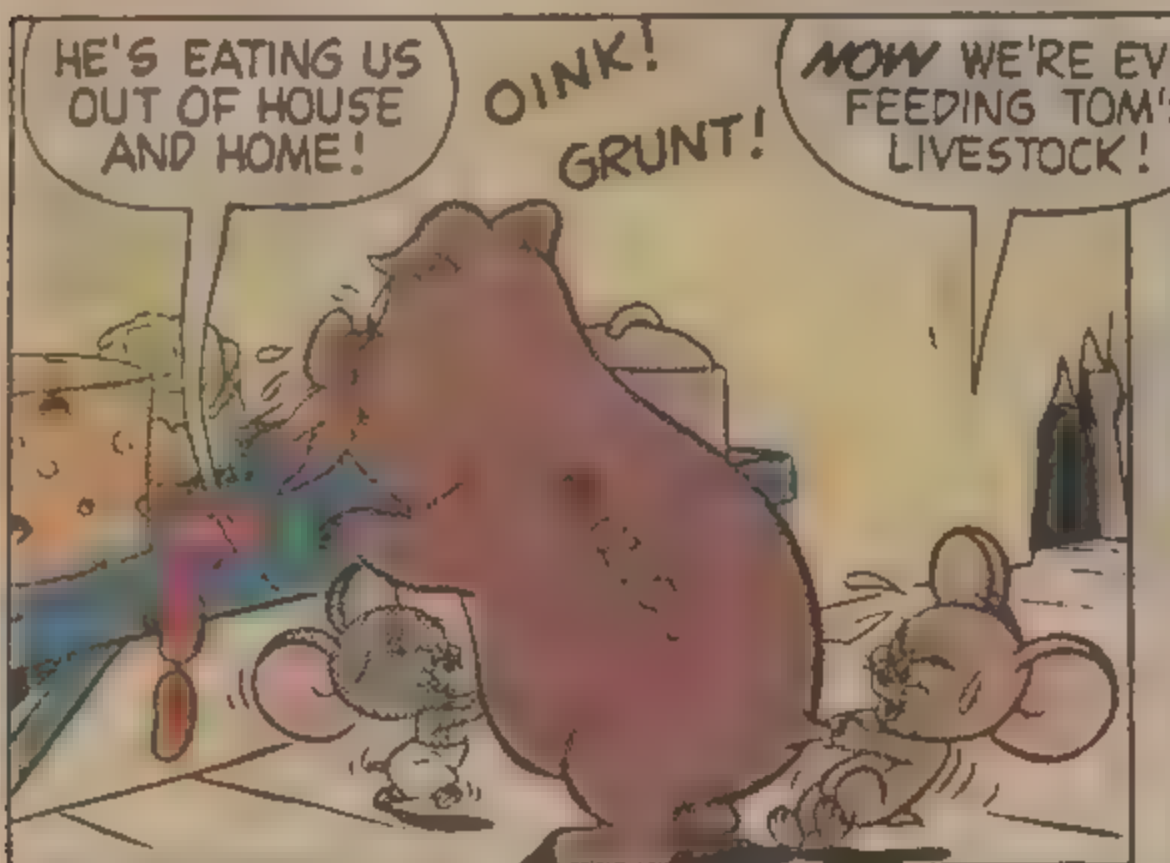
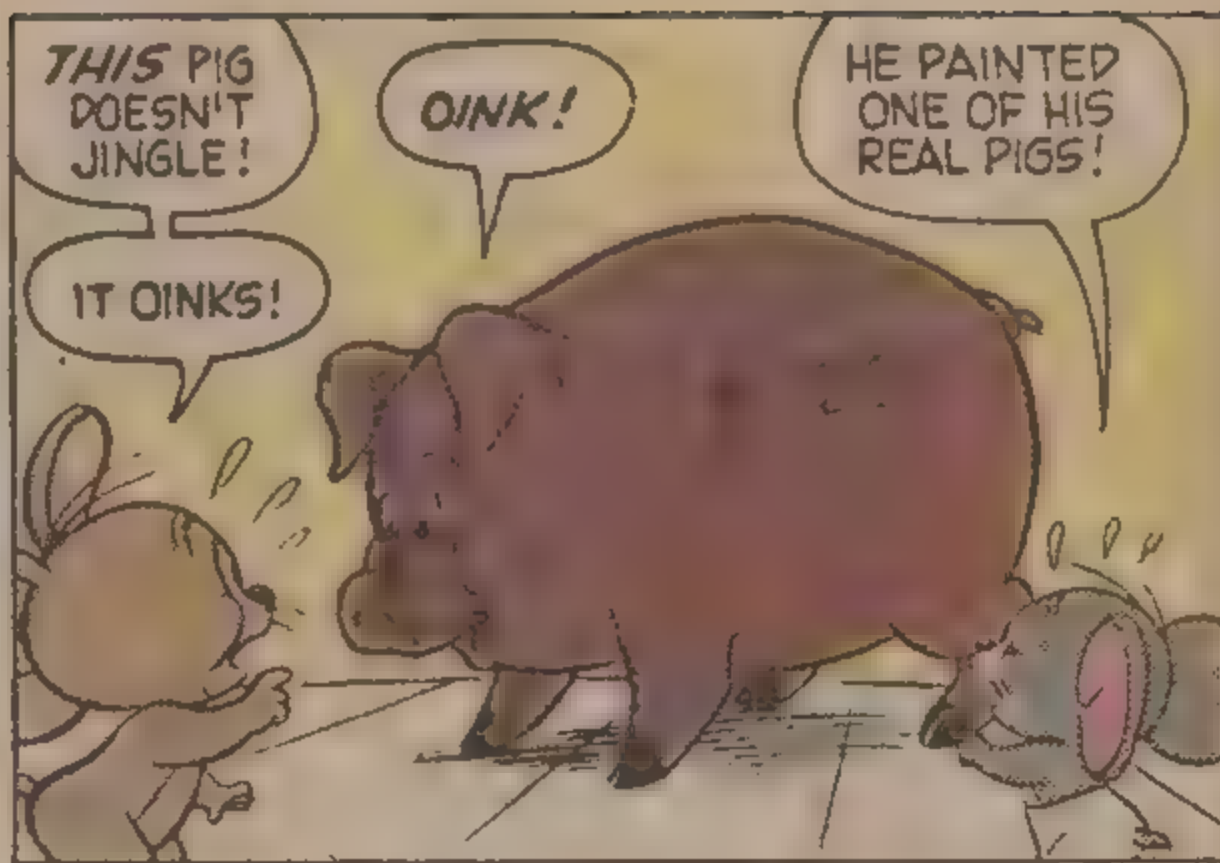
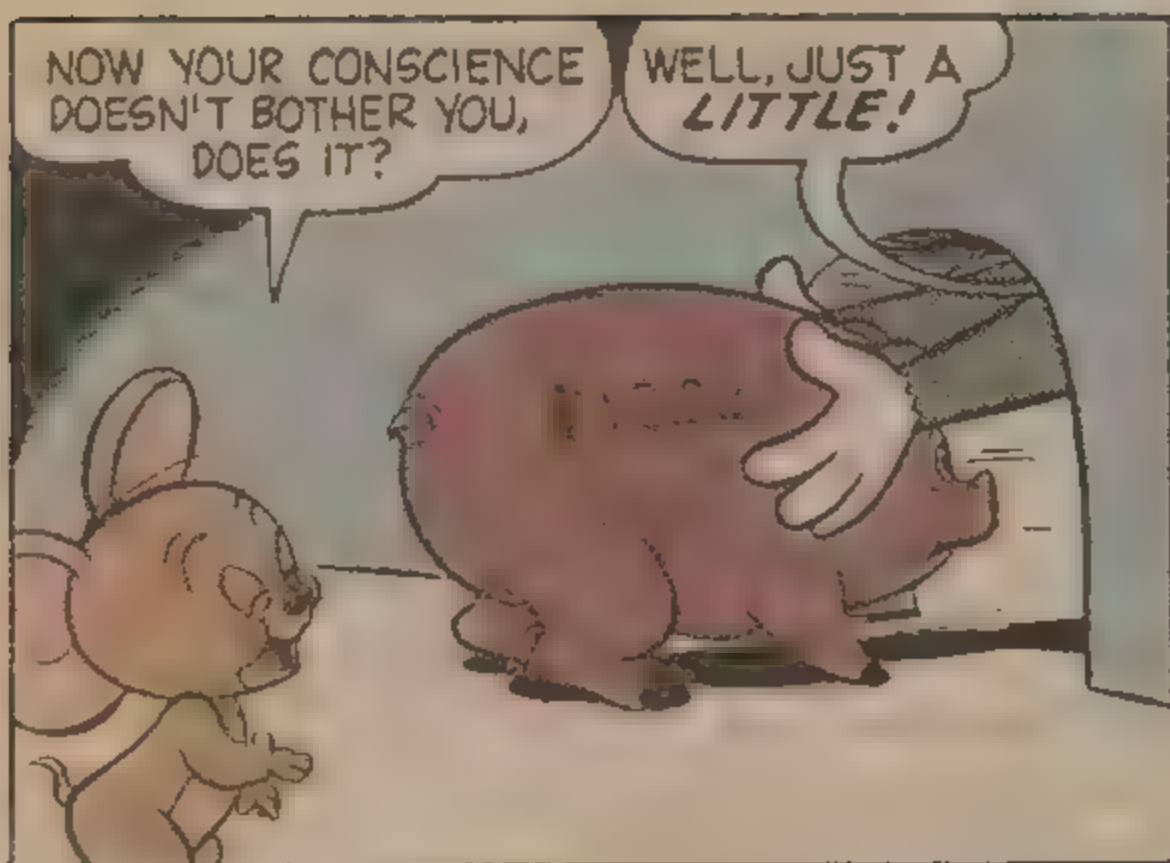


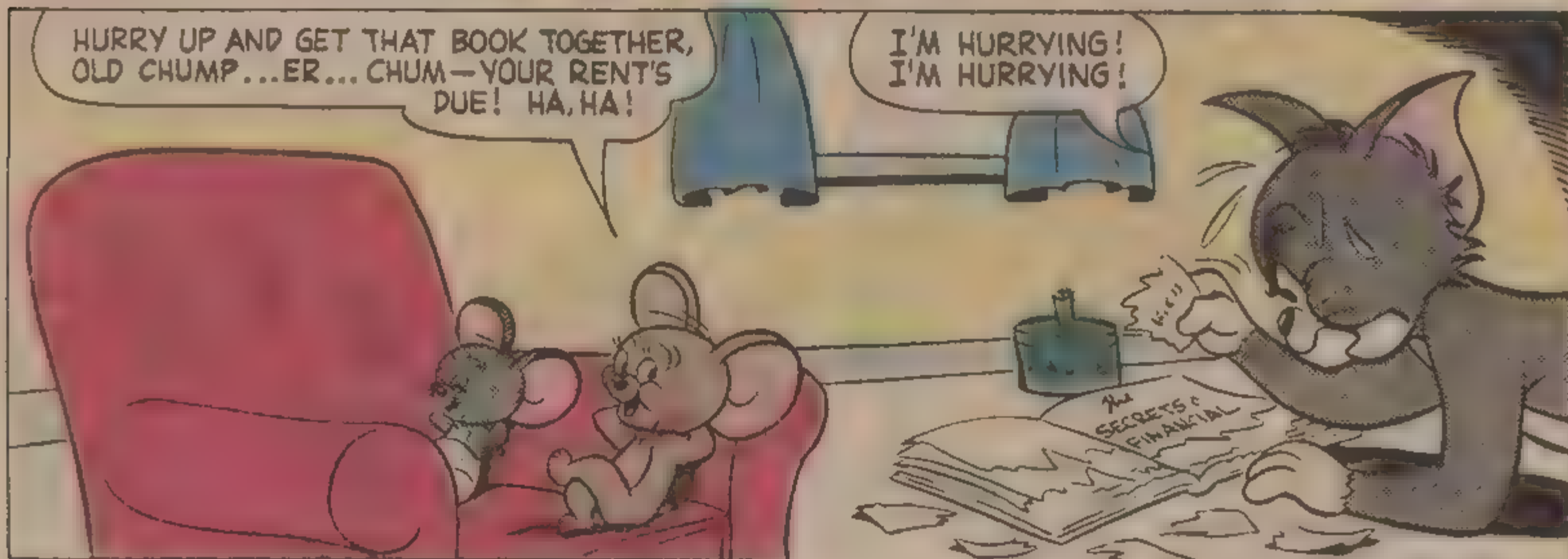
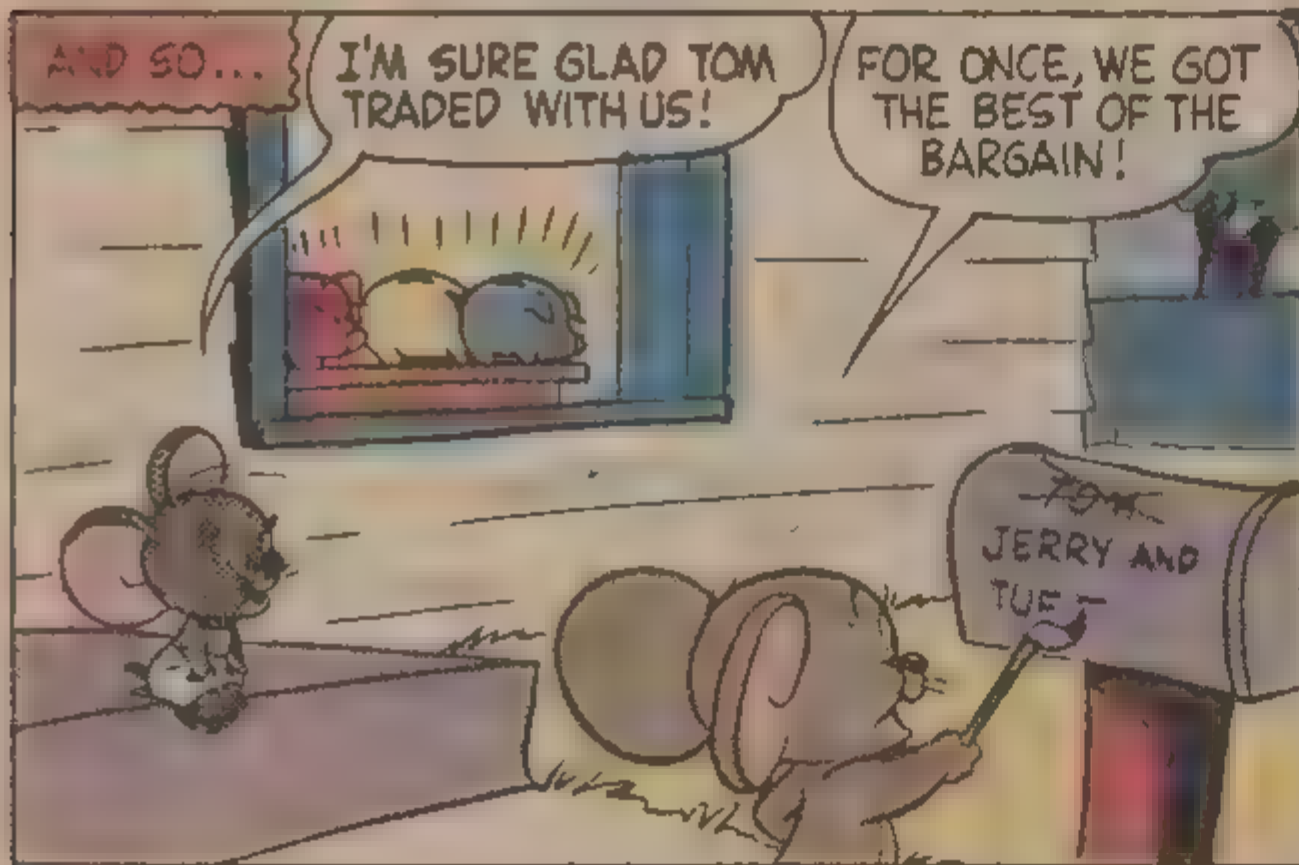
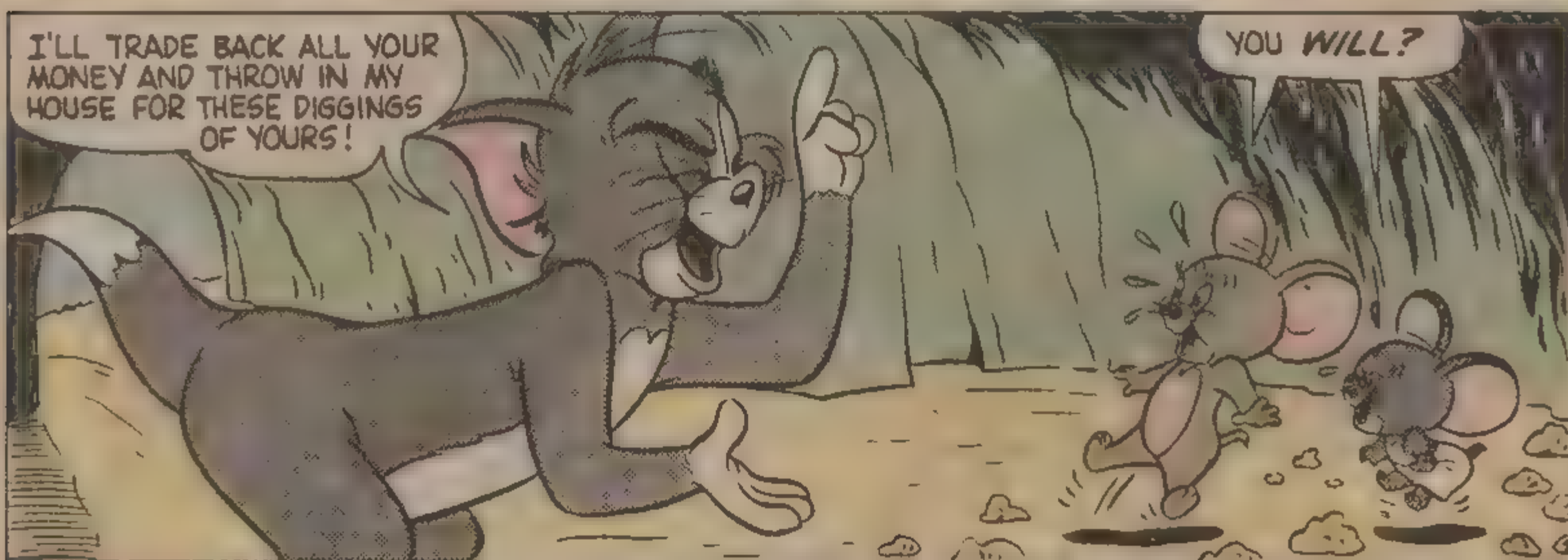
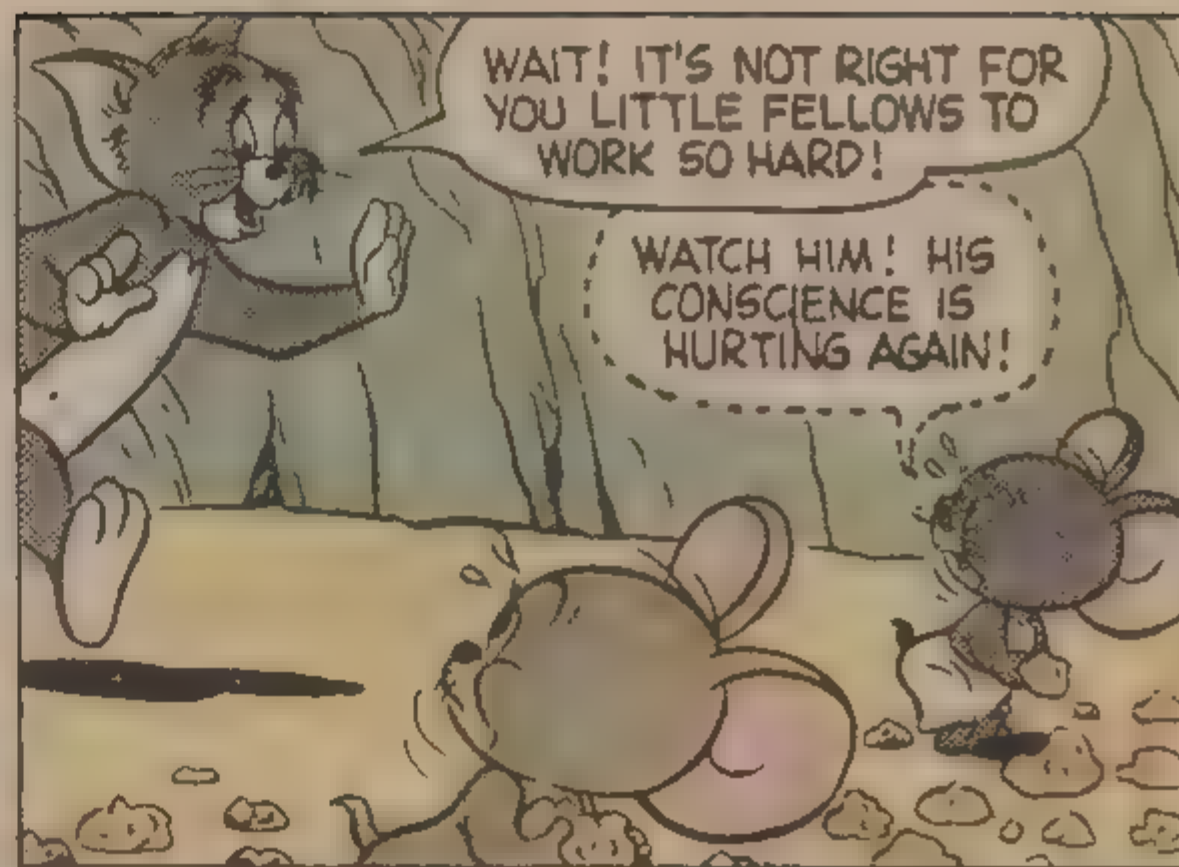
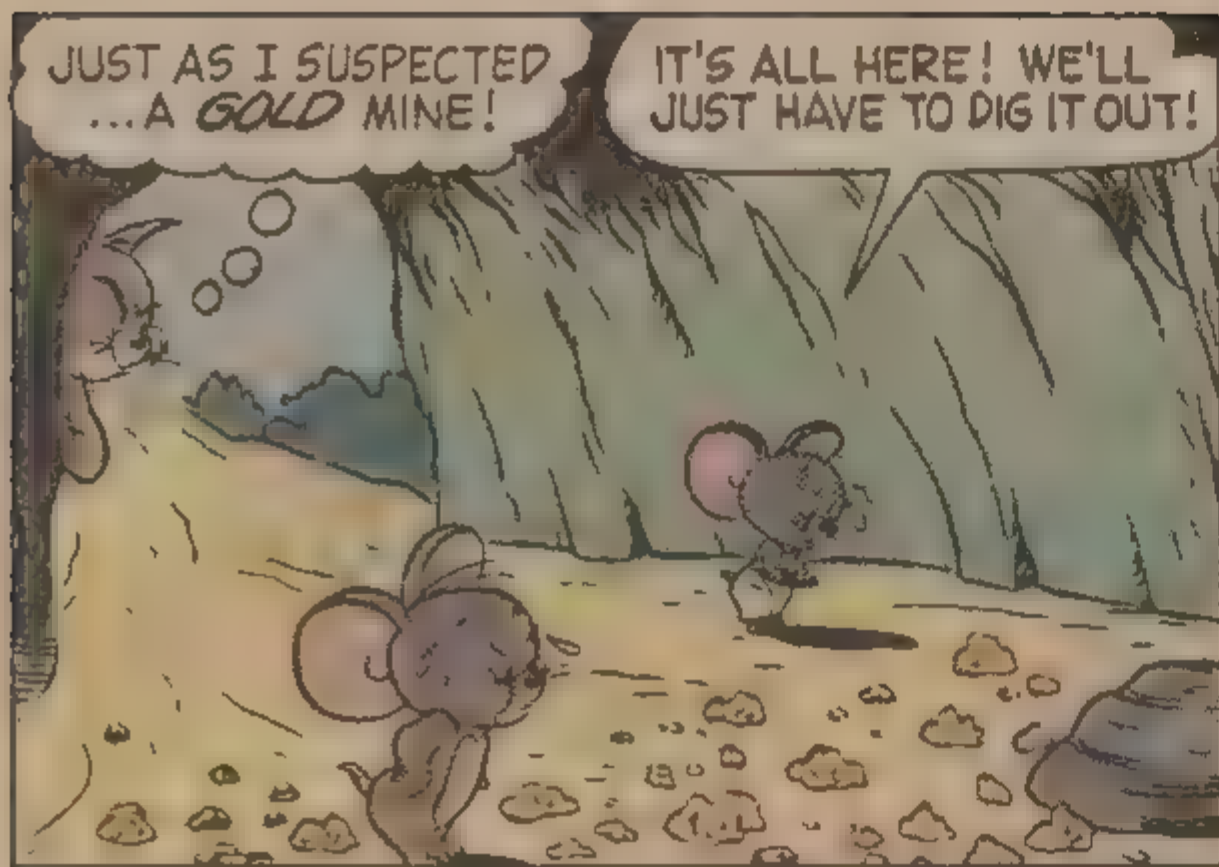






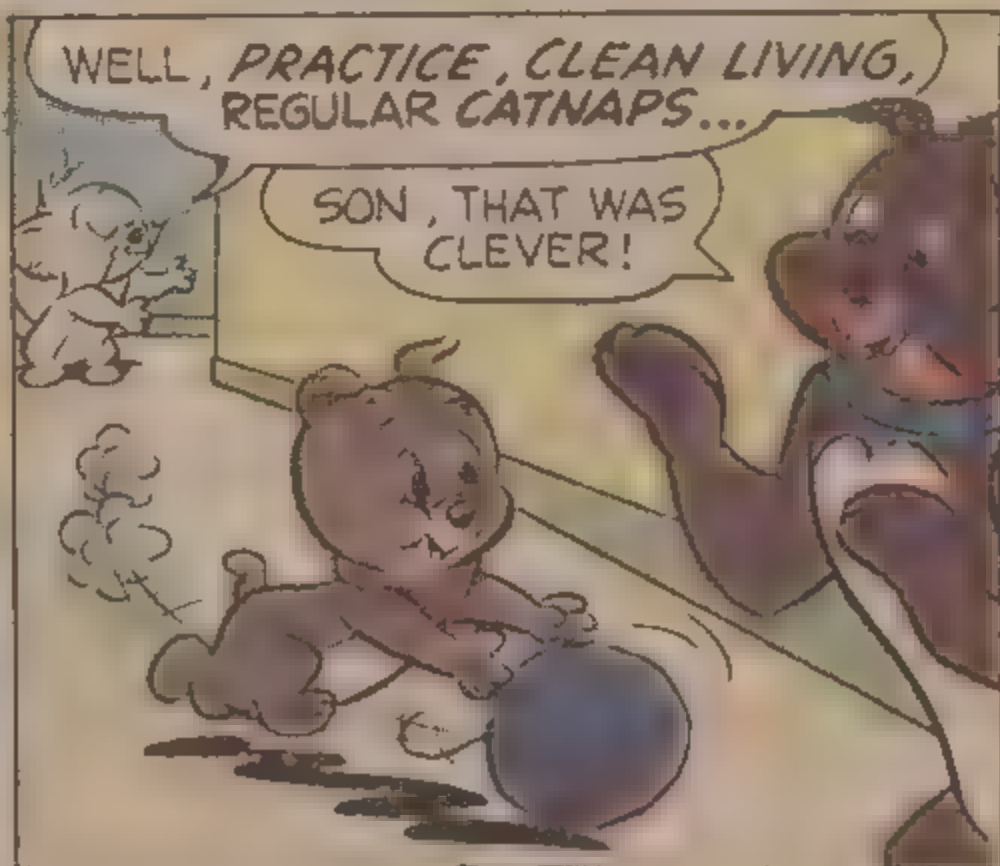
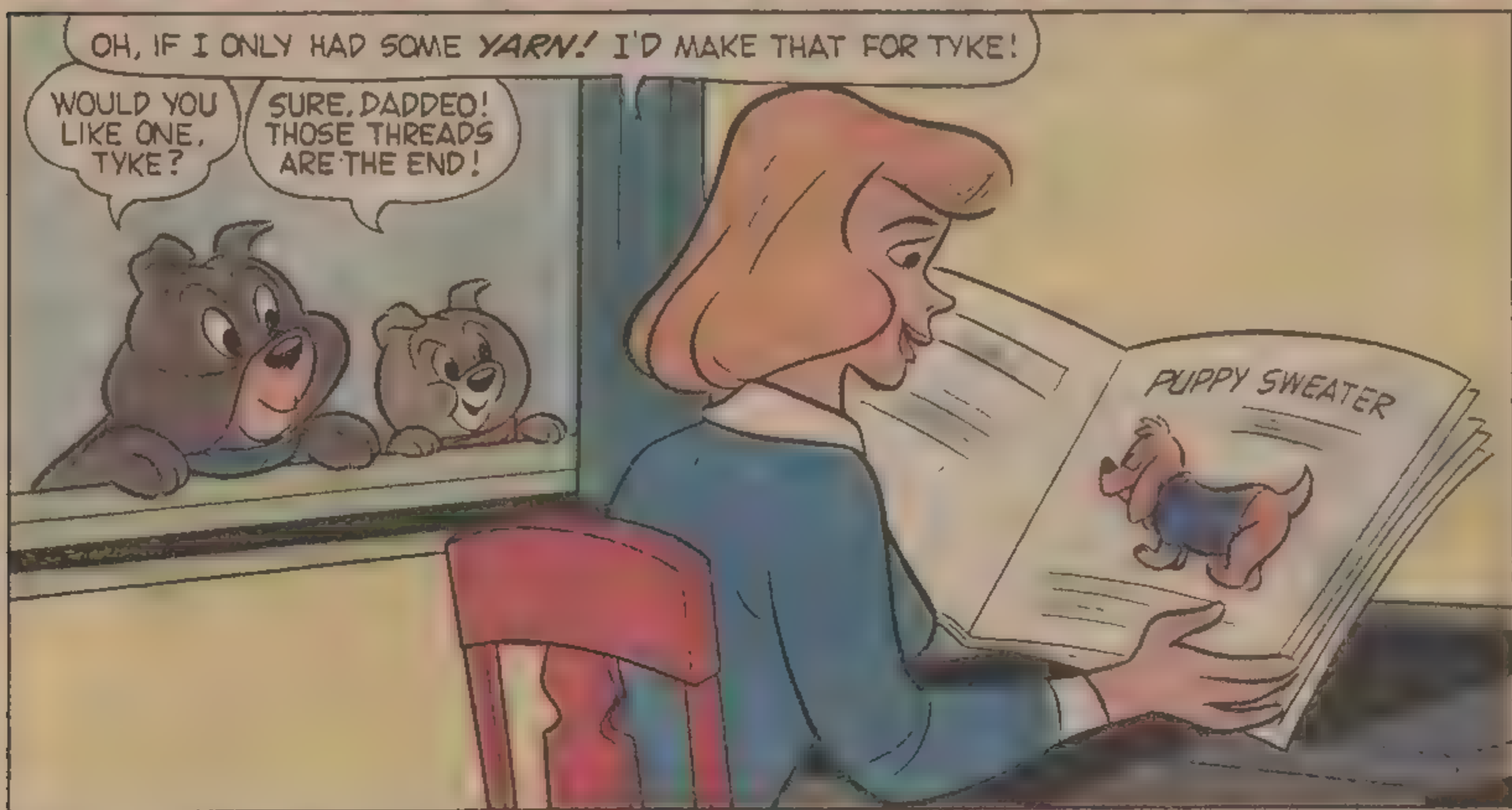


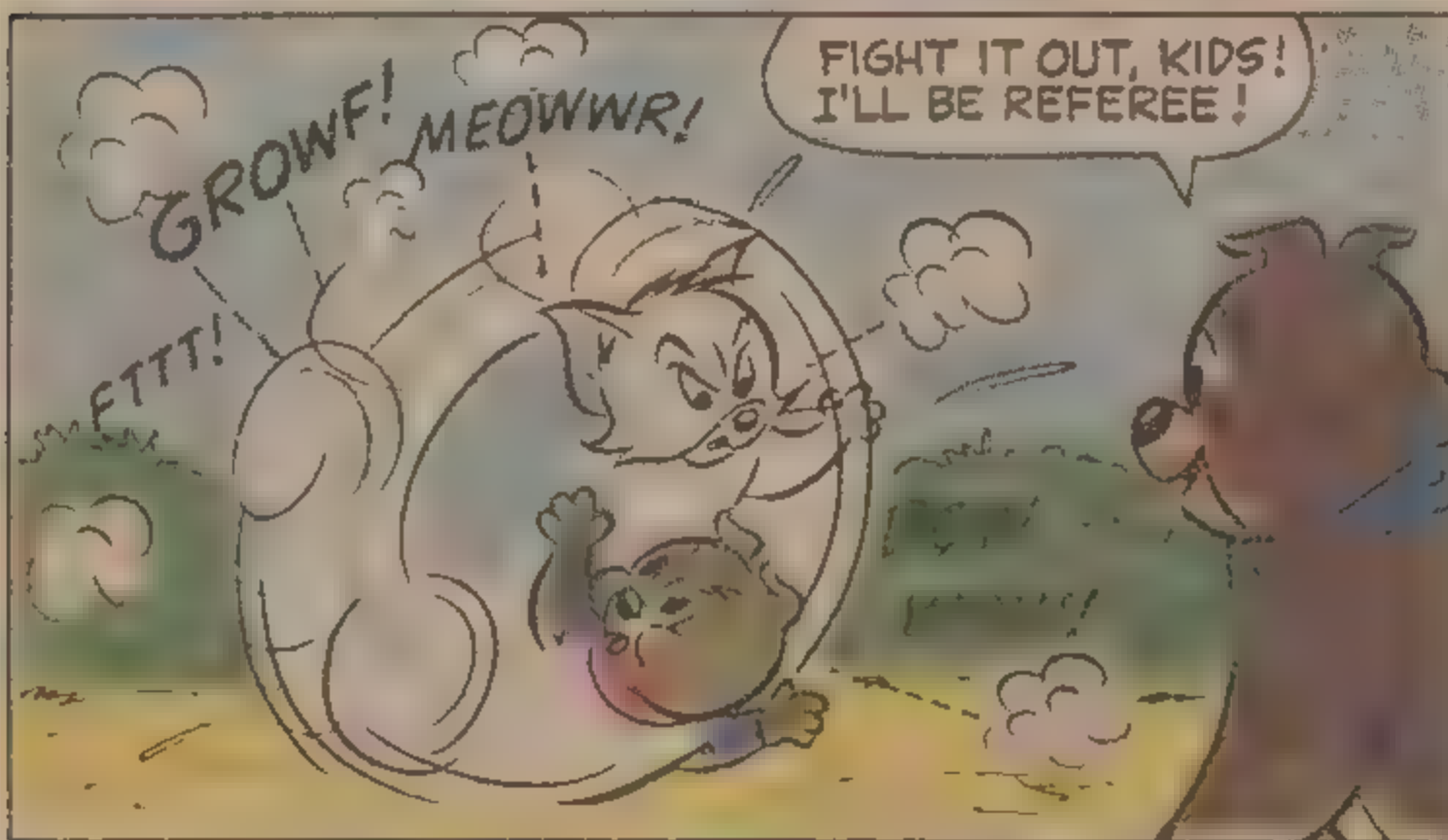
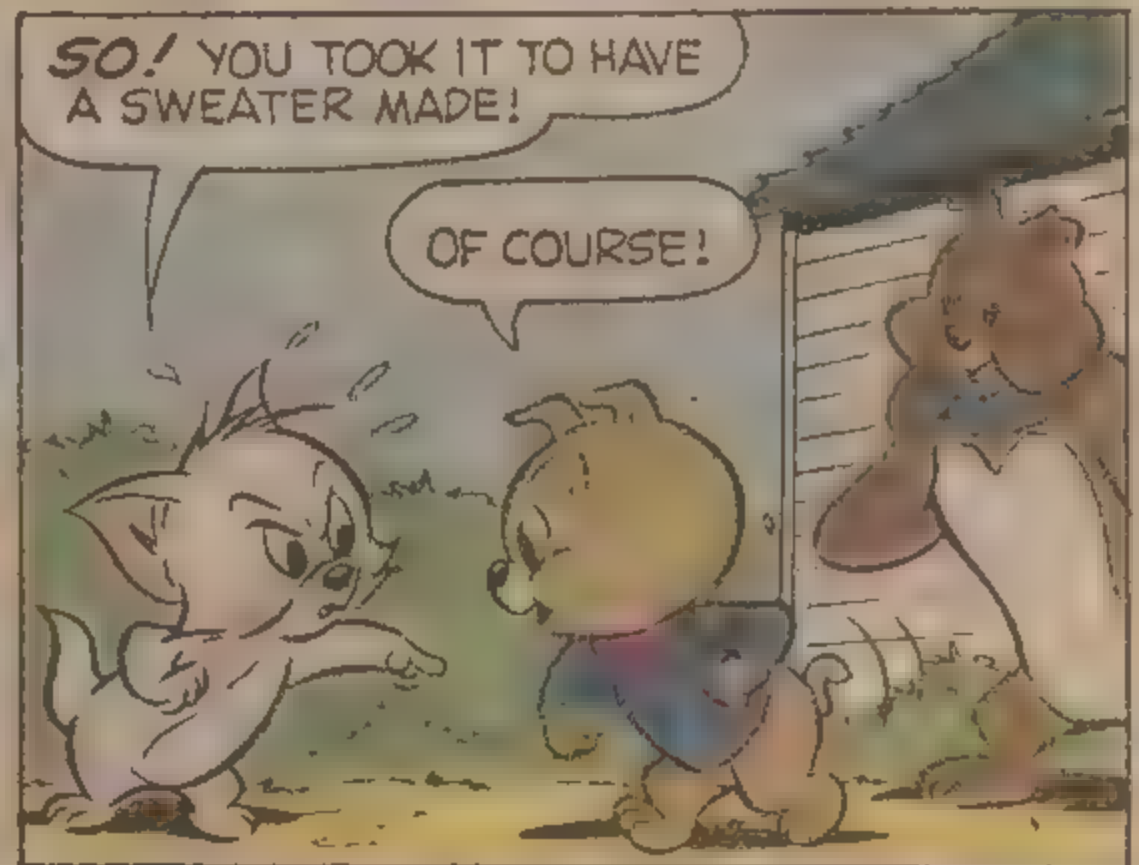
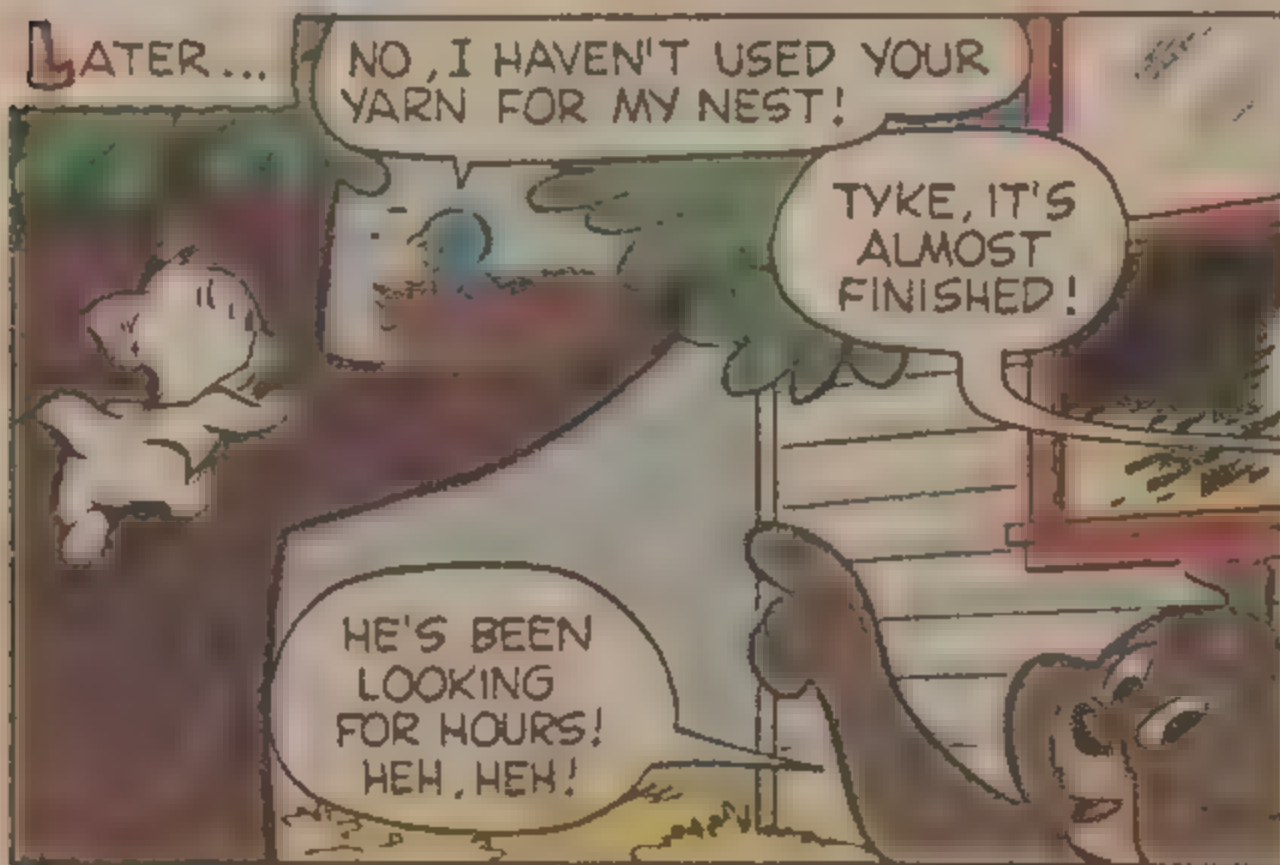
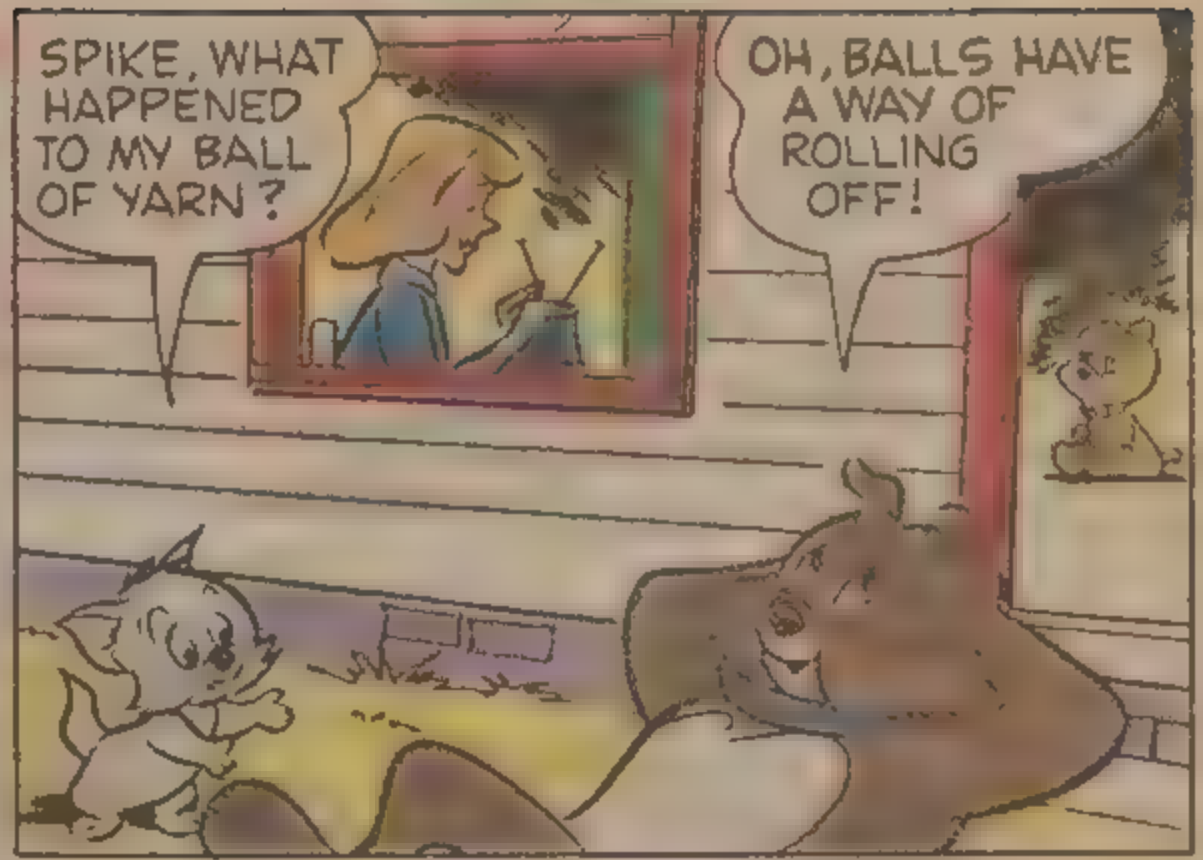
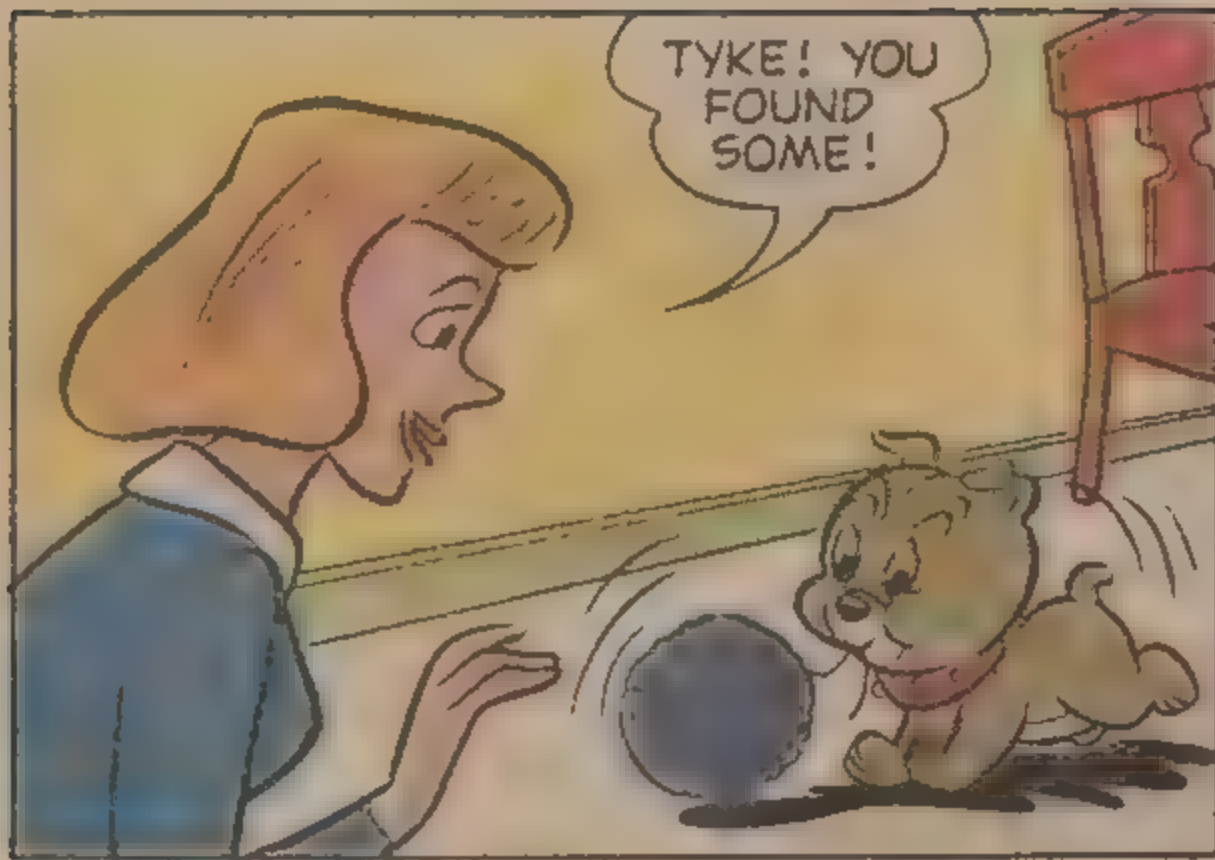


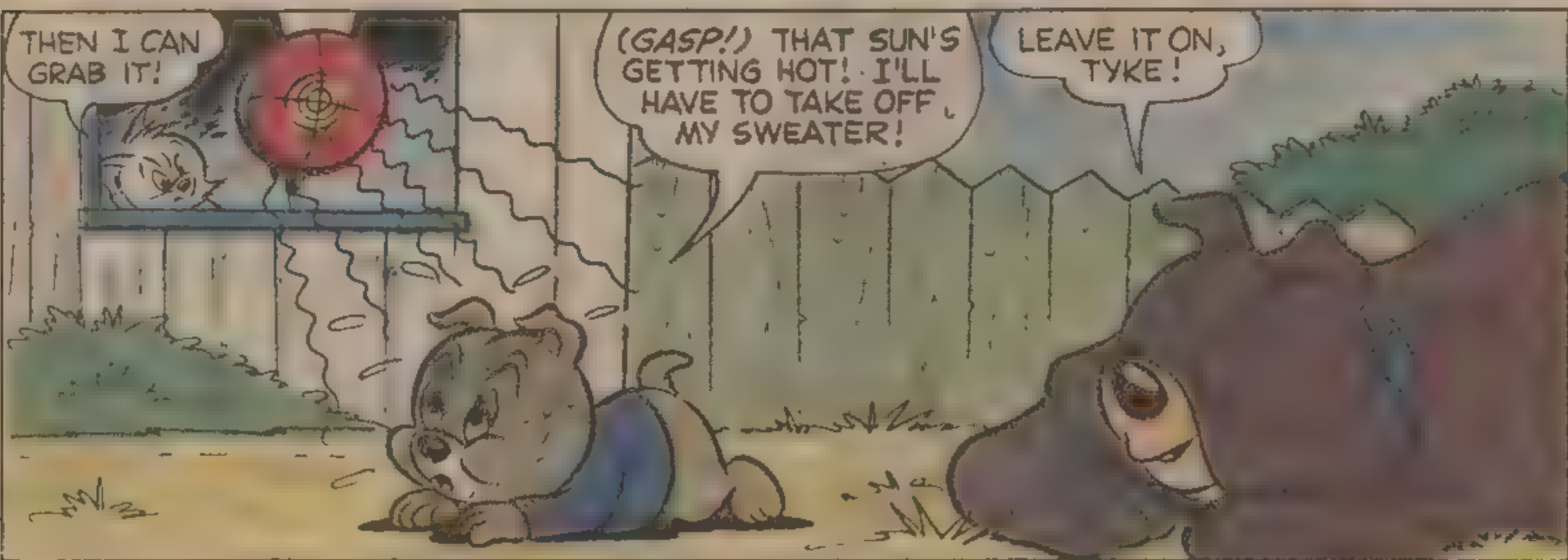
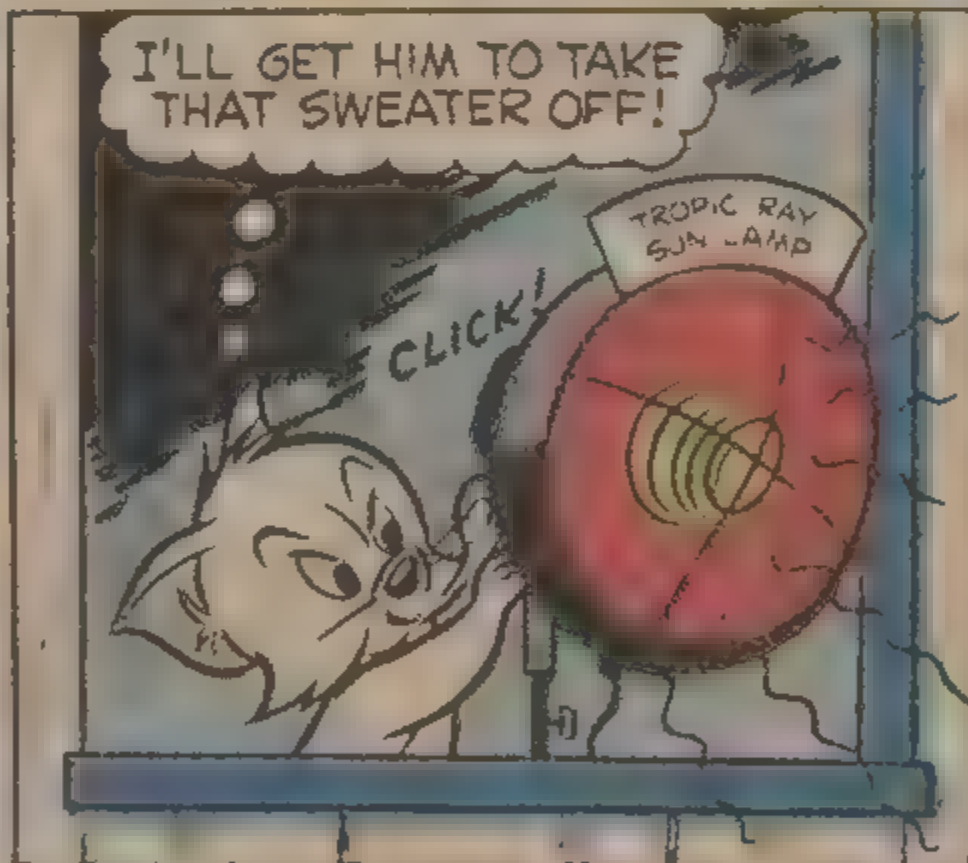
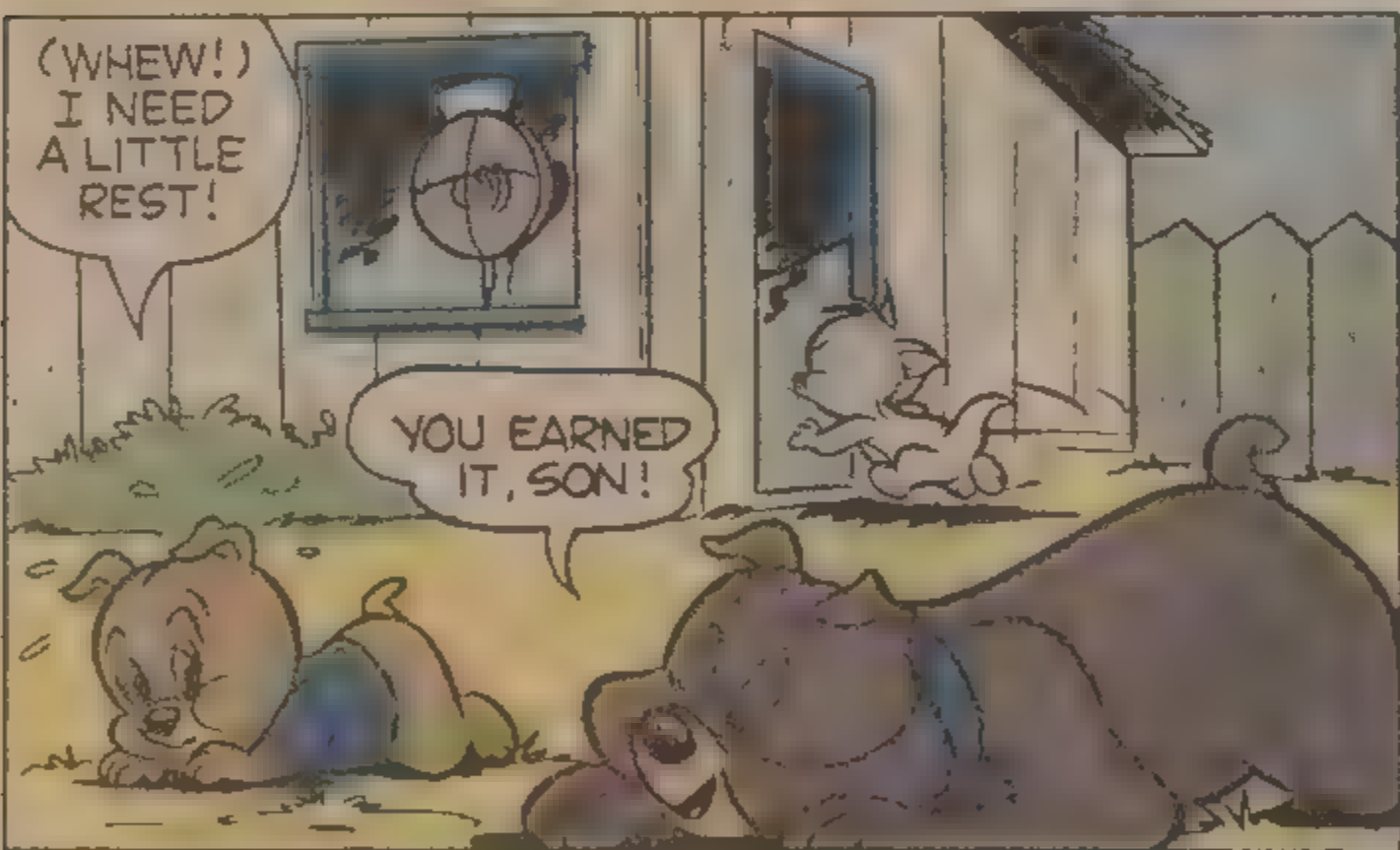
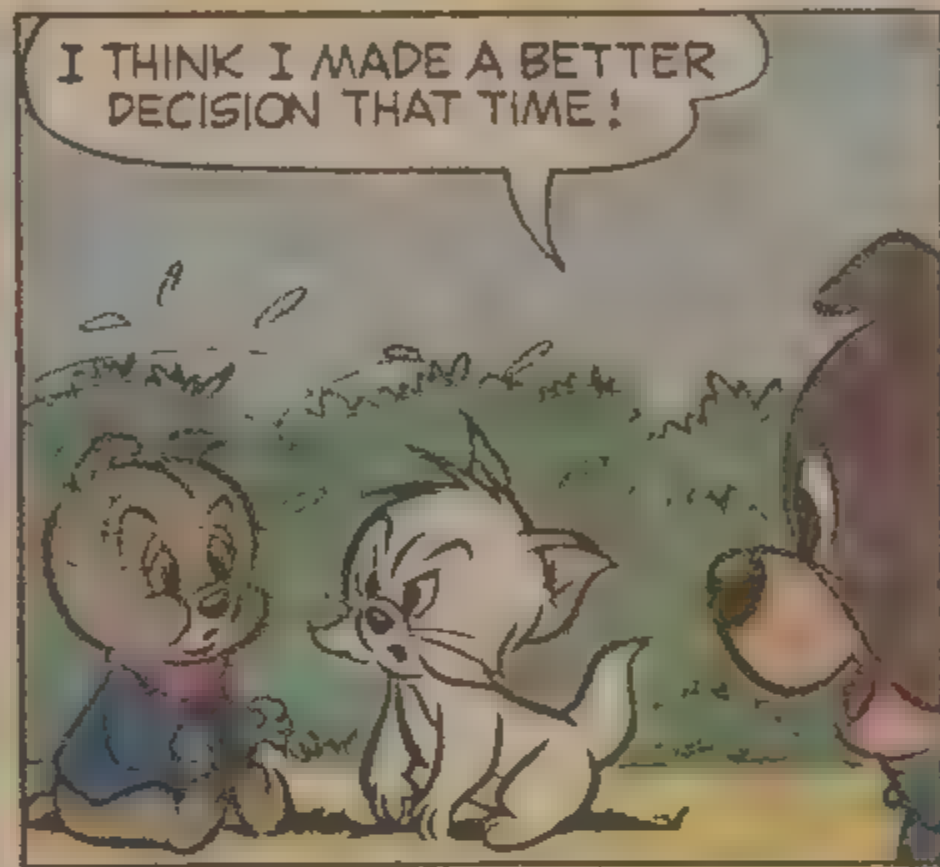
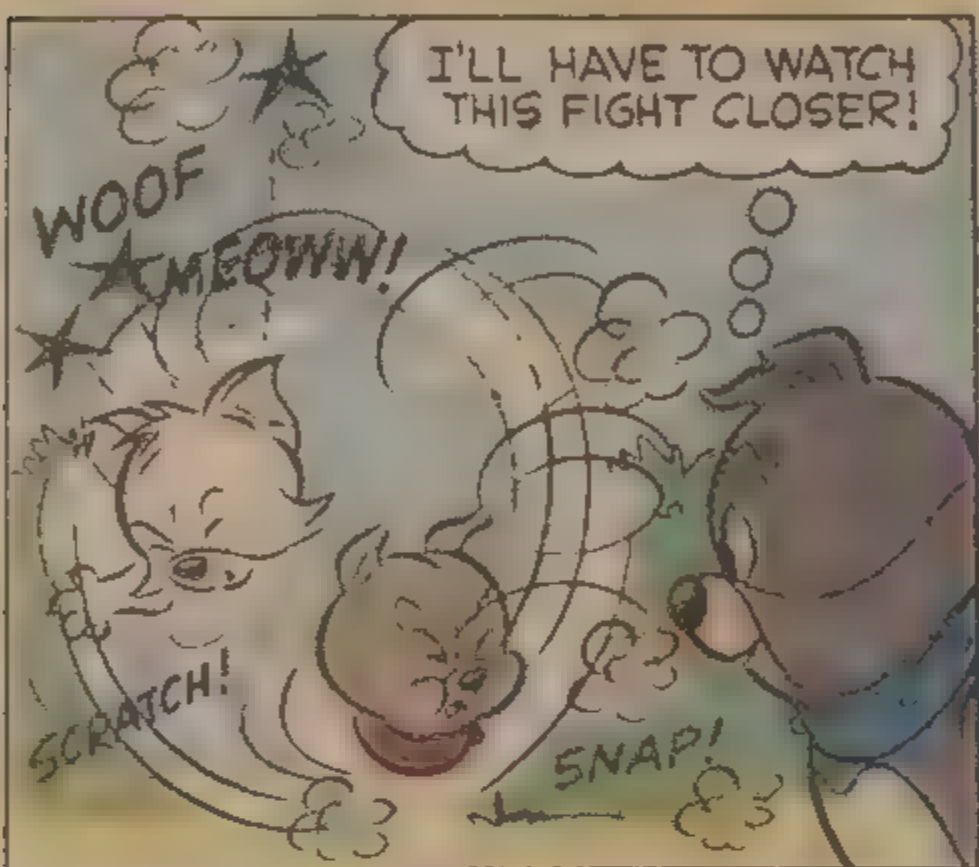
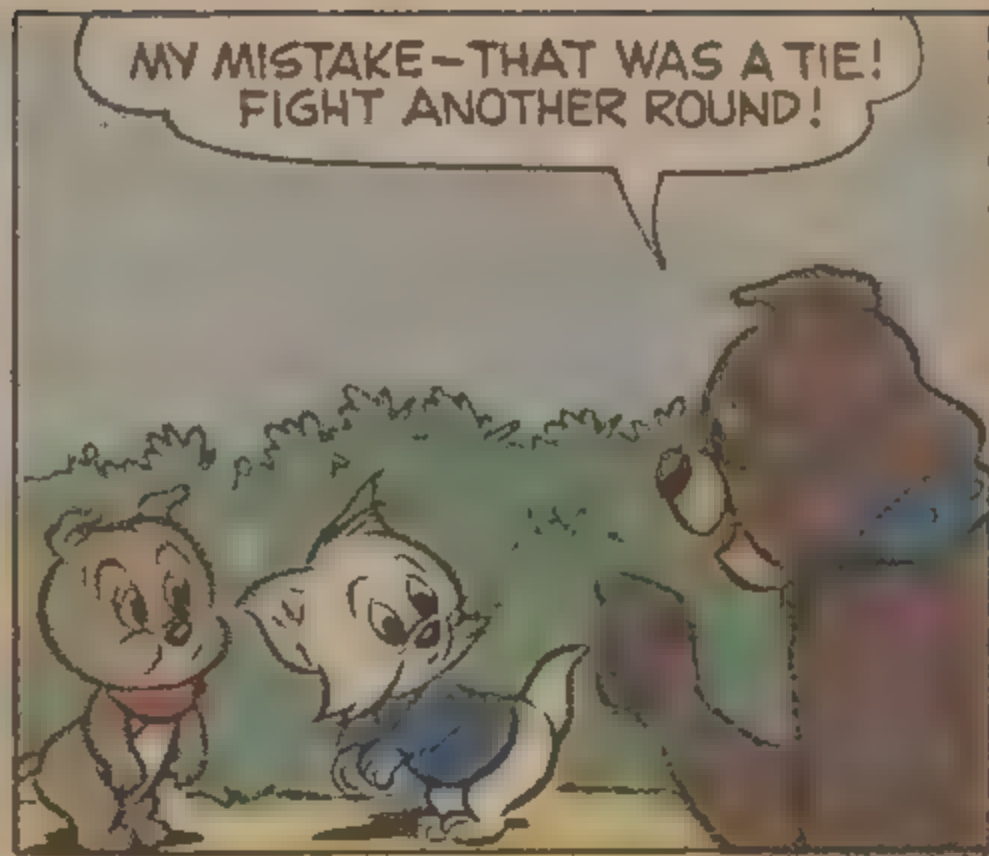
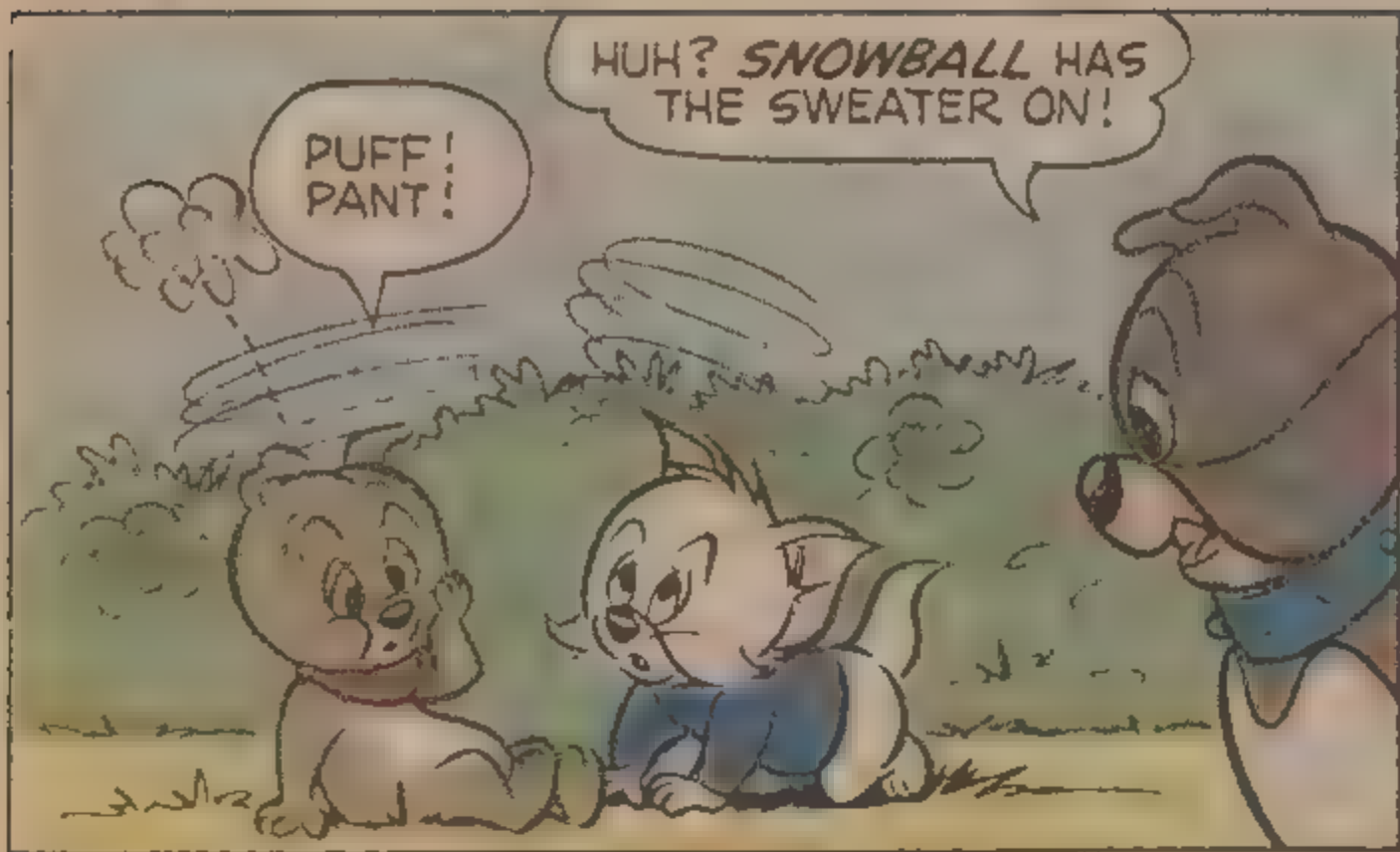


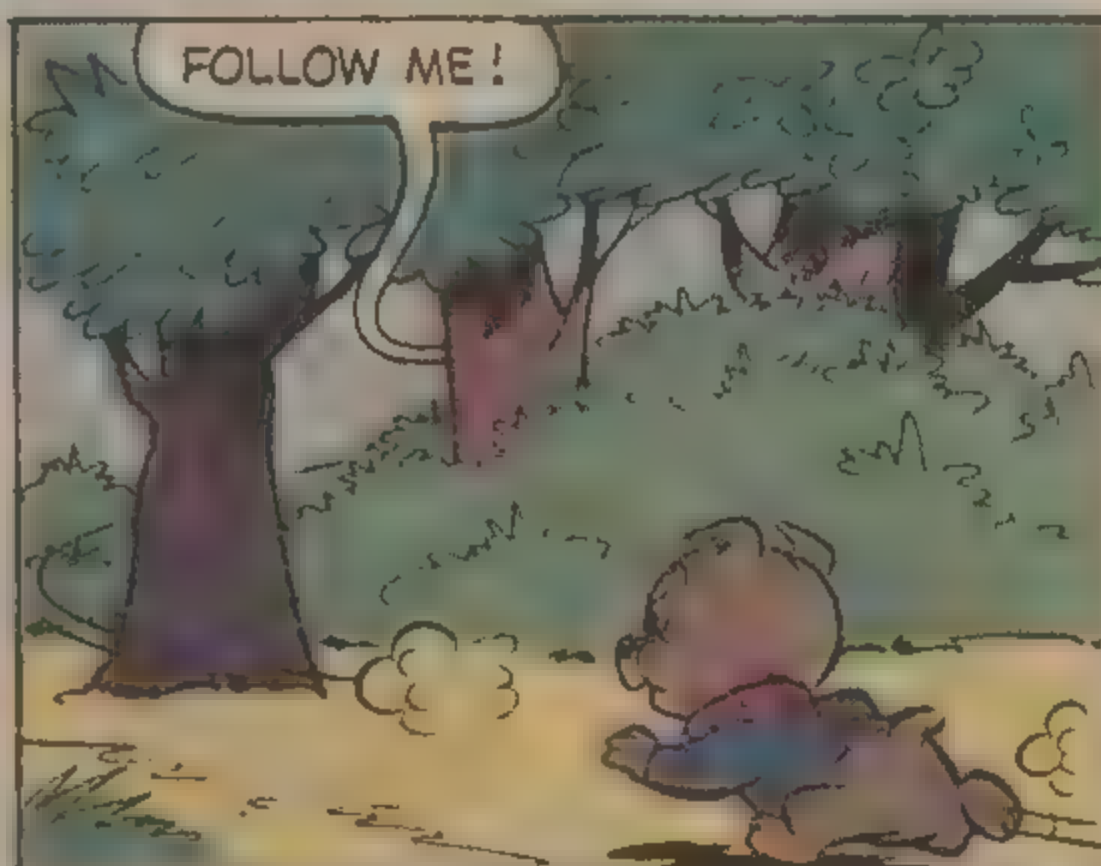
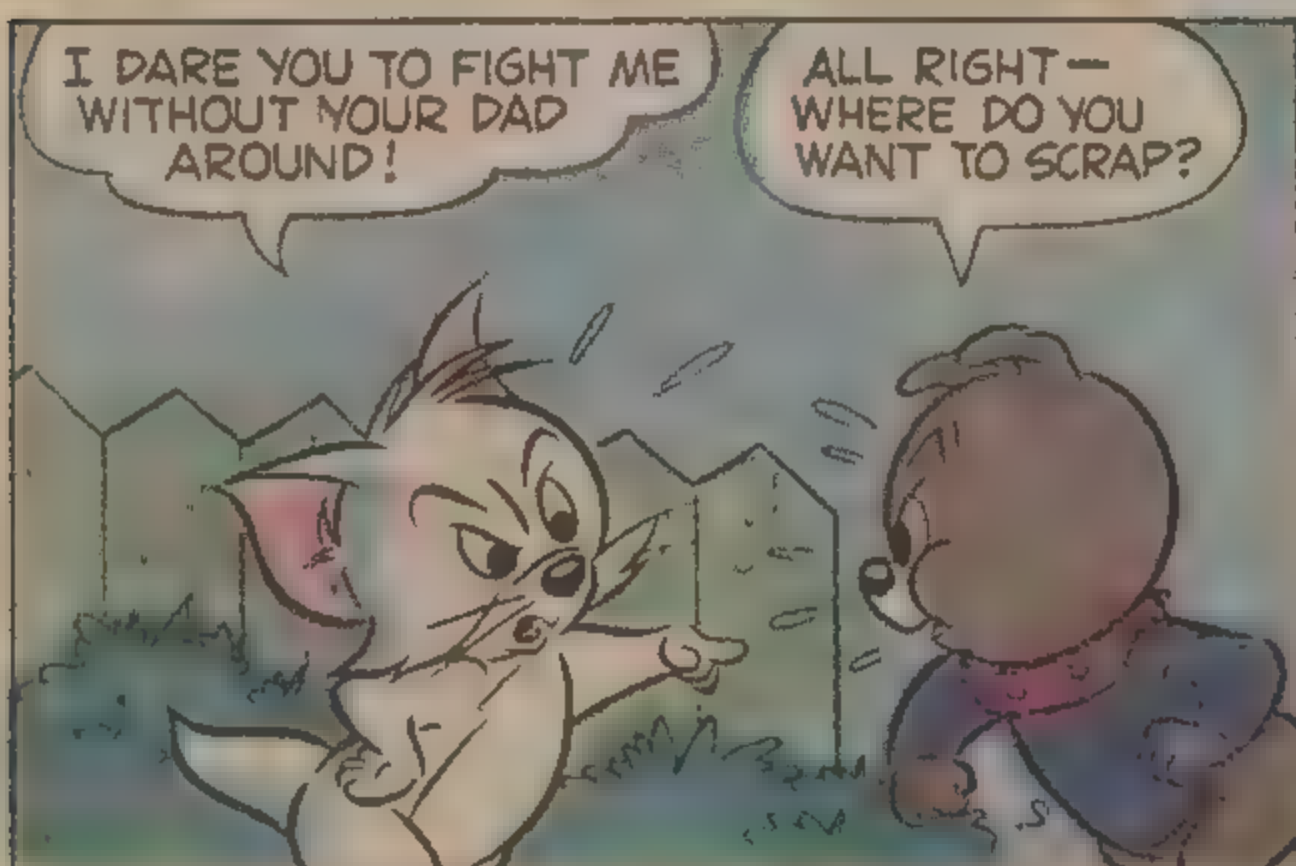
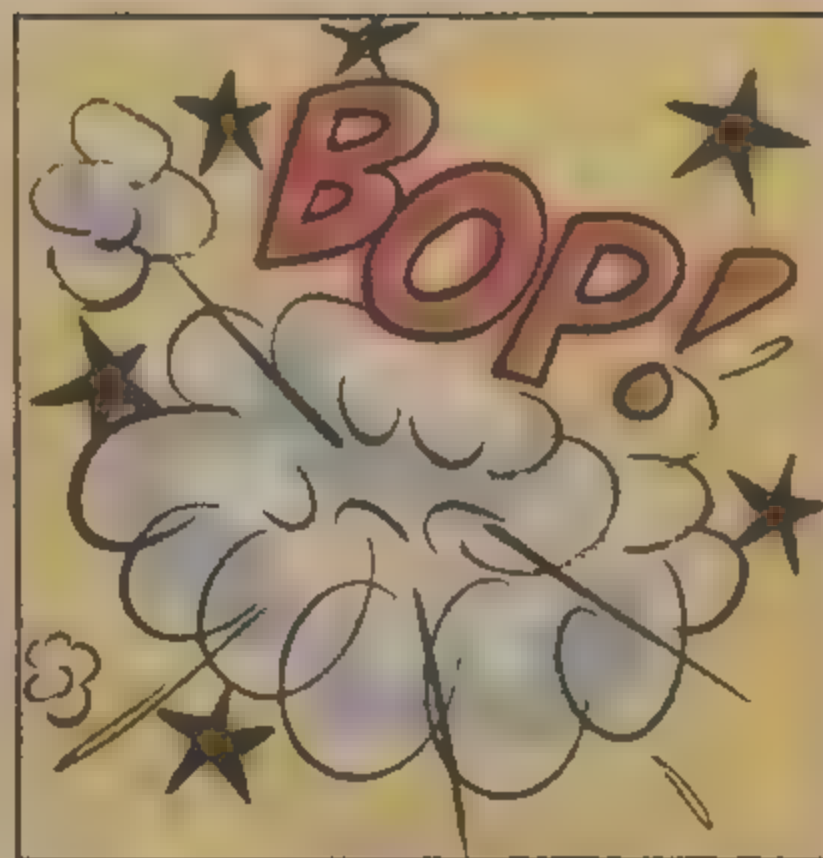
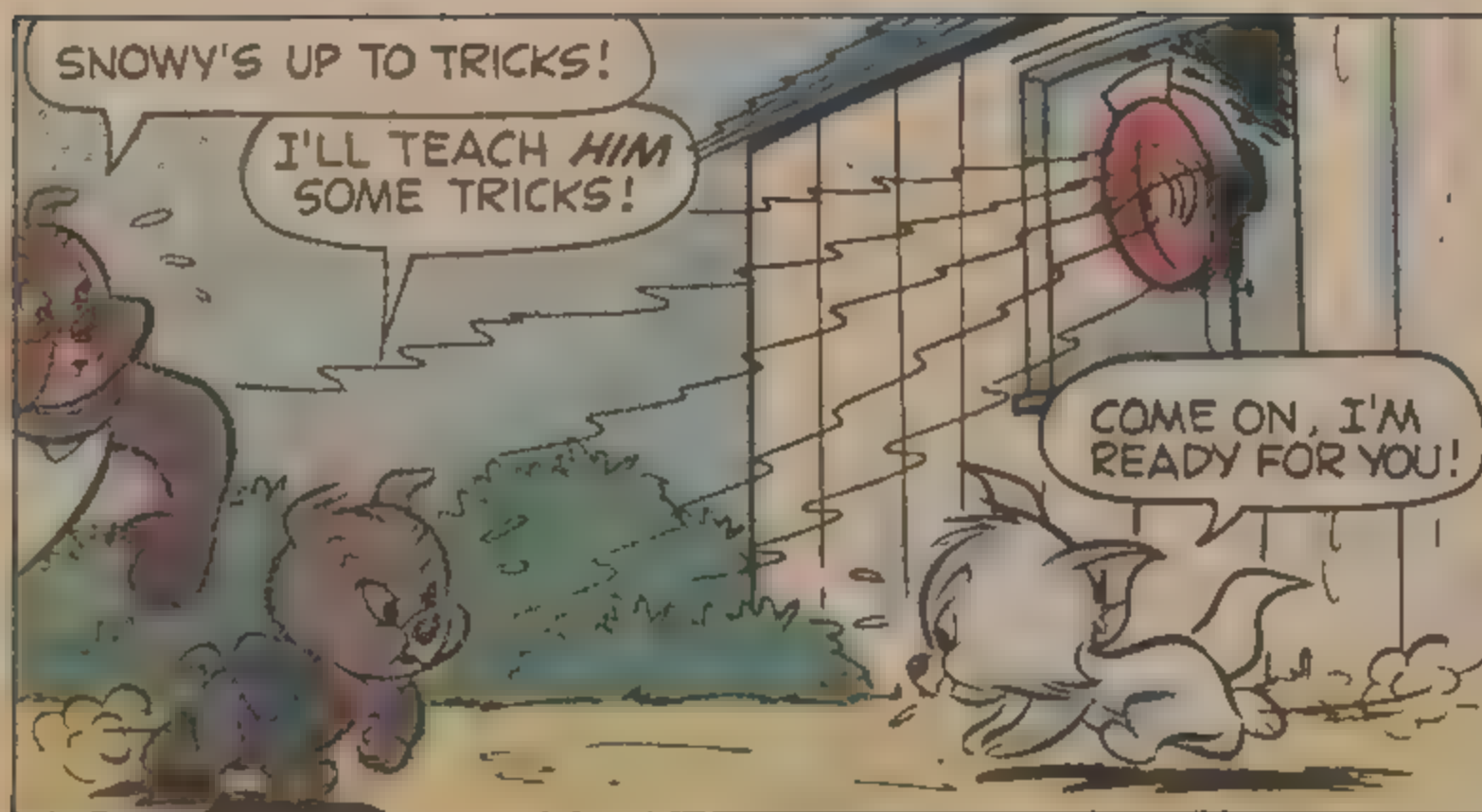
Spike-Tyke

THE KITTEN'S KNITTIN'









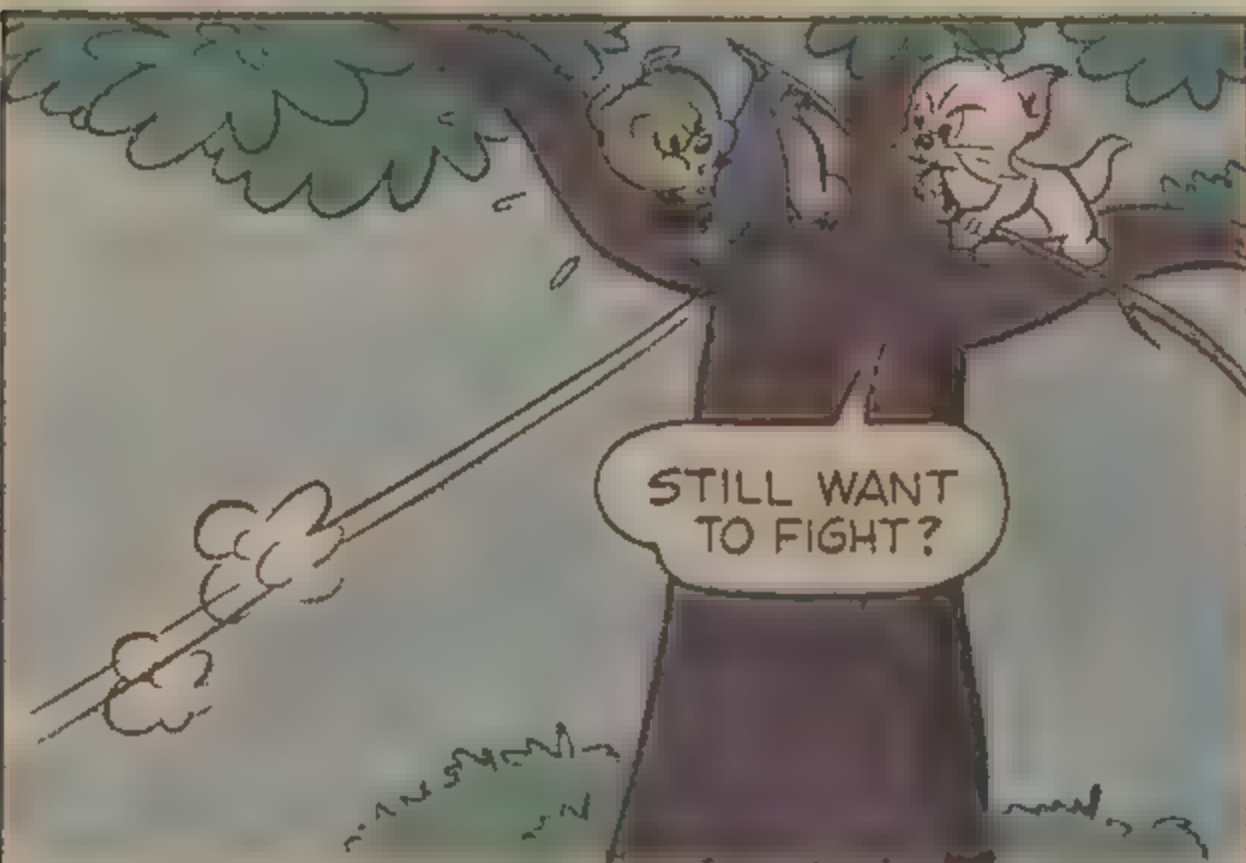
IN FACT, I'LL HELP YOU A LITTLE!



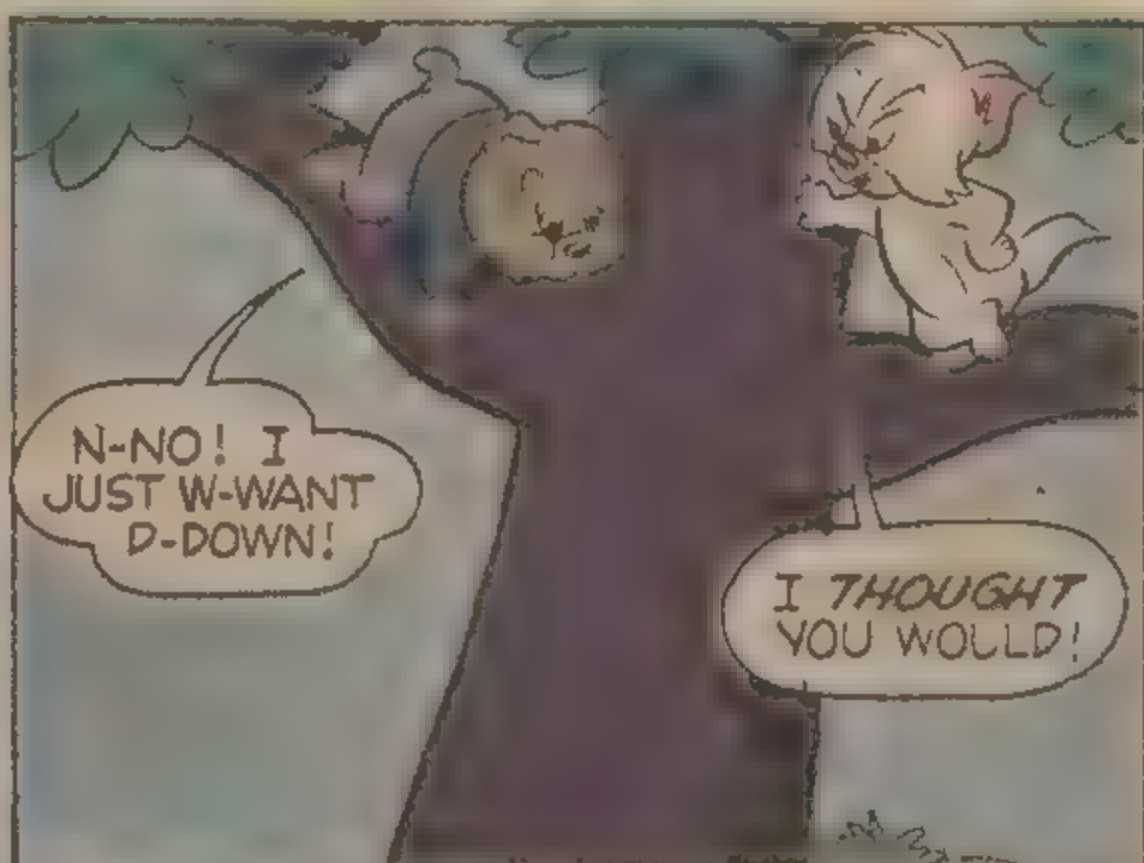
ZIP!



STILL WANT TO FIGHT?

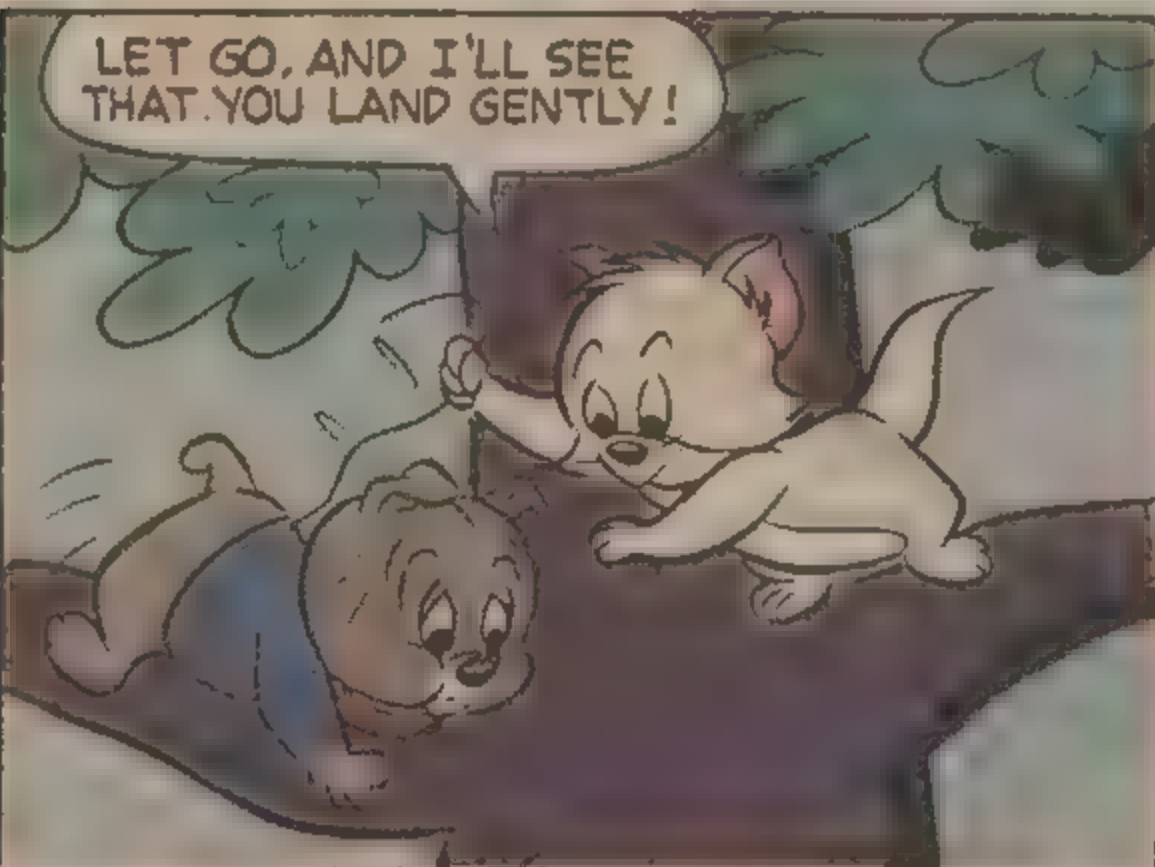


N-NO! I JUST W-WANT D-DOWN!



I THOUGHT YOU WOULD!

LET GO, AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU LAND GENTLY!



OH, GEE, THANKS, SNOWY!



AND THANK YOU, PUPPY, OLD PAL!



WELL, (SIGH!) I GUESS THIS IS THE END OF OUR YARN!



I'M HAVING A BALL!

FLIRTING



"Come on, Billie, it's time to sing for our breakfast," Bertie Bird called to his brother one bright, sunny morning. "The little girl who throws breadcrumbs out for us every day might not do it if we don't give her a nice song first."

"Okey-dokey, I'm . . . hiccup . . . right behind you," Billie replied. "Oh, fizzle-fuzzle!" he twittered with alarm. "I have the hiccups, and now I won't . . . hiccup . . . be able to sing."

Bertie groaned with dismay. "If I sing all by myself, the little girl might not hear me; and if she doesn't hear me, she might not come out and throw crumbs to us; and if she doesn't come out and throw crumbs to us, we might not get any breakfast at all."

"I've . . . hiccup . . . just got to get rid of these hiccups so I can sing with you," Billie vowed. "But how can I do it?"

"I've heard that if a person gets a big scare of some kind, his hiccups will go away," Bertie suggested. "I tell you what. Let's find a cat someplace. You can fly near him, and when he chases you, you'll be so scared, your hiccups will disappear."

Billie agreed to the plan somewhat reluctantly, and off the two little bluebirds flew with a brisk flutter of tiny wings.

"We'll have to hurry," Bertie advised. "The little girl will be leaving for school pretty soon."

On and on the birds flew until they came to a yard where a big yellow cat was sleeping lazily in the sun.

"There's a mean-looking old pussycat," Bertie pointed as they swooped to a halt high in the leafy branches of a tree. "Go ahead,

do your stuff."

"Well, all right," Billie said timidly. He hopped off the branch and glided towards the cat in a long, graceful arc. Just as he got to the cat's head, he fluttered his wings wildly. The cat did not move.

Billie swooped in closer to the cat's head, flying in a circle around him. Still the cat did not move. Discouraged, Billie flew back to Bertie again.

"It's . . . hiccup . . . no use," he panted. "I can't wake him up. If you ask me, I think it's some kind of a stuffed animal and isn't even alive."

"Well, we'll soon see about that," Bertie chirped decisively, and he flew down to the cat himself.

Bertie boldly swooped to a landing on the grass in front of the cat and hopped back and forth. Just as he had about made up his mind that the animal was, indeed, a toy, the cat opened his eyes and lunged at him with a bound.

Bertie fluttered away as fast as he could go, his heart beating with wild excitement.

"Oh, Bertie," Billie exclaimed when his brother had rejoined him in the tree, "what a scare you gave me. I thought that cat had you for sure . . . Hey! What do you know! My hiccups are all gone!"

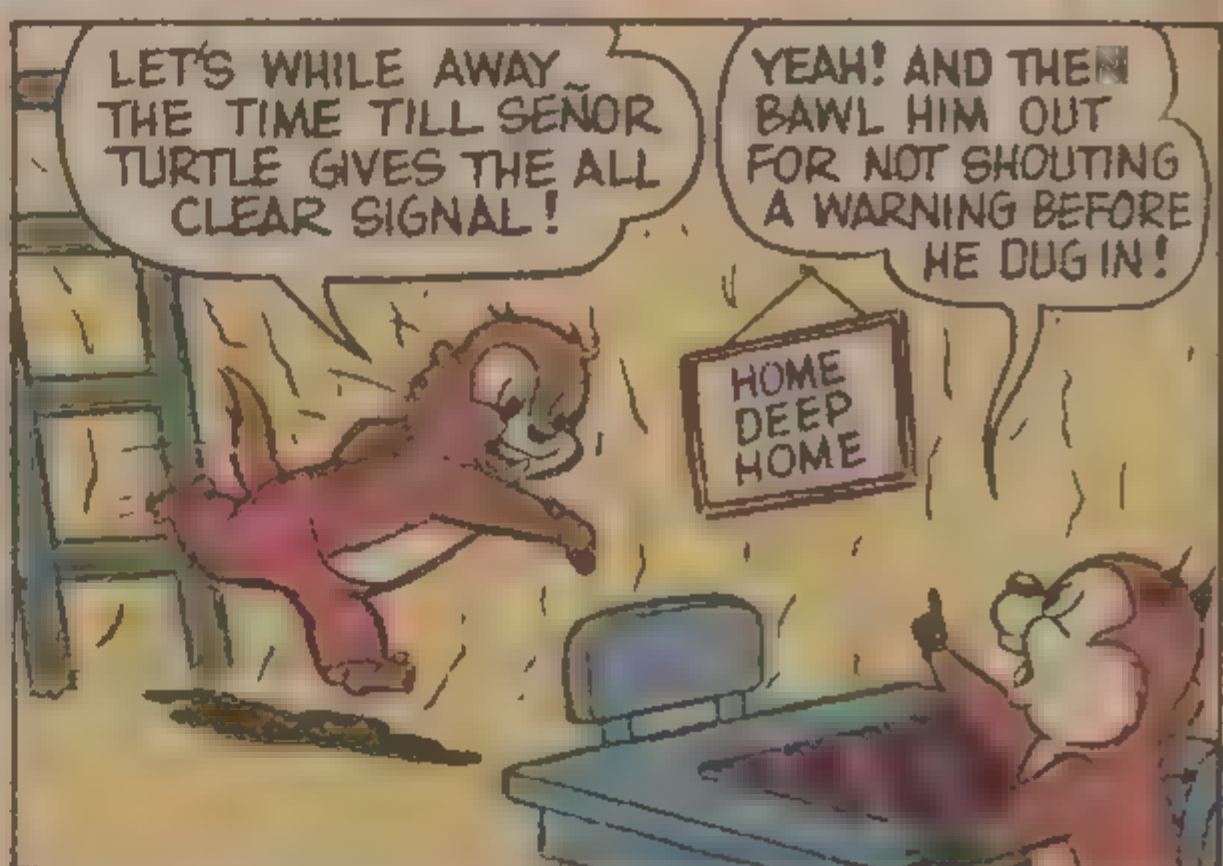
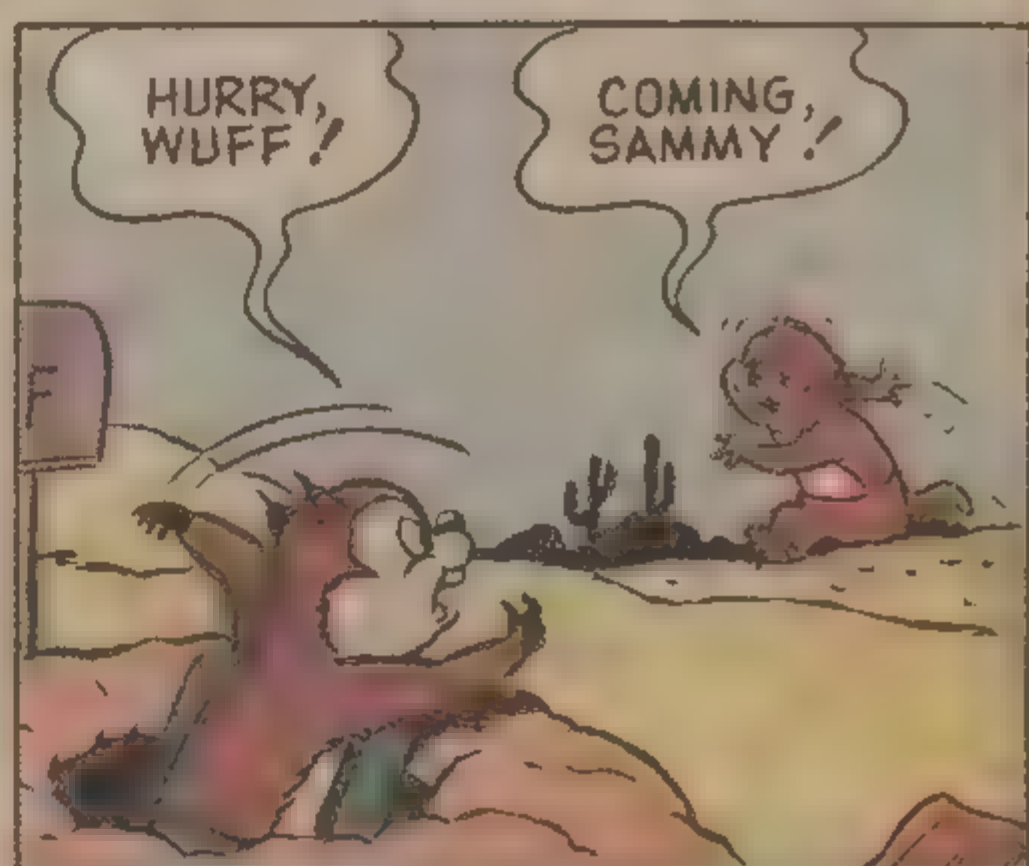
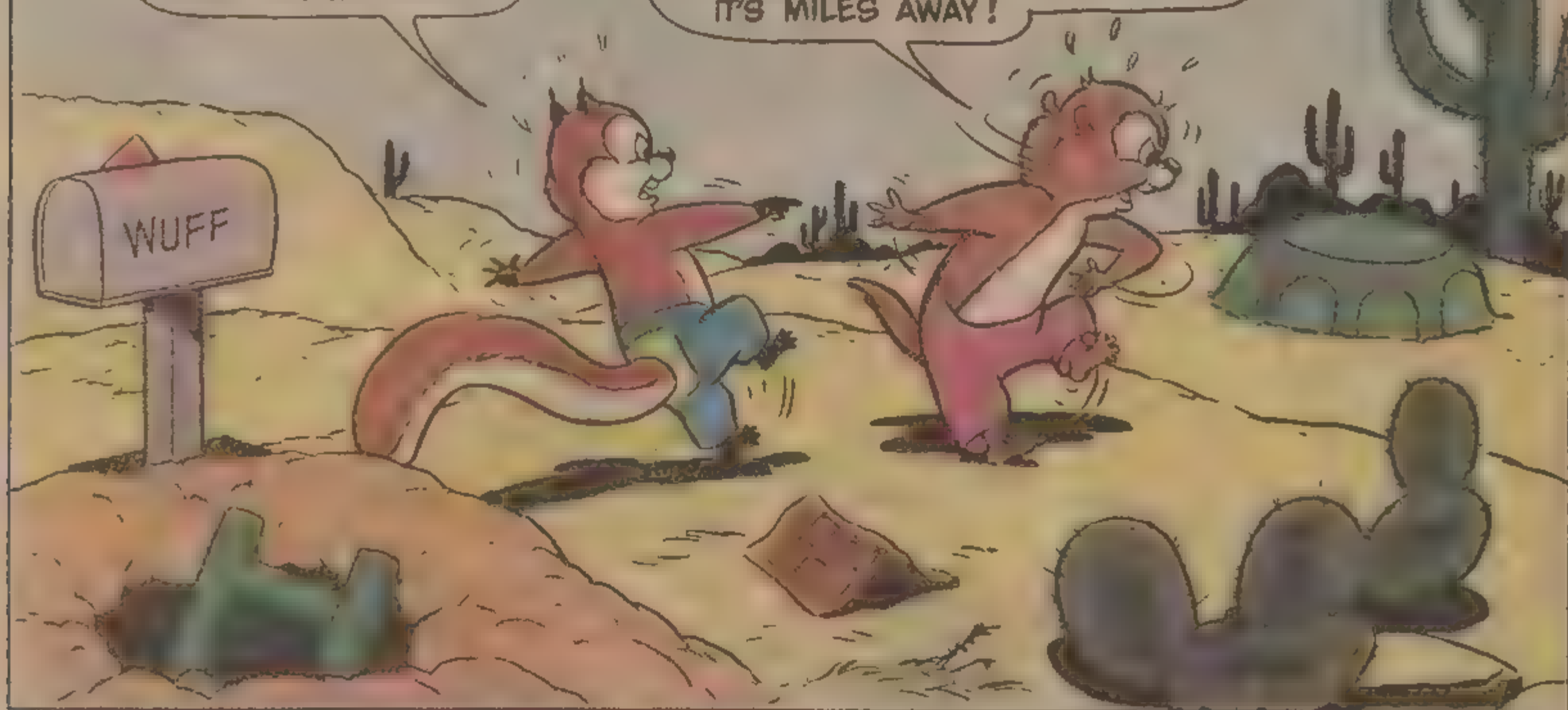
"Whew!" Bertie panted with relief as they sped to the little girl's house. "I'm glad of that. But the next time you get the hiccups, I guess we'd better think of a safer way of getting rid of them. We came awfully close to providing Mr. Kitty cat with his own breakfast, and he wasn't even singing for it."

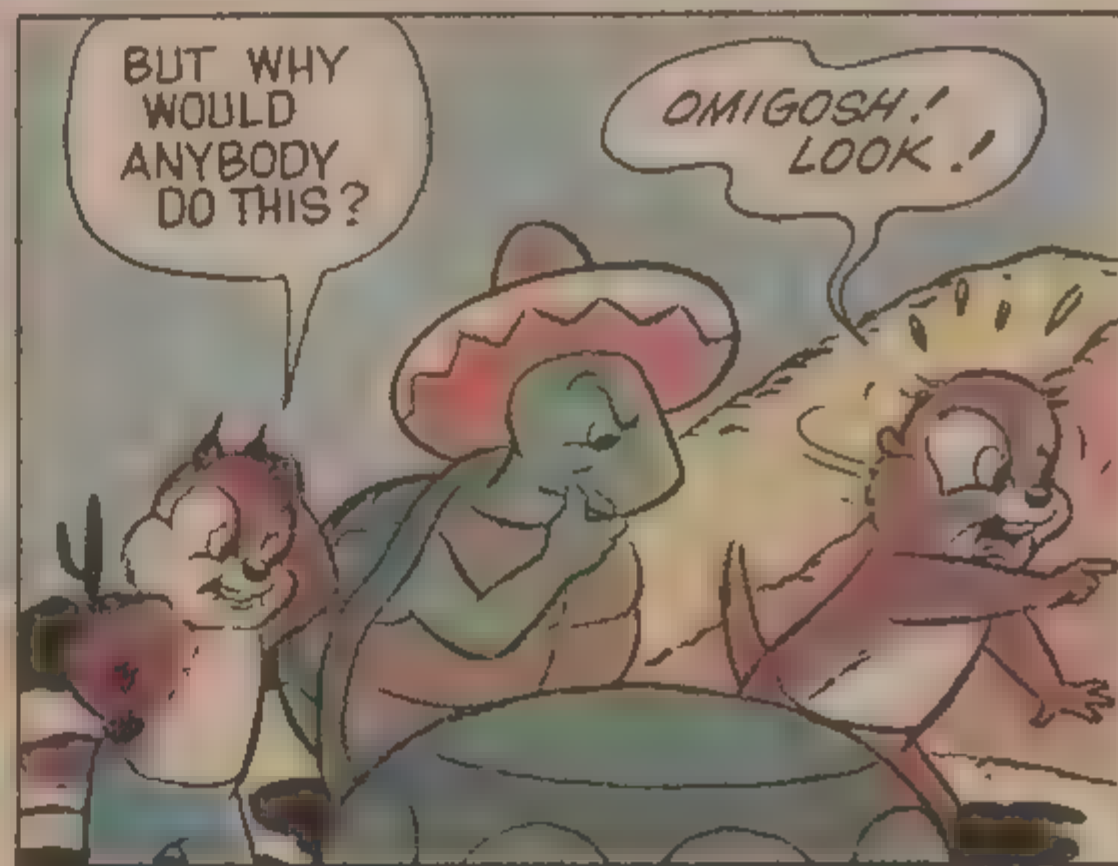
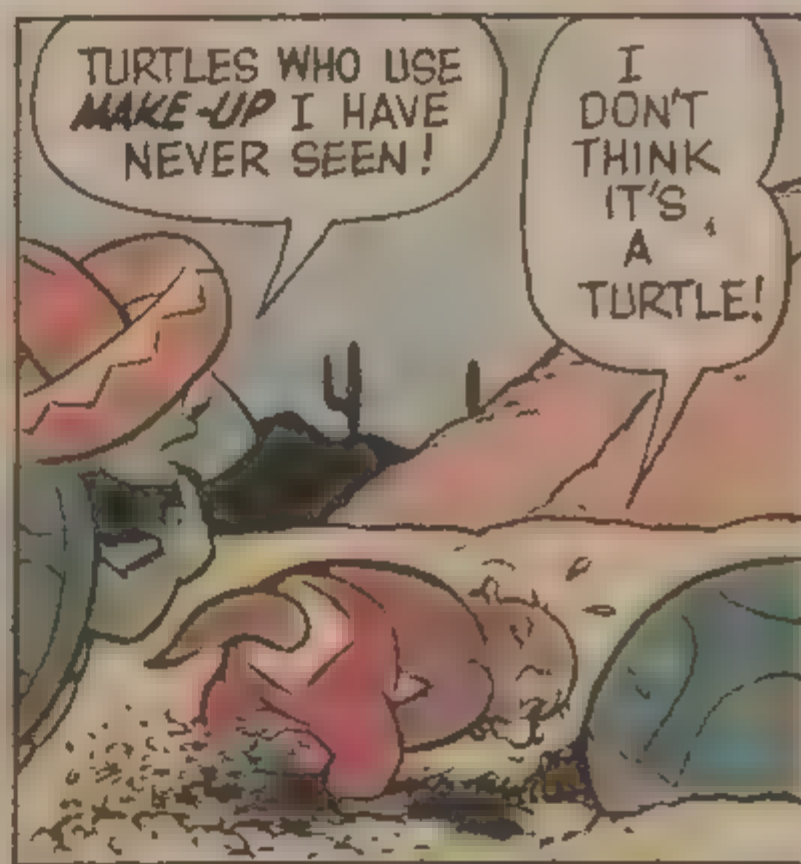
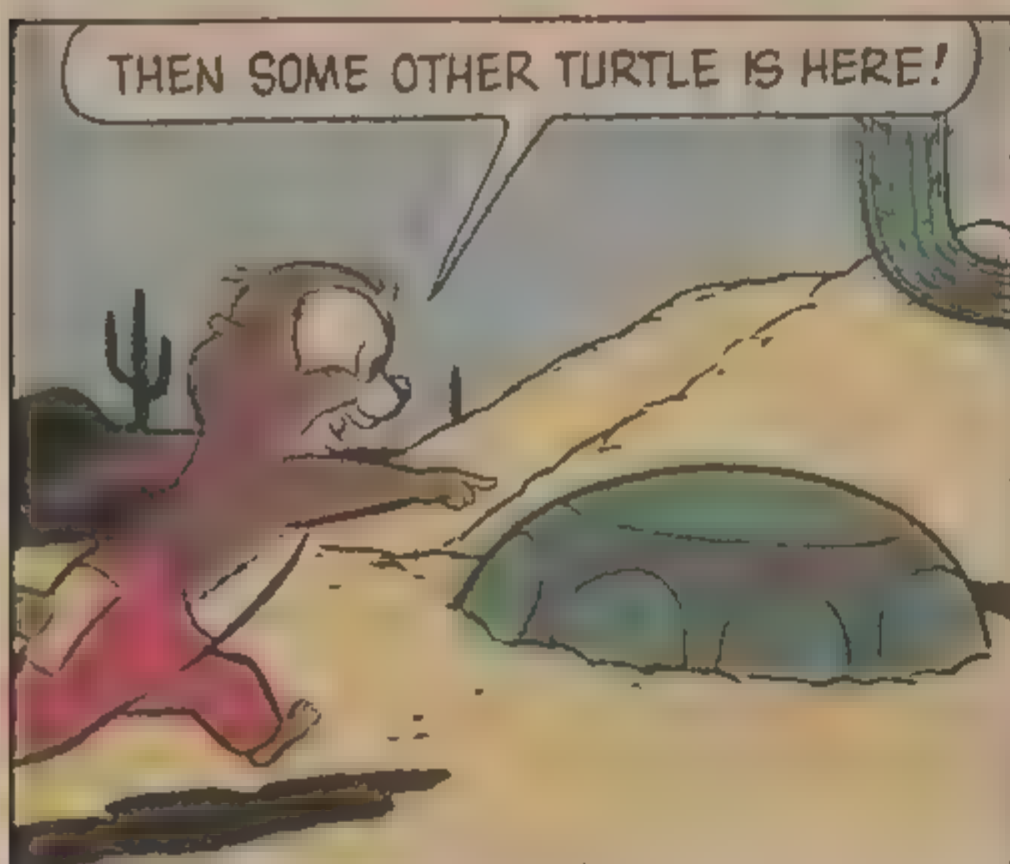
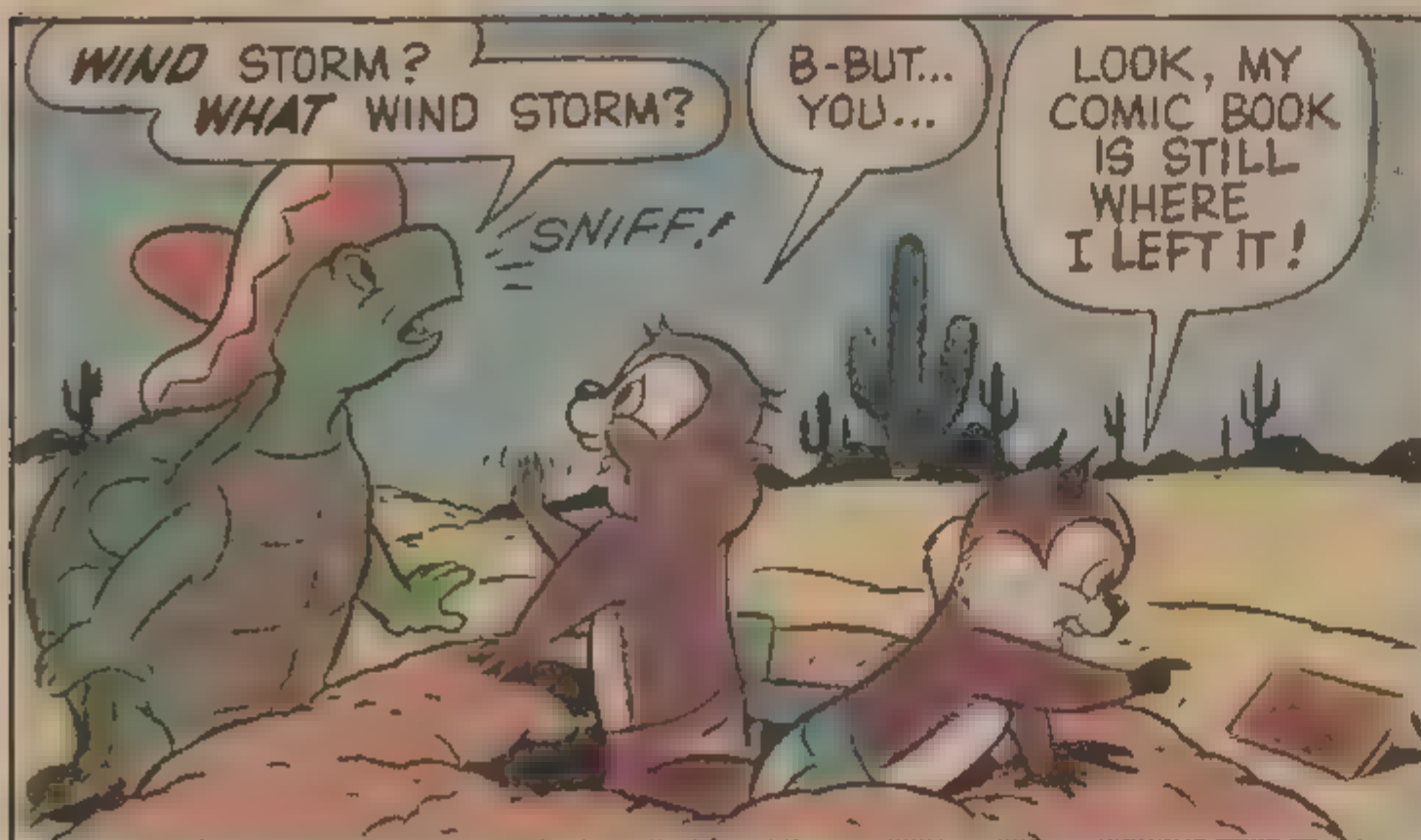
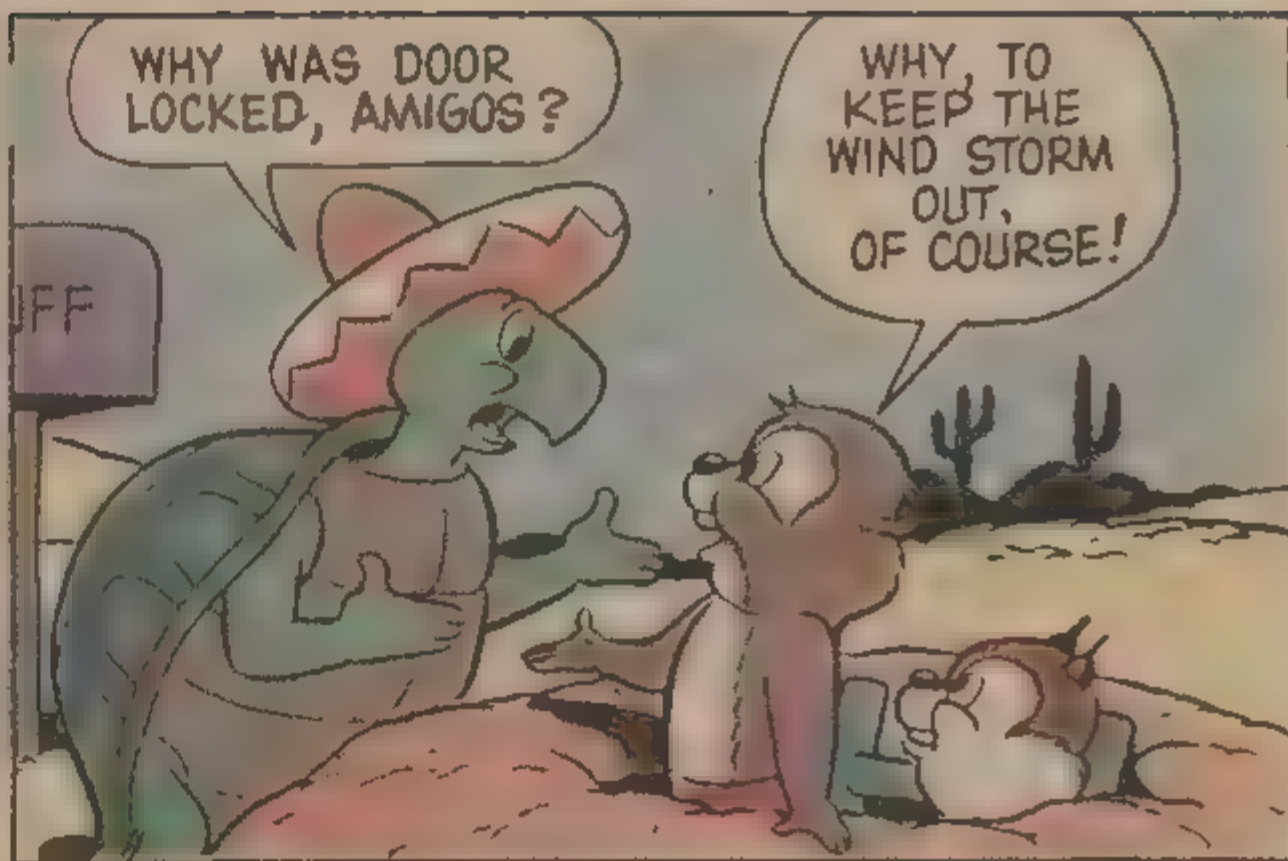
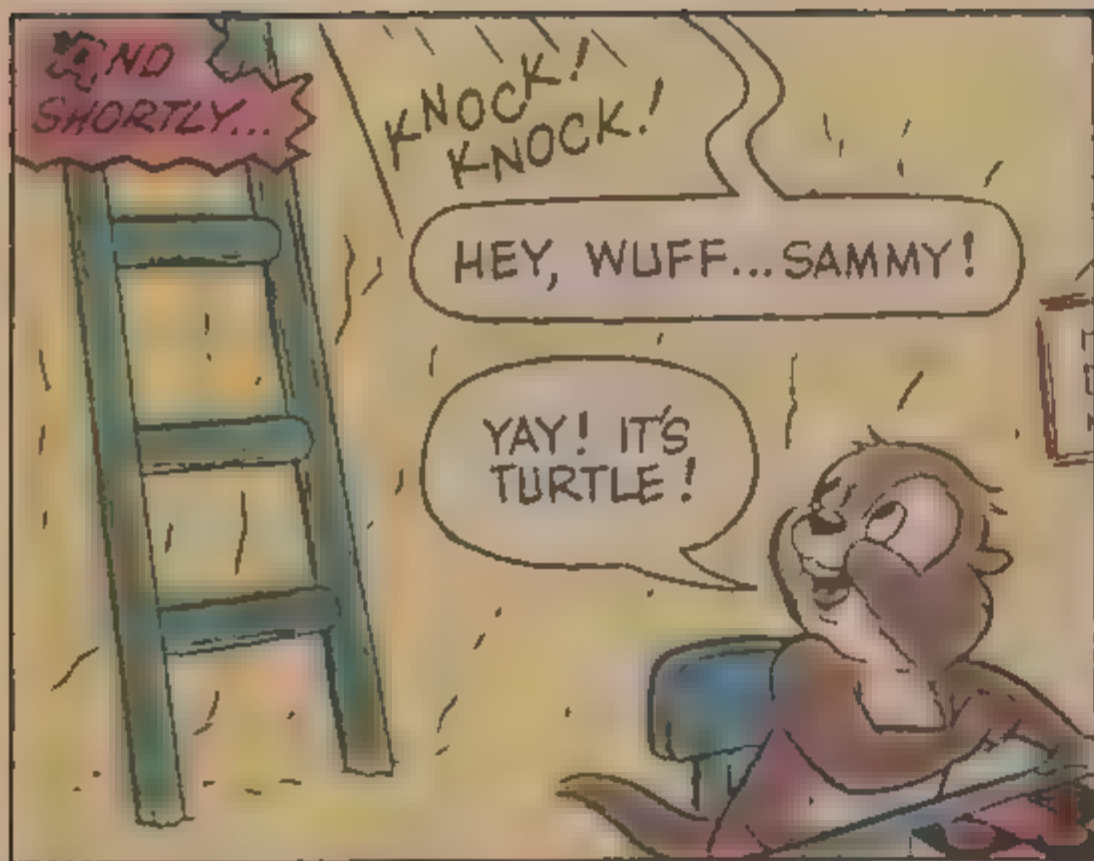
WUFF the
prairie dog

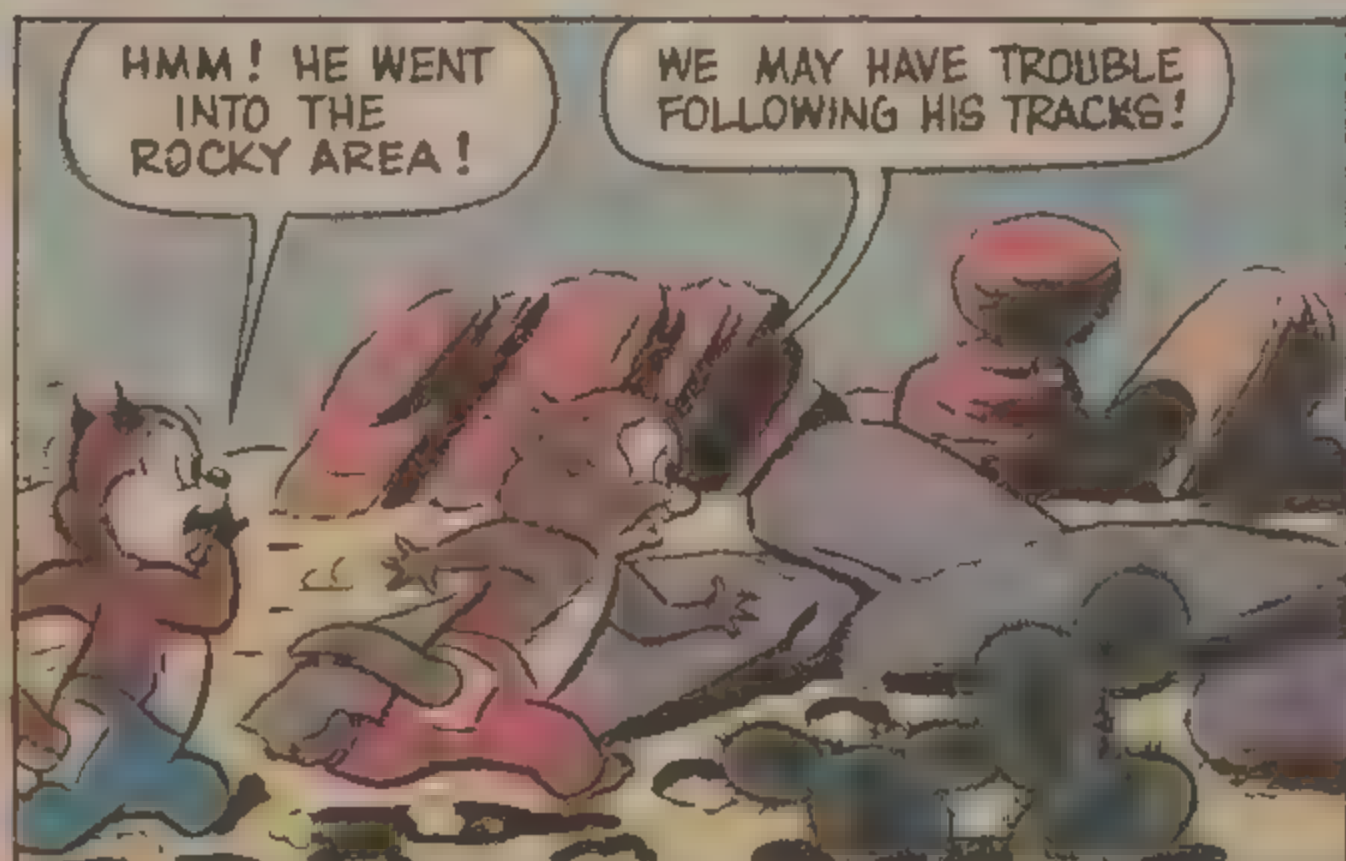
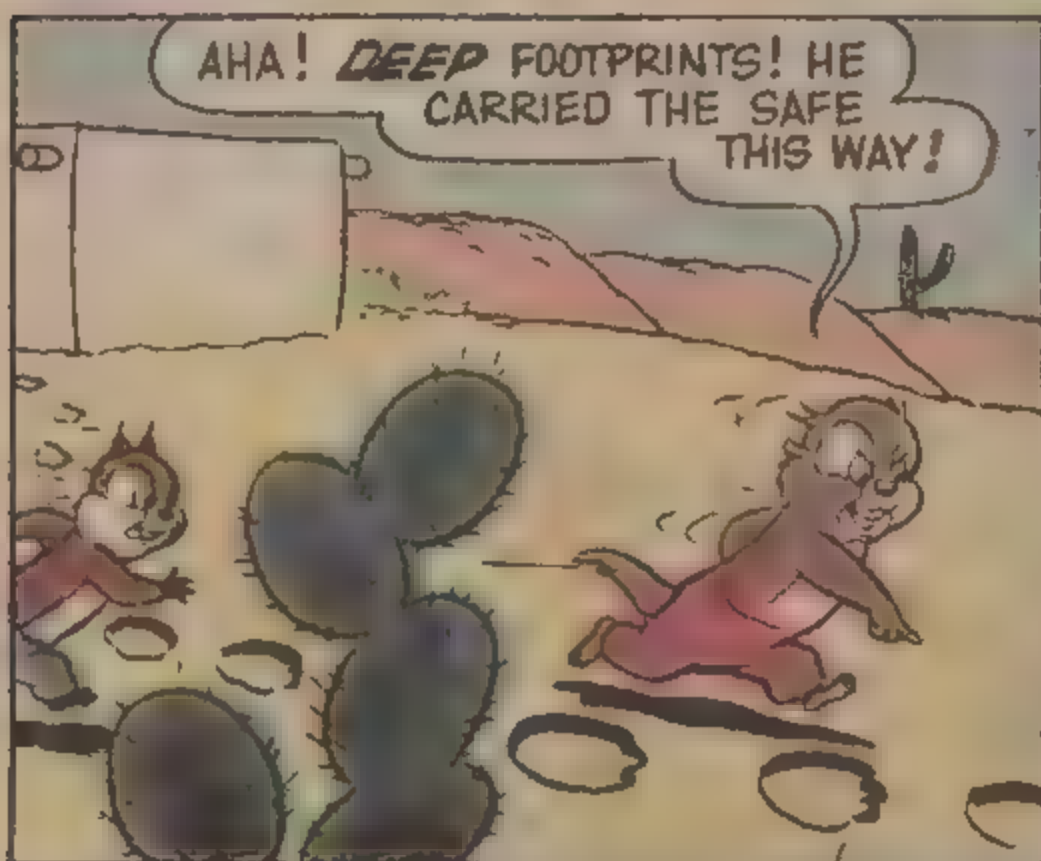
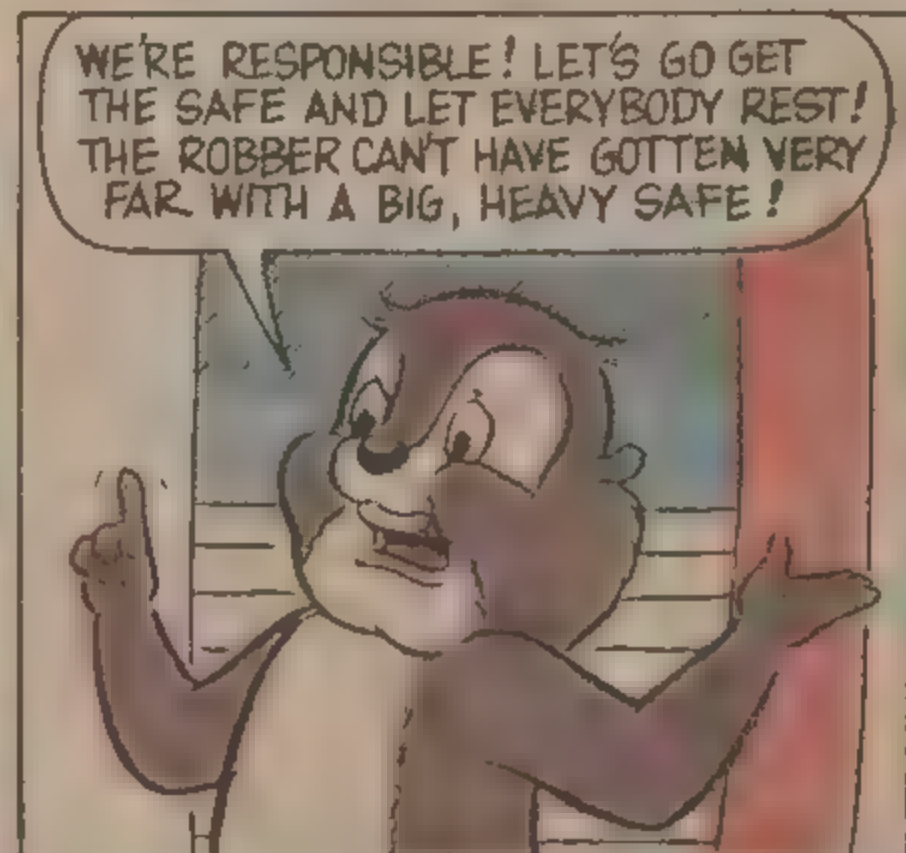
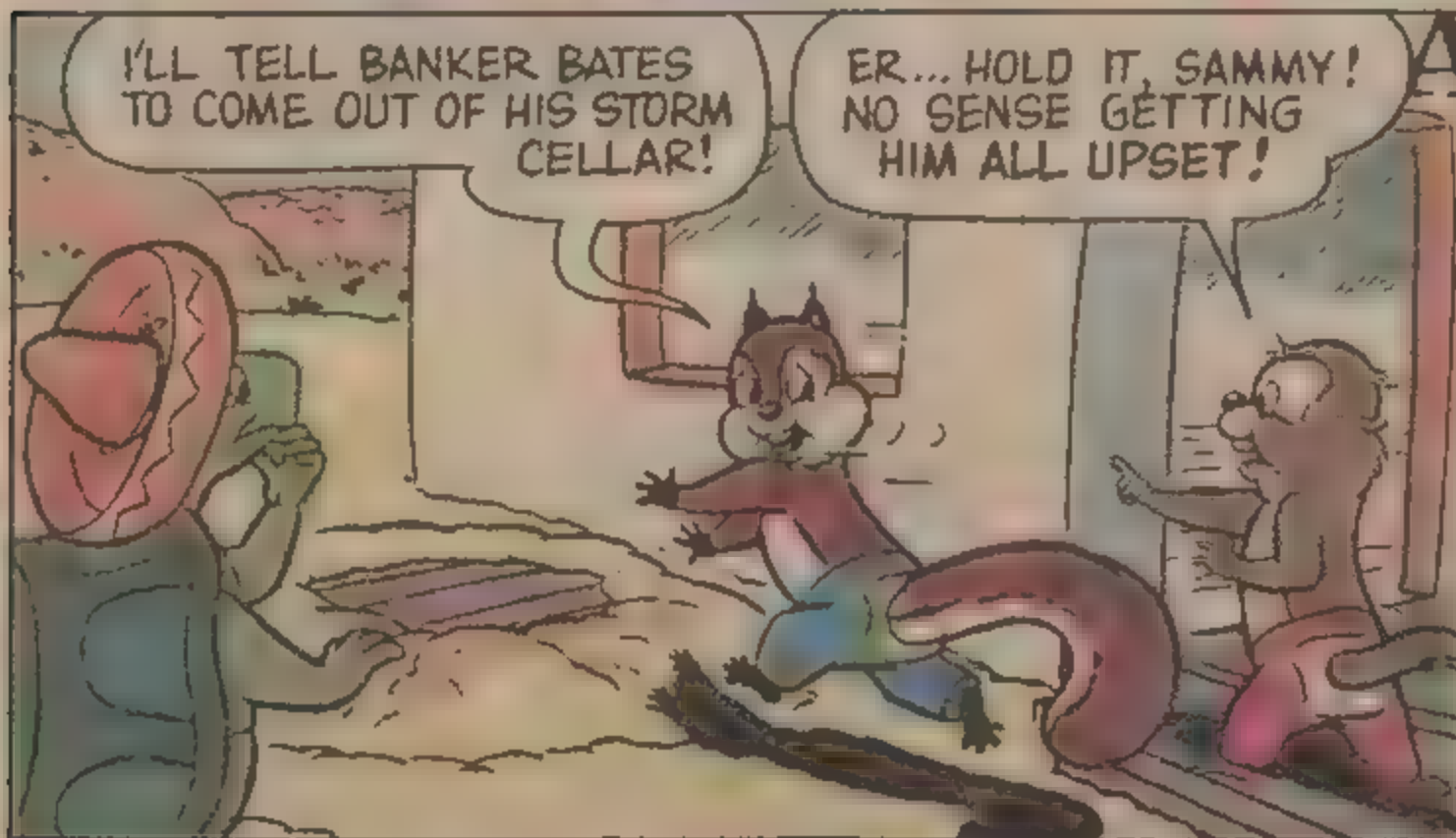
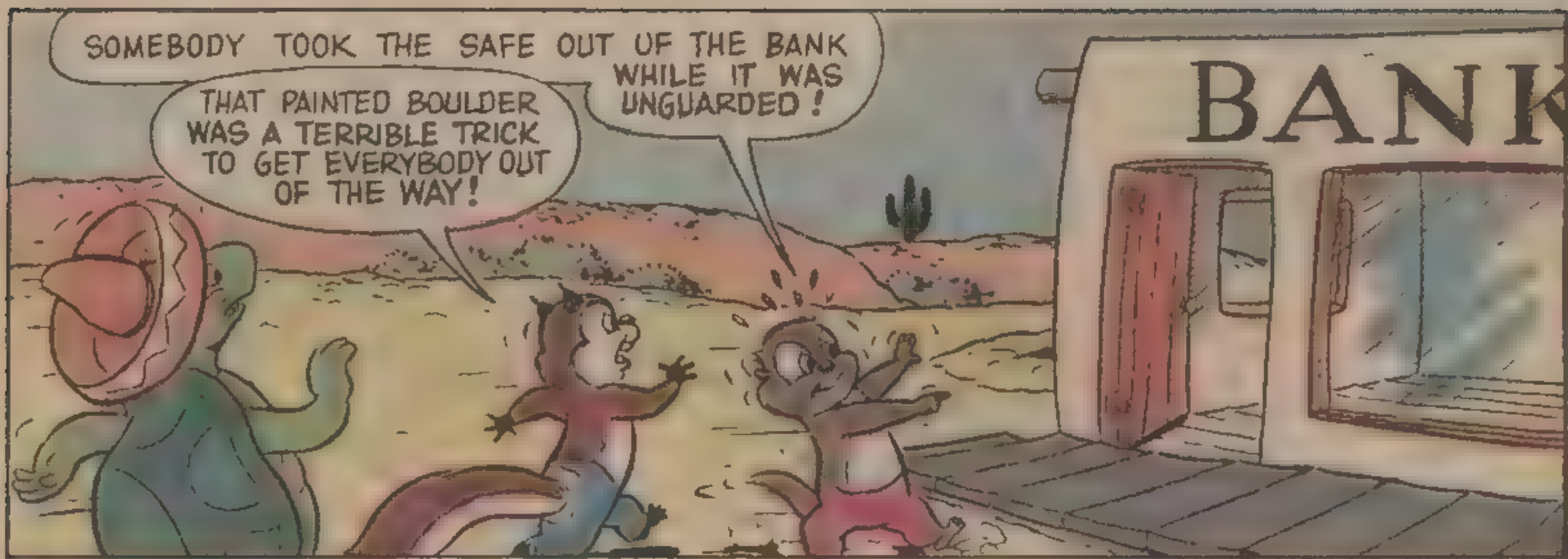
the TERRIBLE TURTLE TRICK

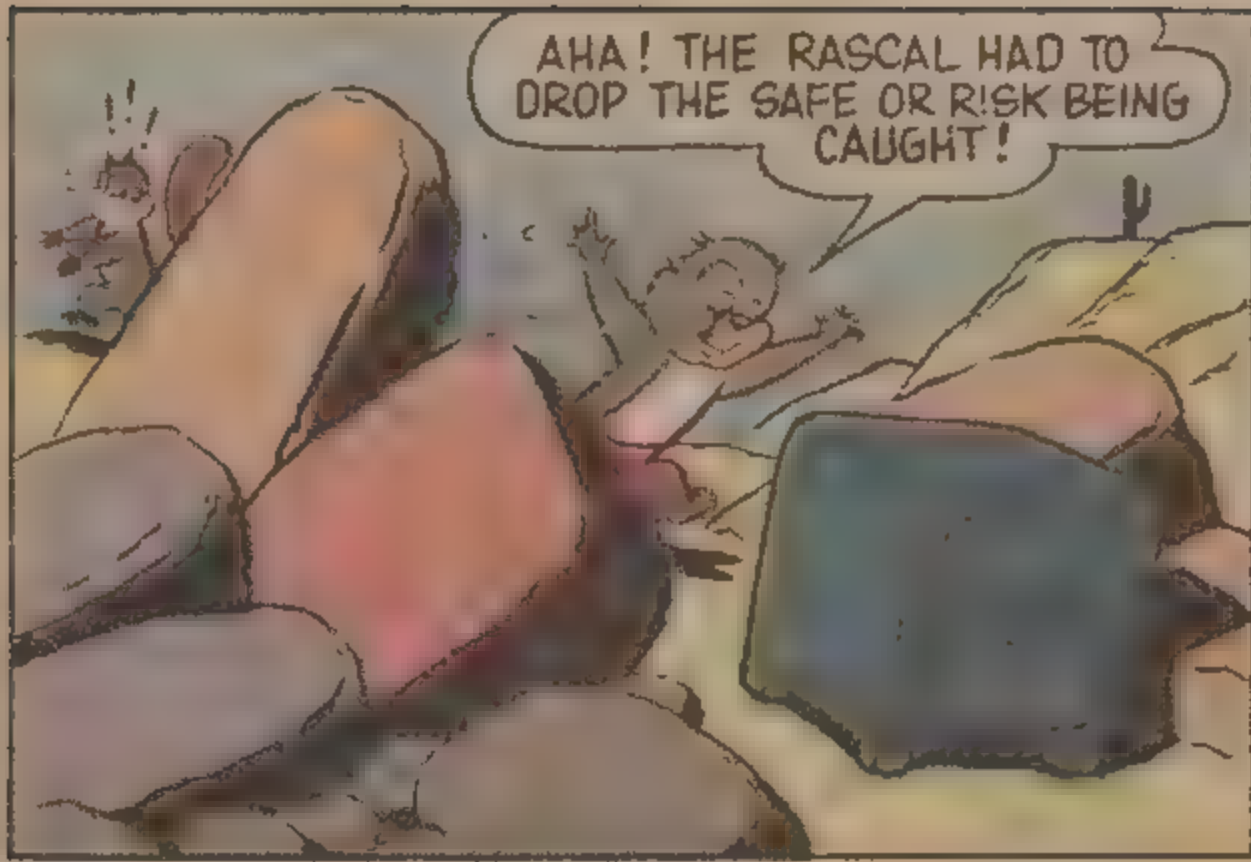
OMIGOSH! LOOK! SEÑOR
TURTLE HAS BURROWED
DOWN INTO THE SAND!

IT MEANS A BIG *WIND STORM* IS
COMING WHEN HE DIGS IN LIKE THAT!
HE CAN SMELL AN ILL WIND WHEN
IT'S MILES AWAY!







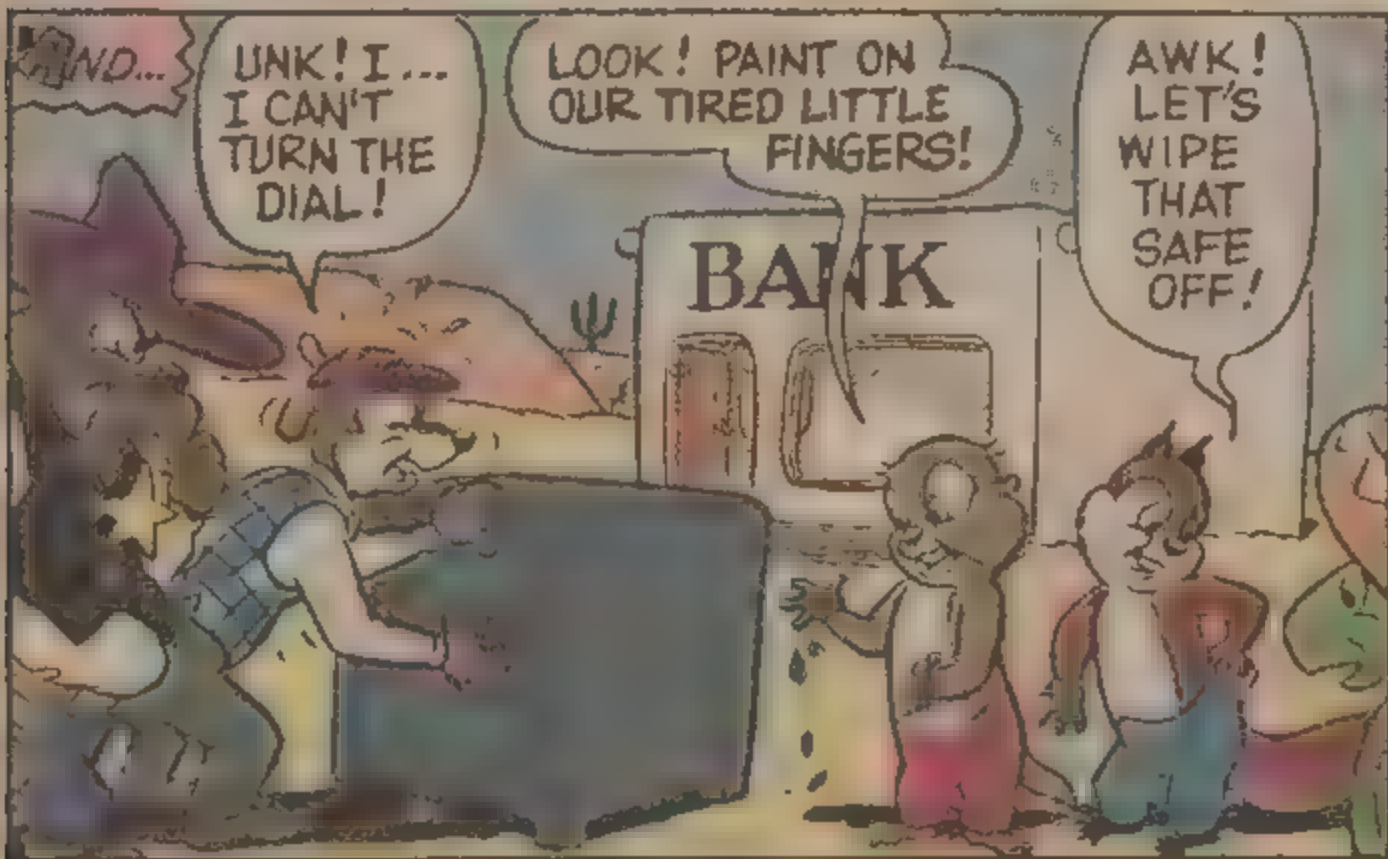


AHA! THE RASCAL HAD TO
DROP THE SAFE OR RISK BEING
CAUGHT!



BACK TO THE
BANK WITH IT!

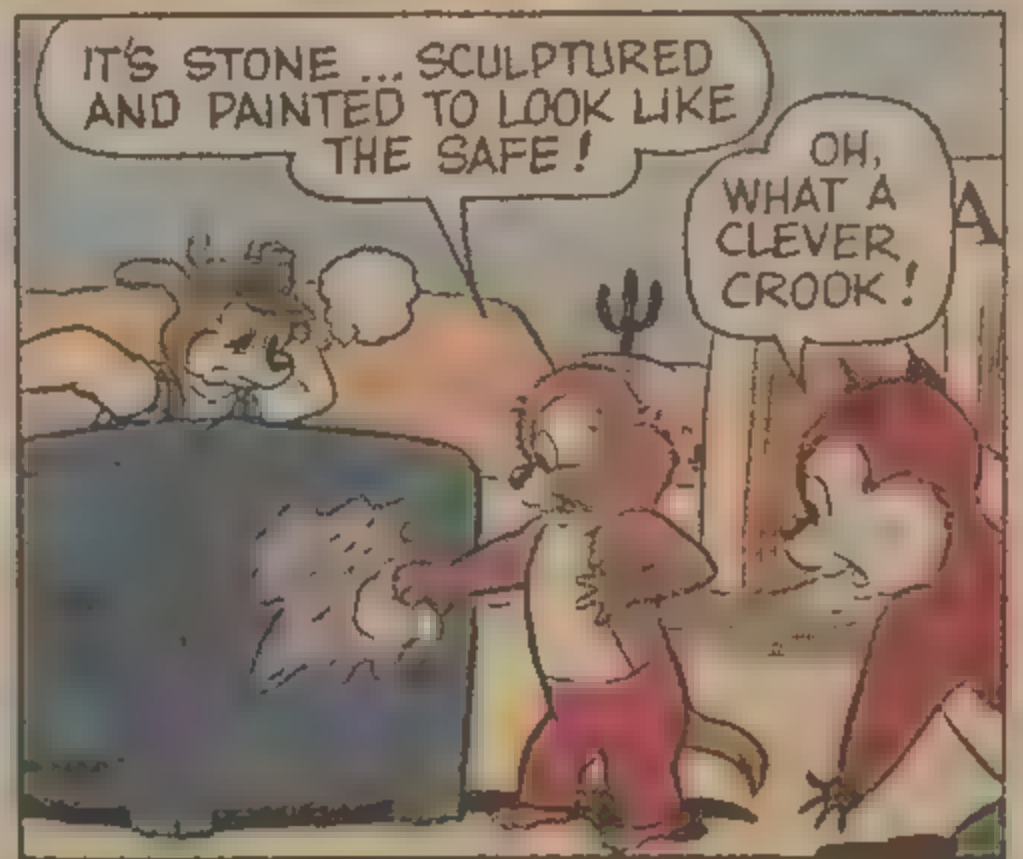
UGH! IT SURE
WEIGHS A TON!



AND...
UNK! I ...
I CAN'T
TURN THE
DIAL!

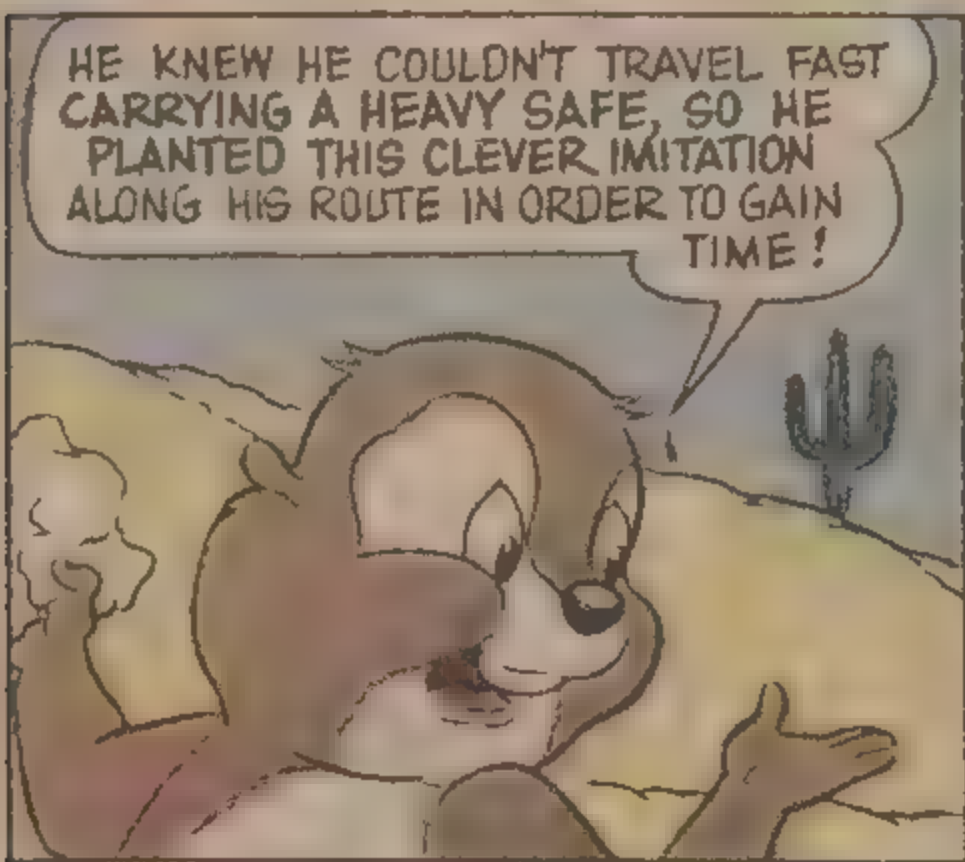
LOOK! PAINT ON
OUR TIRED LITTLE
FINGERS!

AWK!
LET'S
WIPE
THAT
SAFE
OFF!

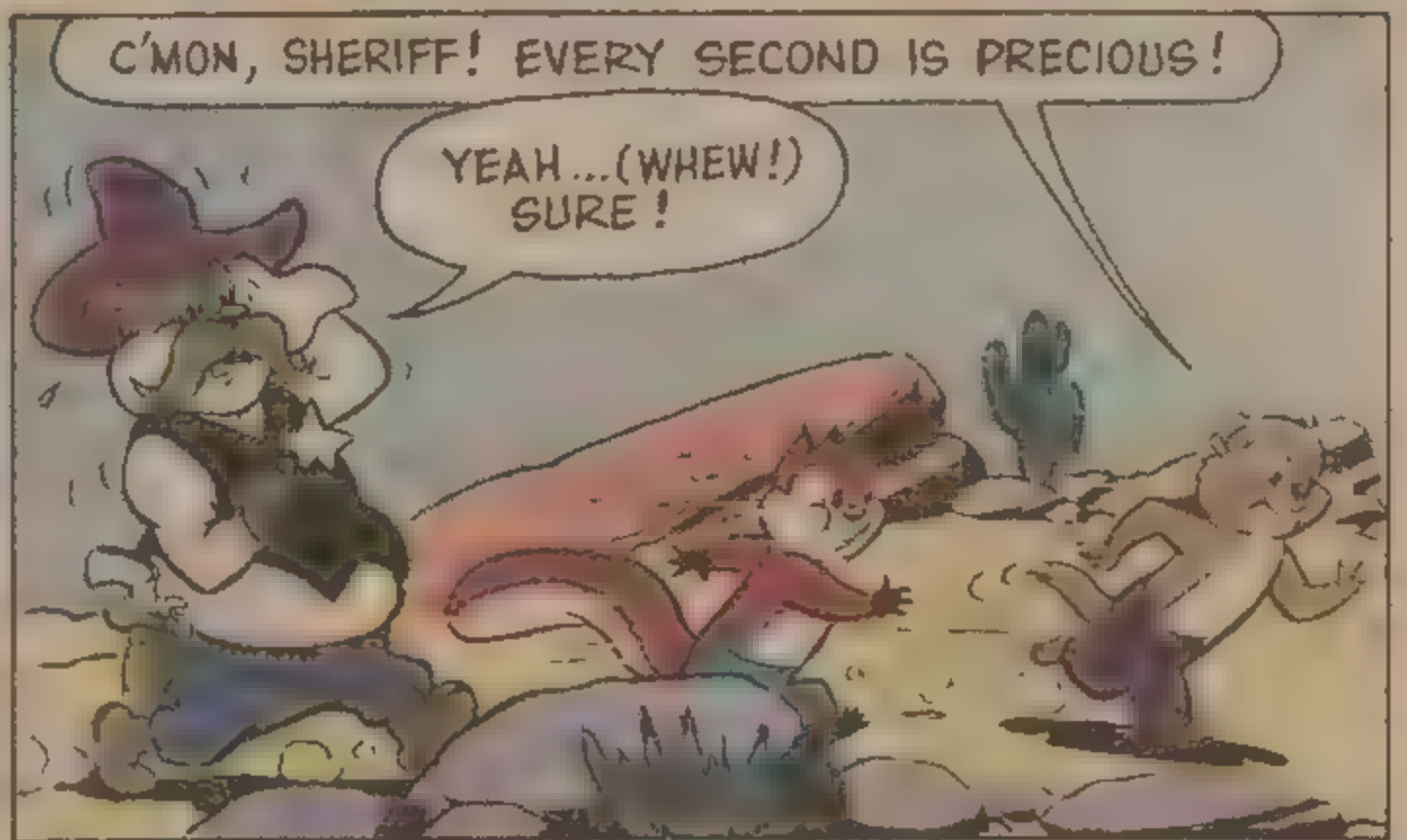


IT'S STONE ... SCULPTURED
AND PAINTED TO LOOK LIKE
THE SAFE!

OH,
WHAT A
CLEVER
CROOK!

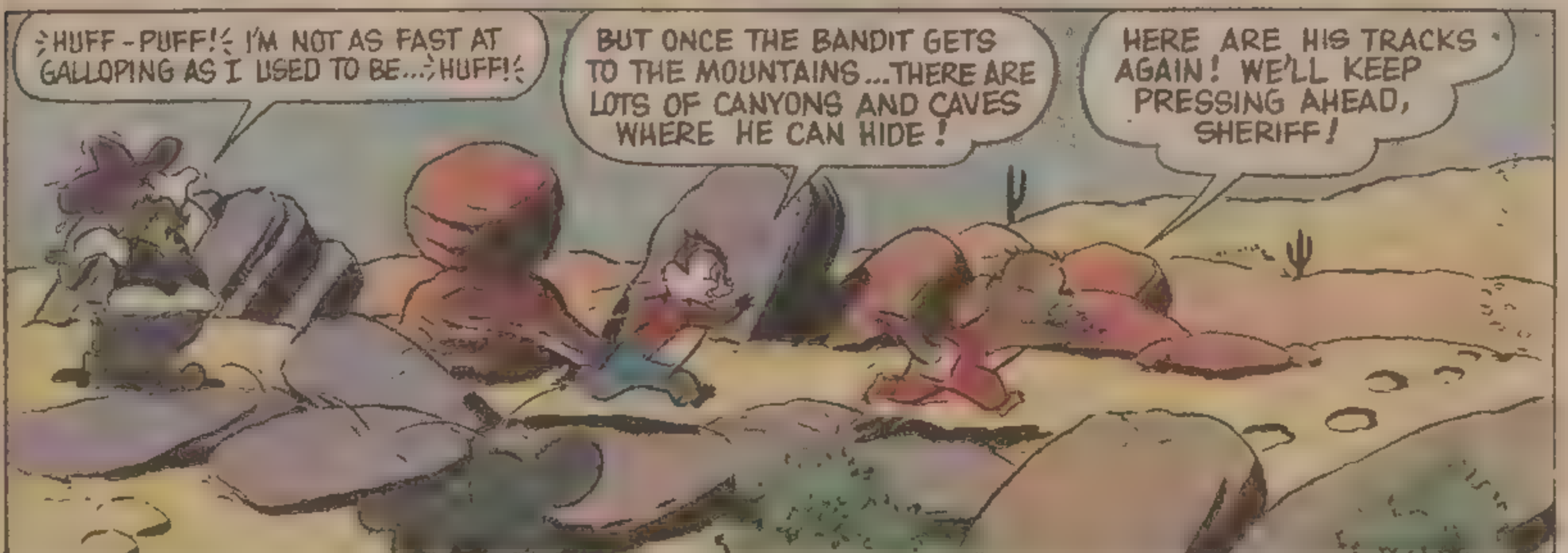


HE KNEW HE COULDN'T TRAVEL FAST
CARRYING A HEAVY SAFE, SO HE
PLANTED THIS CLEVER IMITATION
ALONG HIS ROUTE IN ORDER TO GAIN
TIME!



C'MON, SHERIFF! EVERY SECOND IS PRECIOUS!

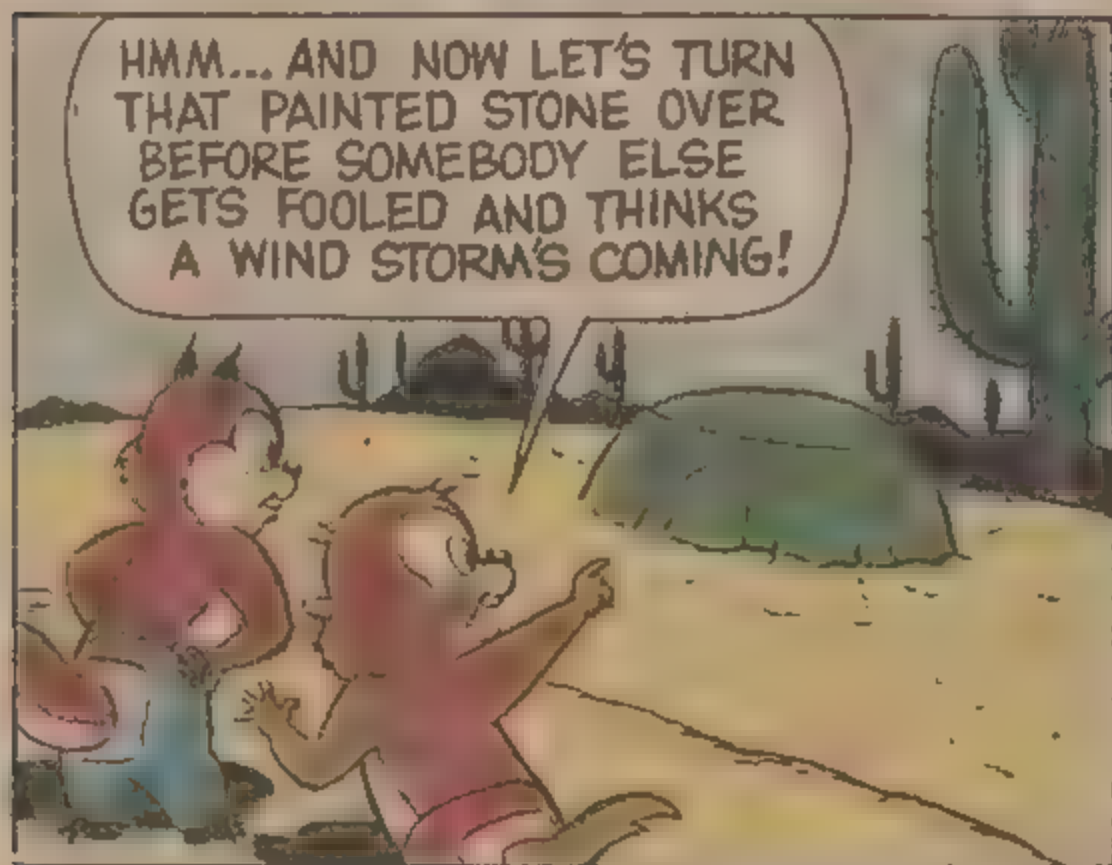
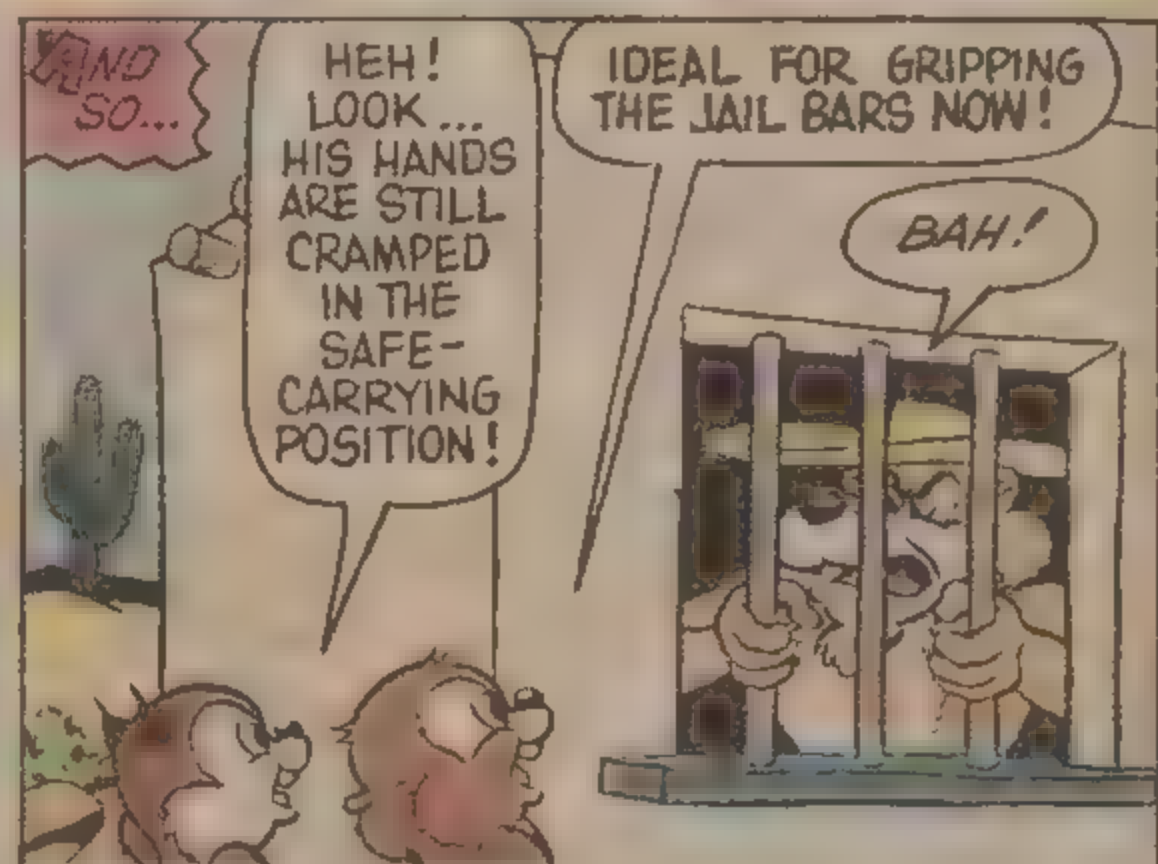
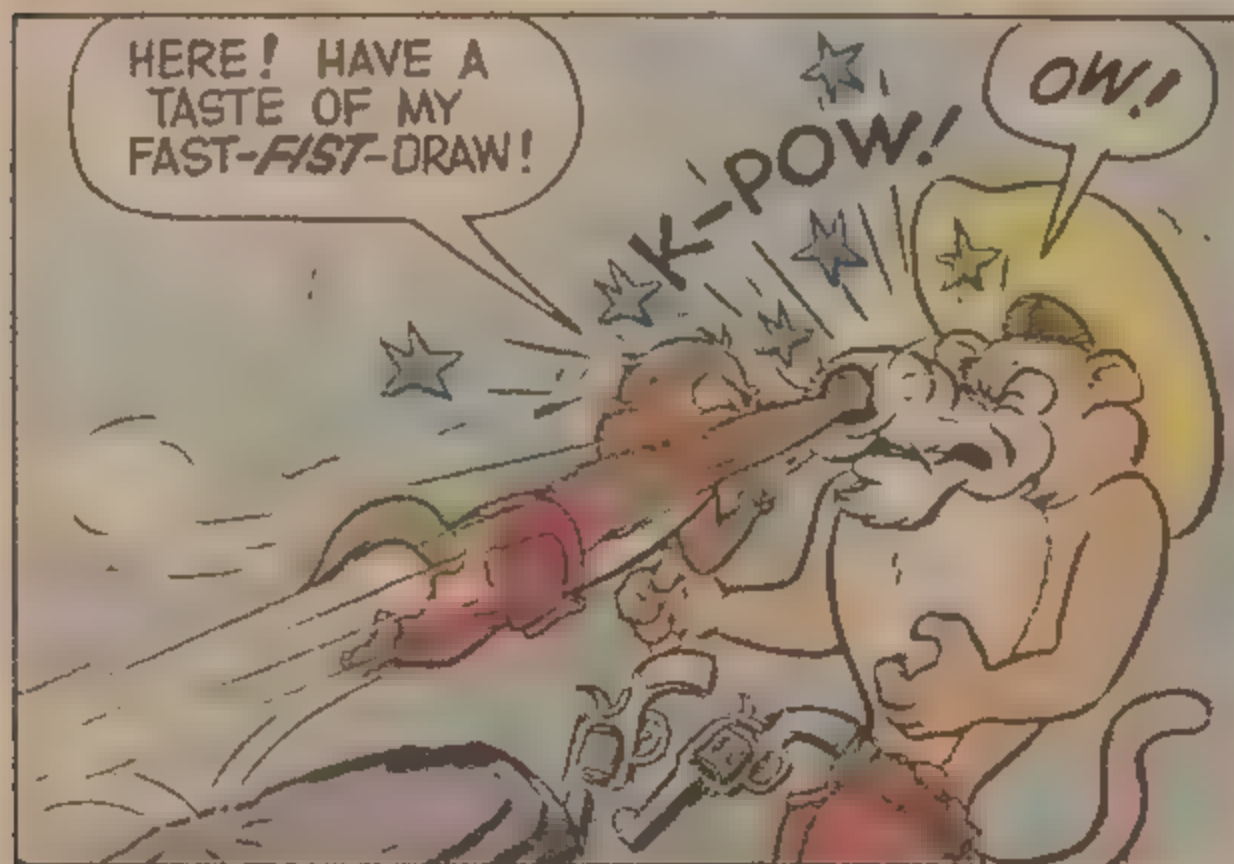
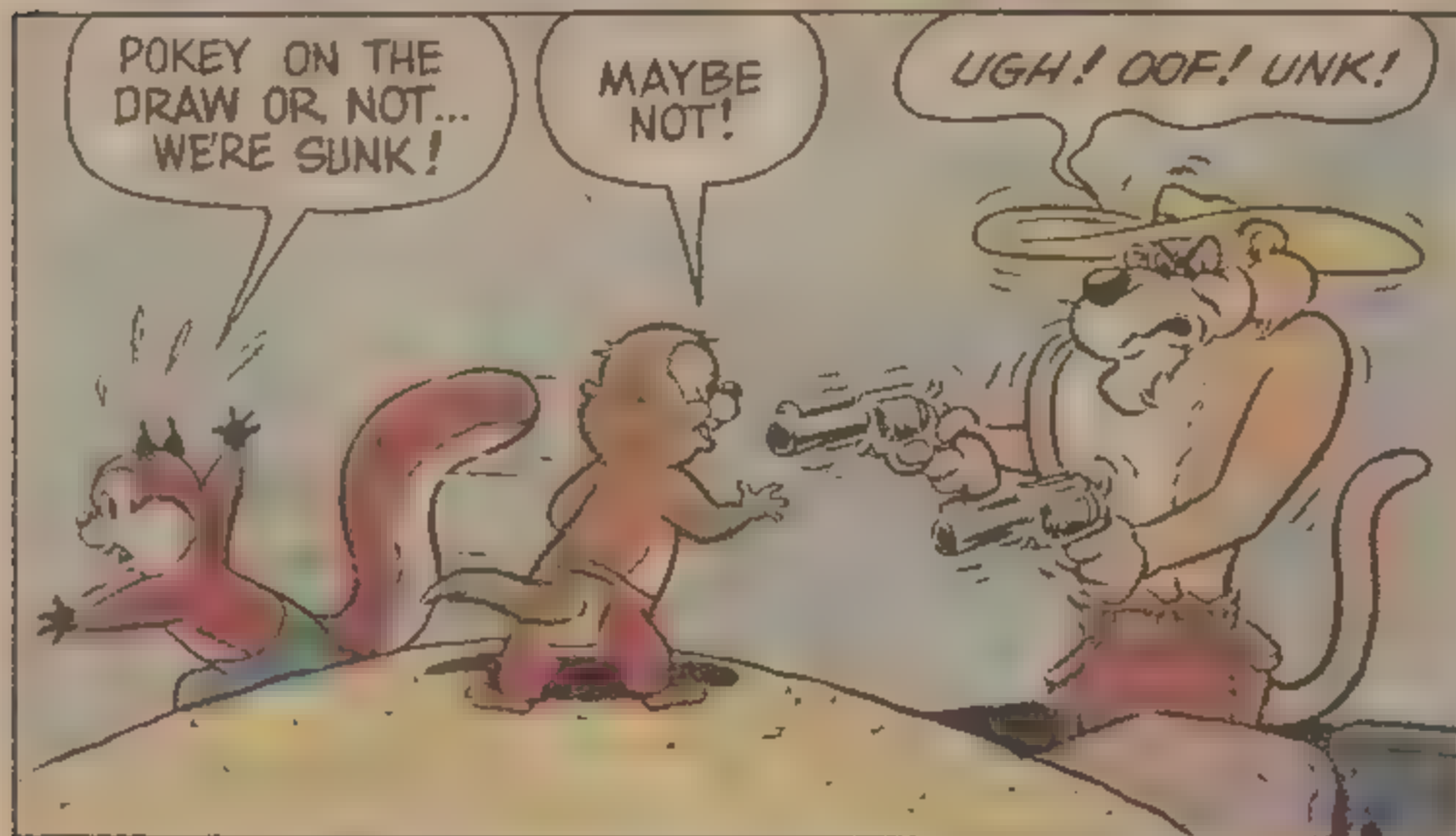
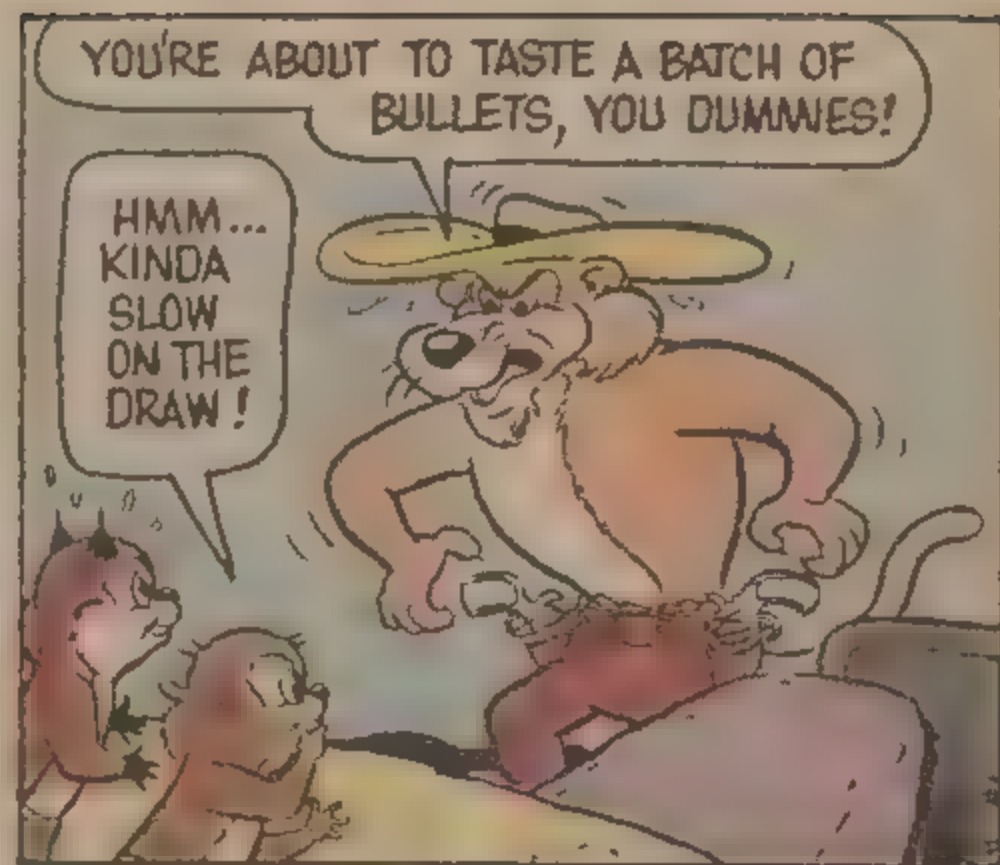
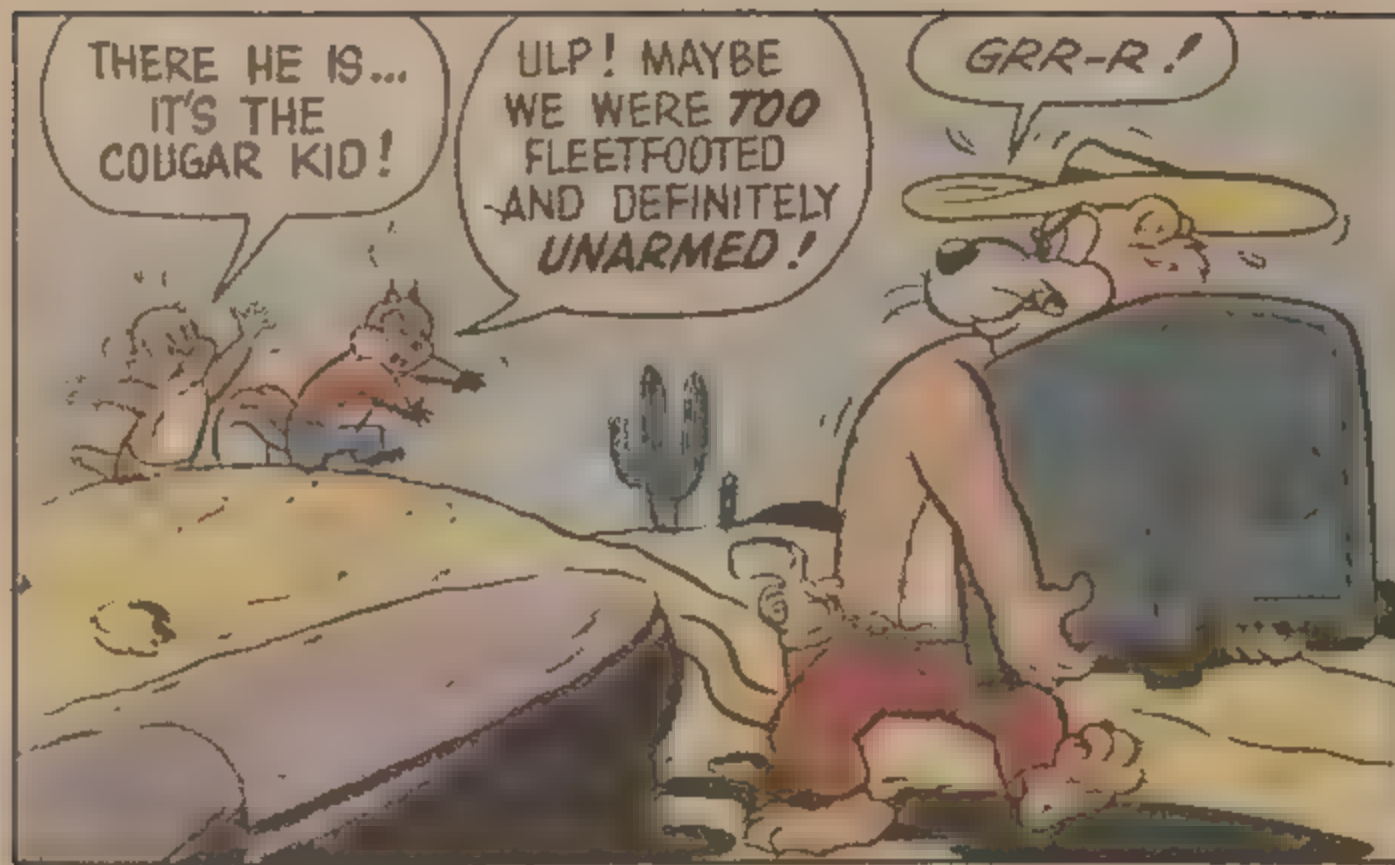
YEAH...(WHEW!)
SURE!



HUFF - PUFF! I'M NOT AS FAST AT
GALLOPING AS I USED TO BE...HUFF!

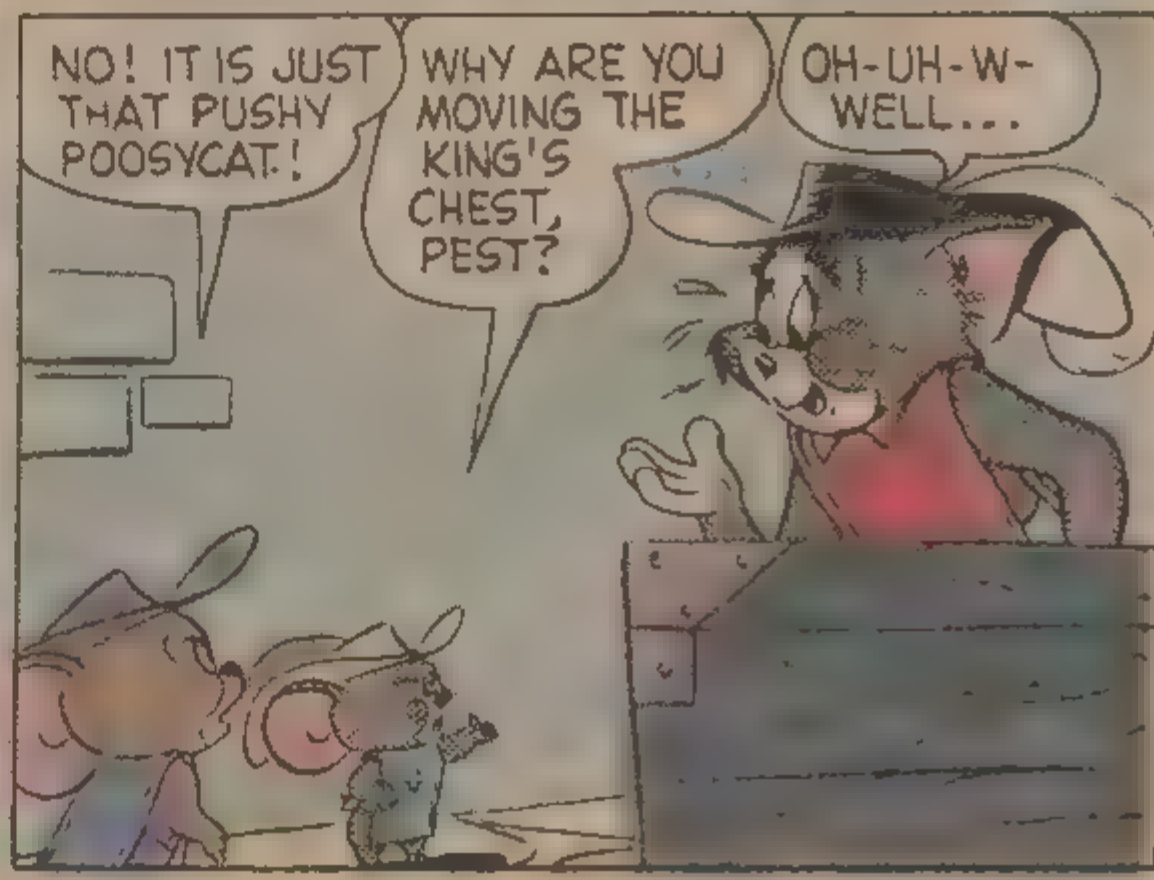
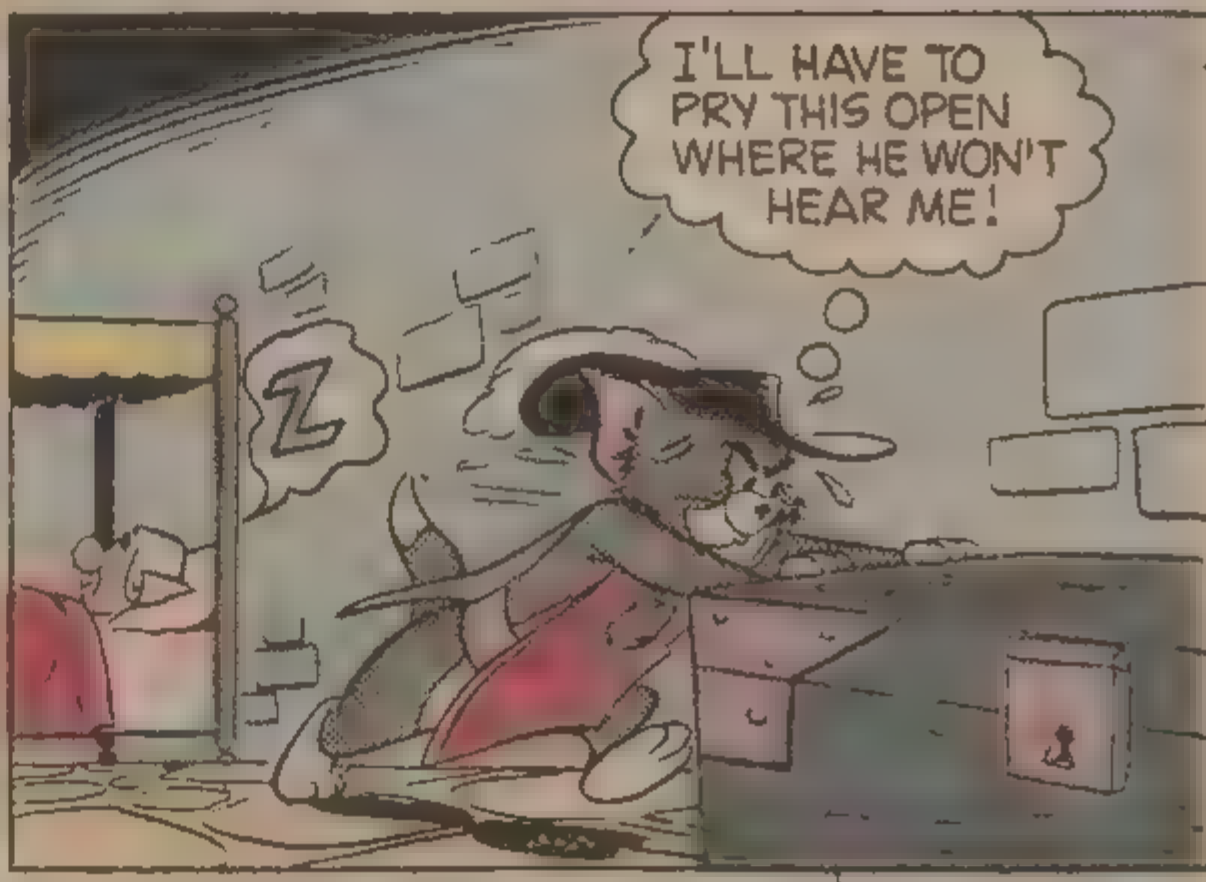
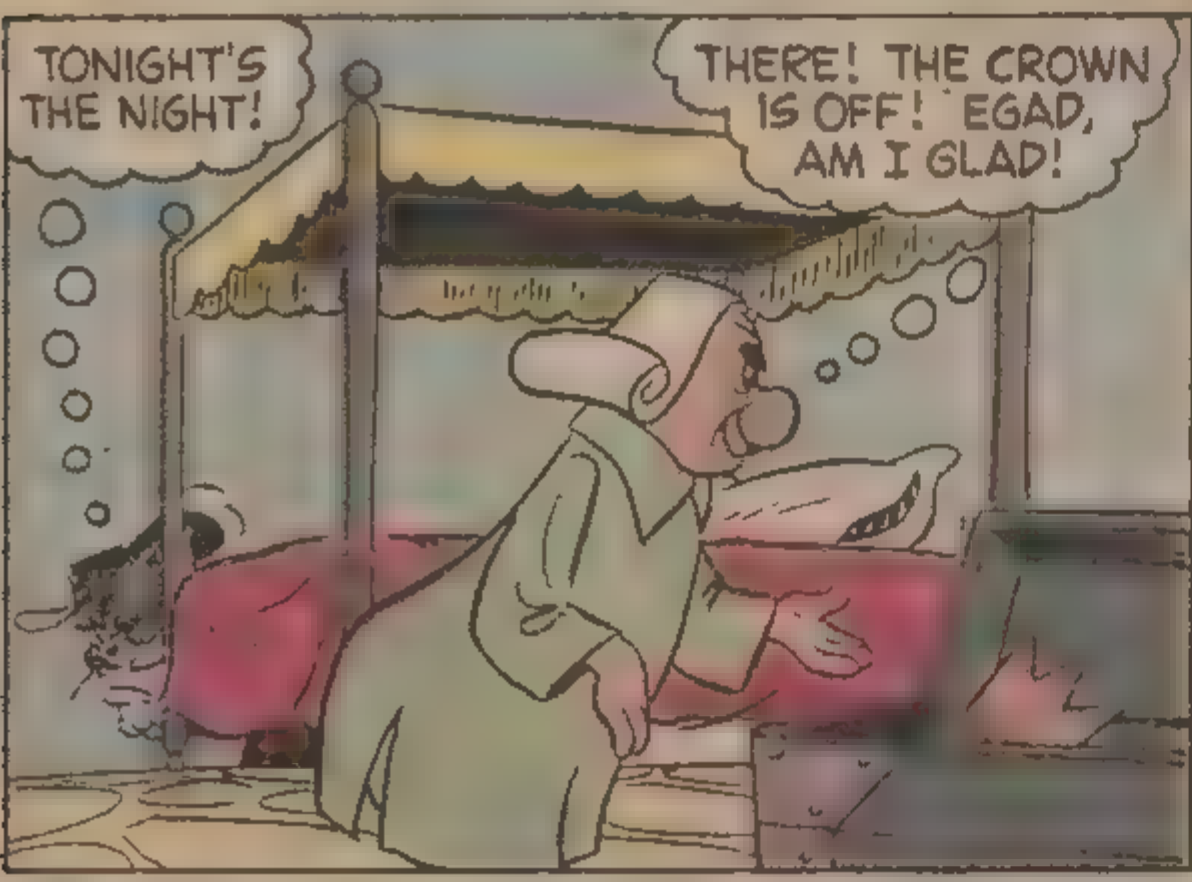
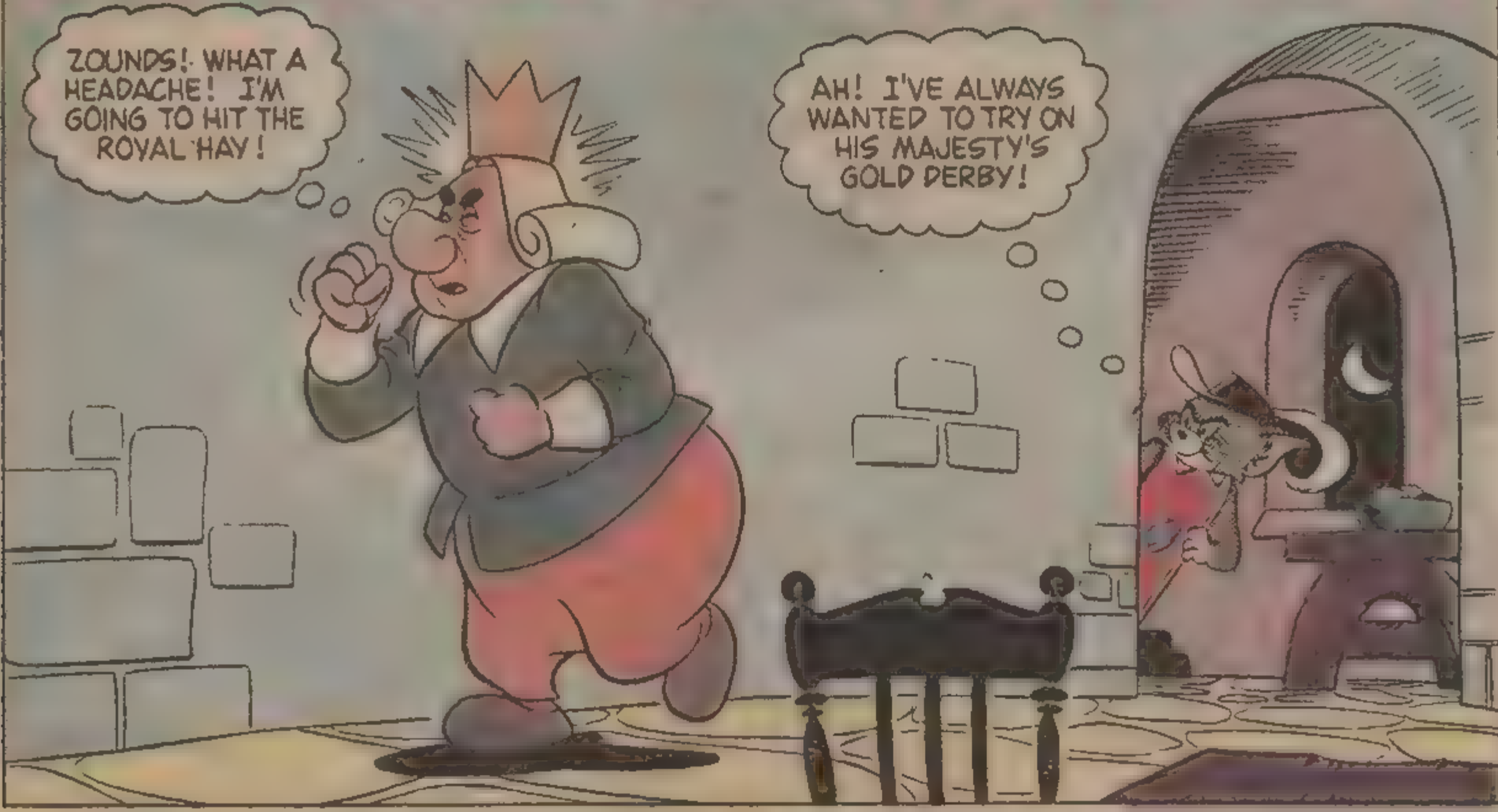
BUT ONCE THE BANDIT GETS
TO THE MOUNTAINS...THERE ARE
LOTS OF CANYONS AND CAVES
WHERE HE CAN HIDE!

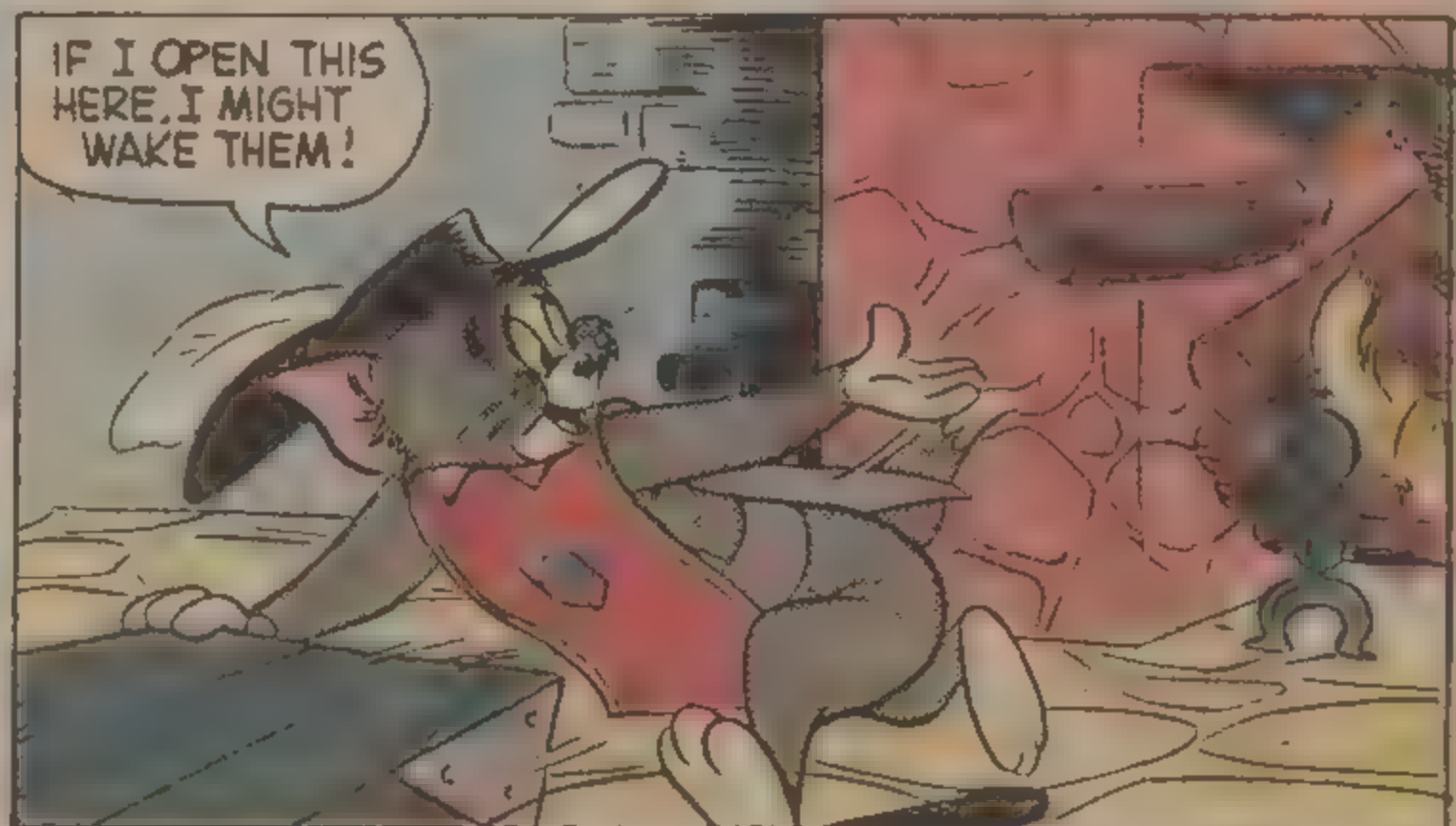
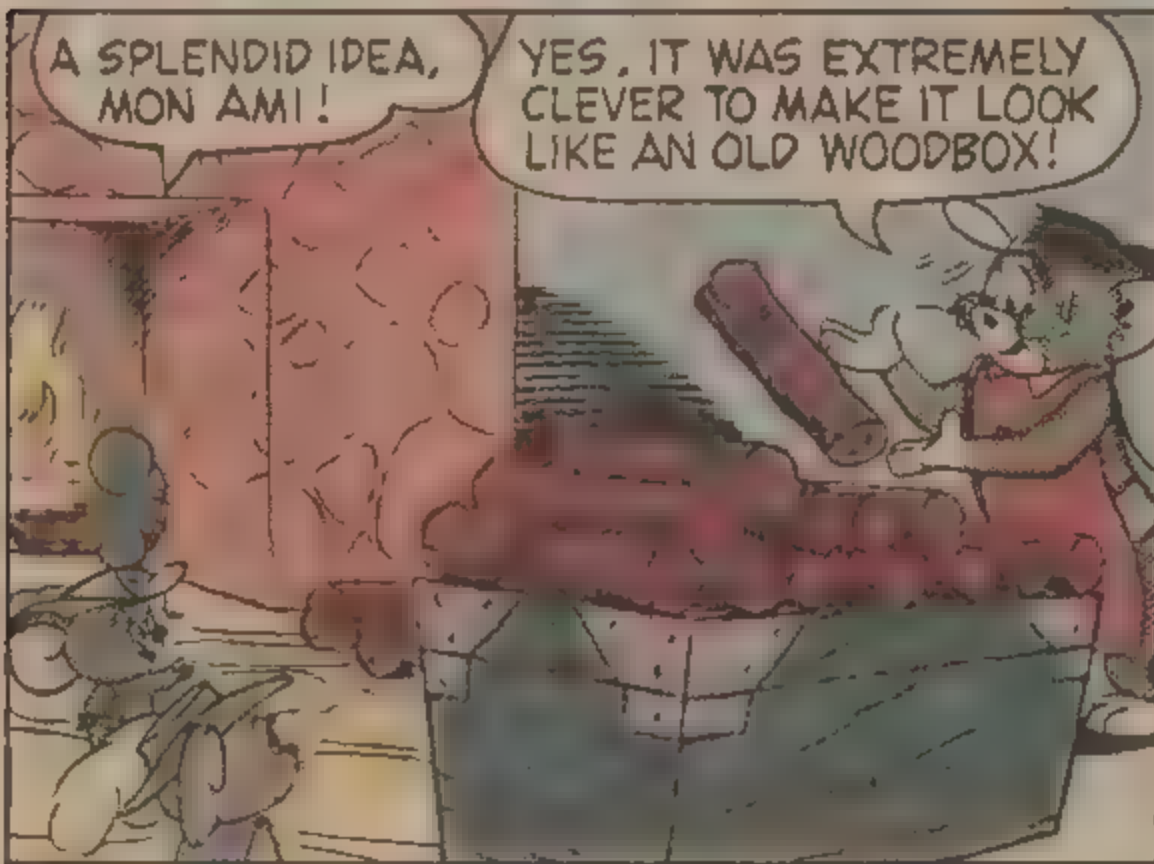
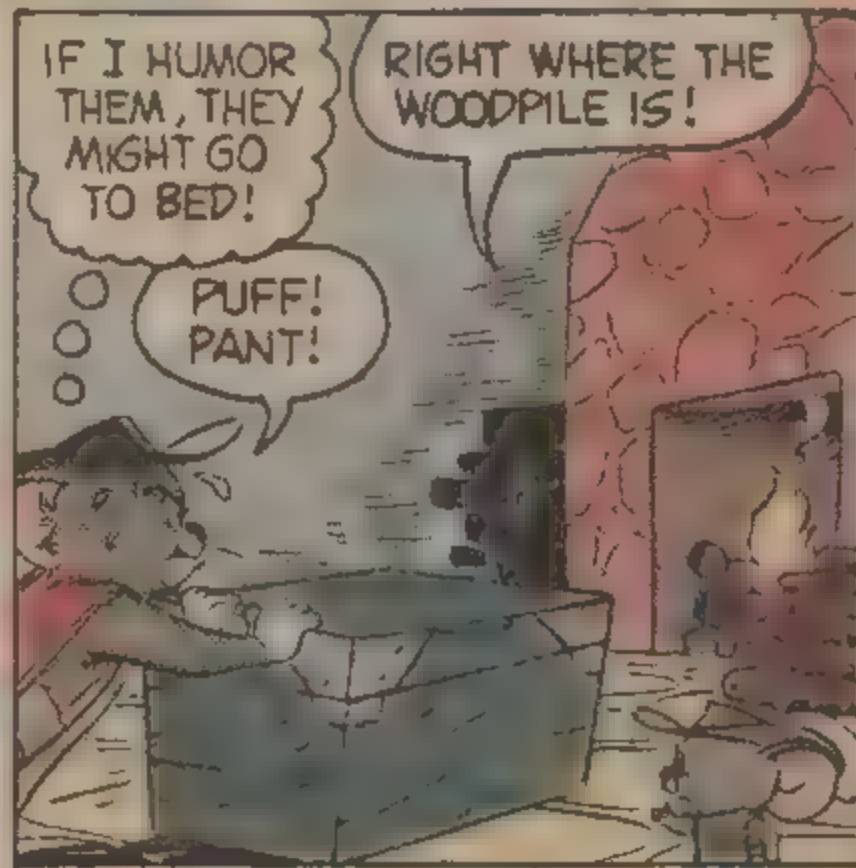
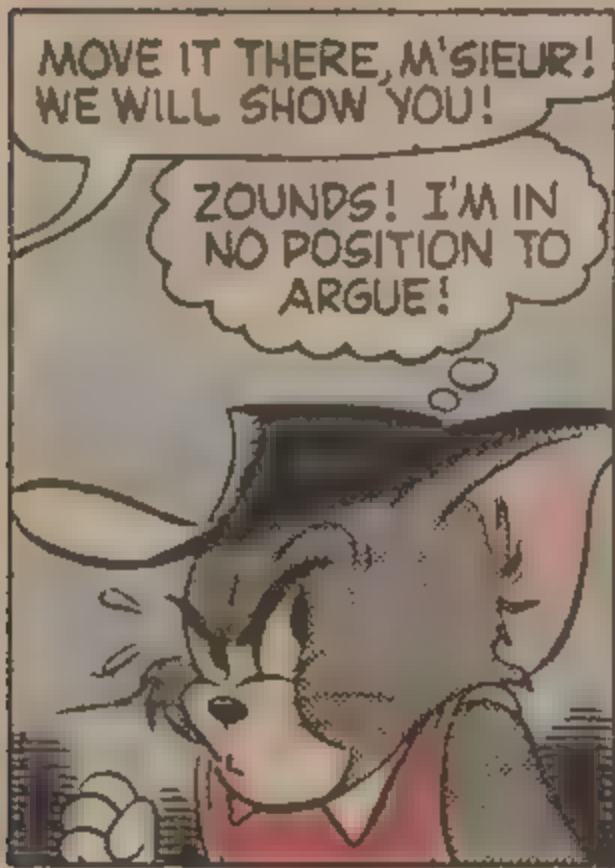
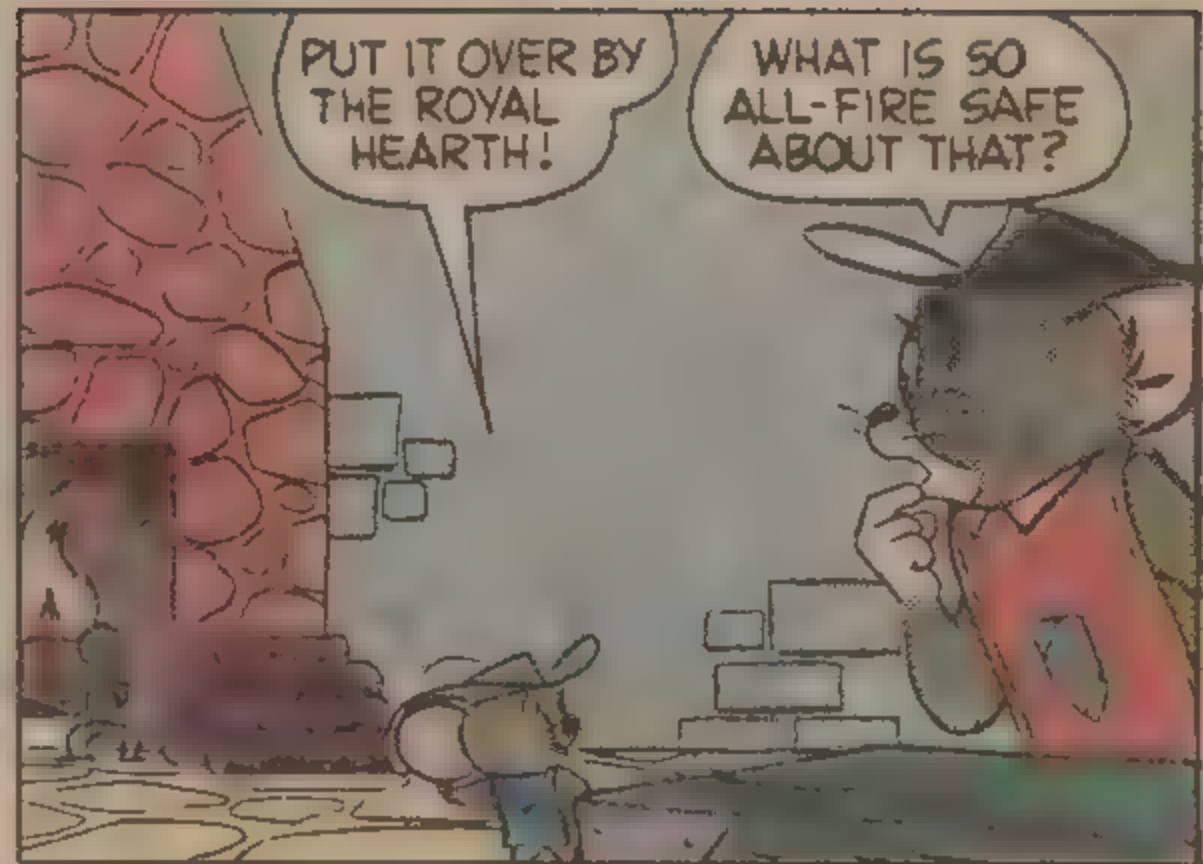
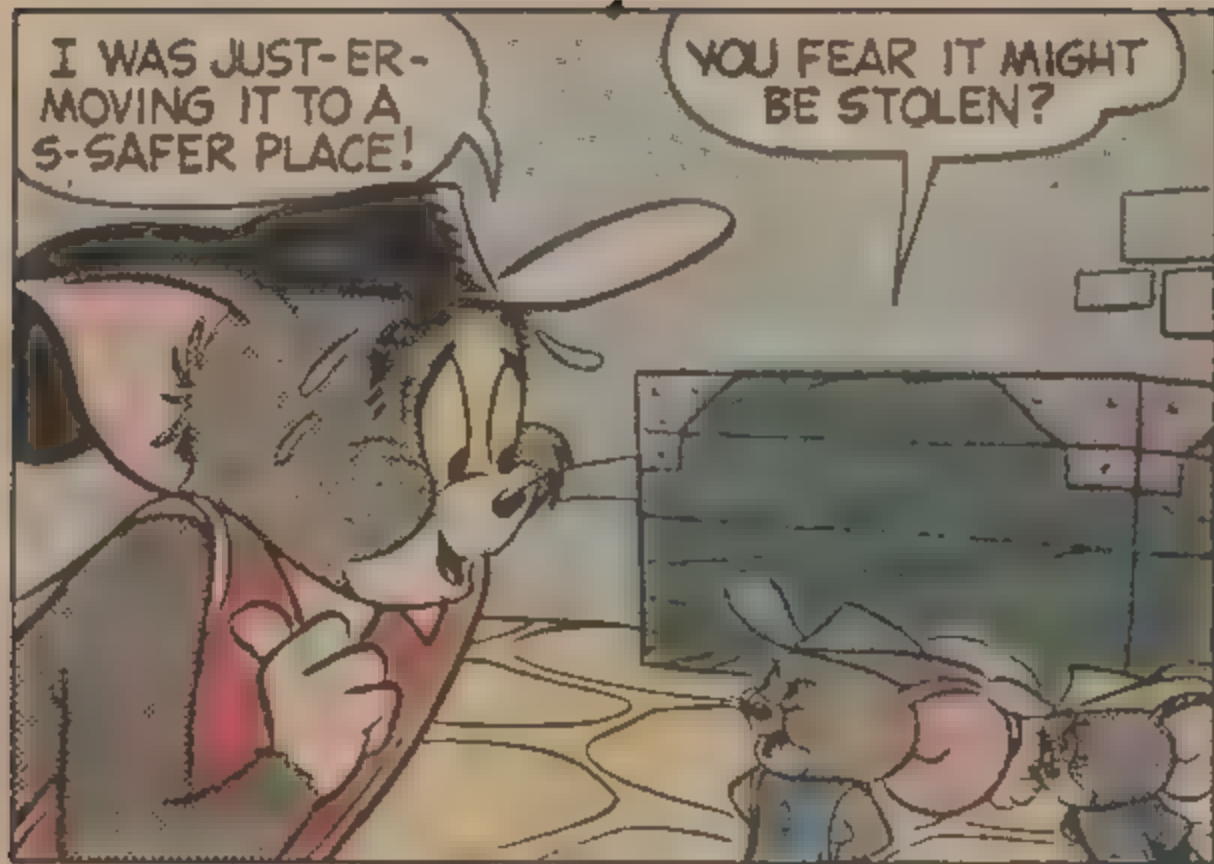
HERE ARE HIS TRACKS
AGAIN! WE'LL KEEP
PRESSING AHEAD,
SHERIFF!

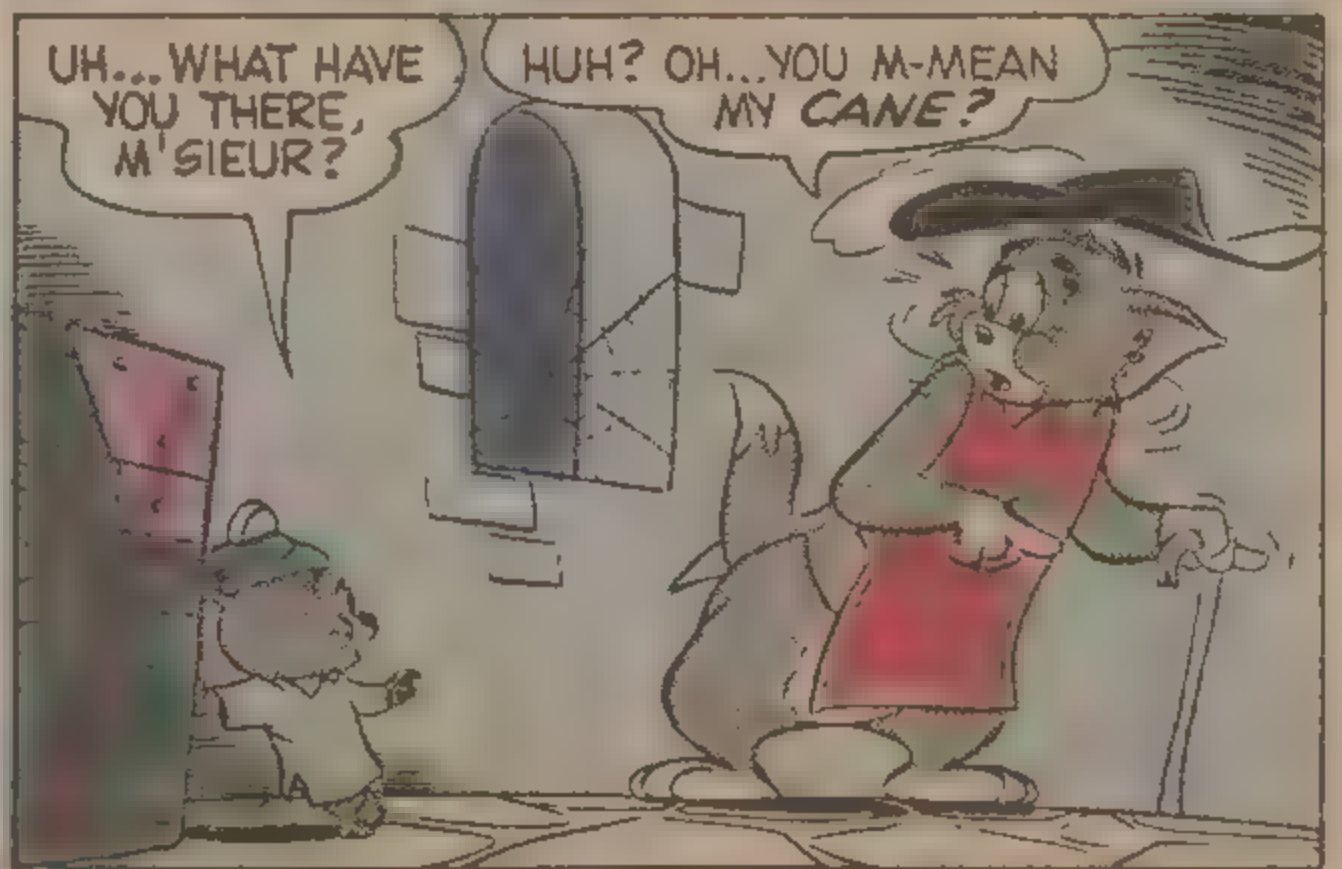
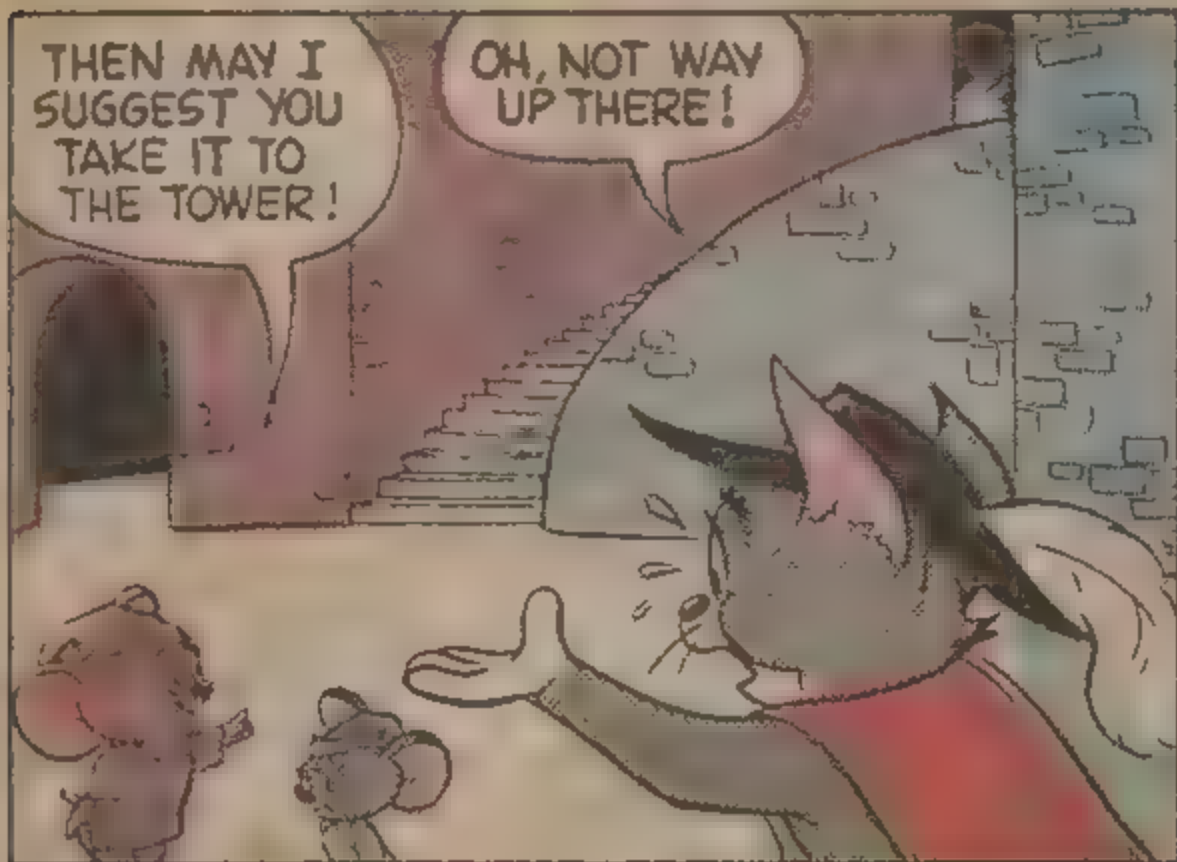
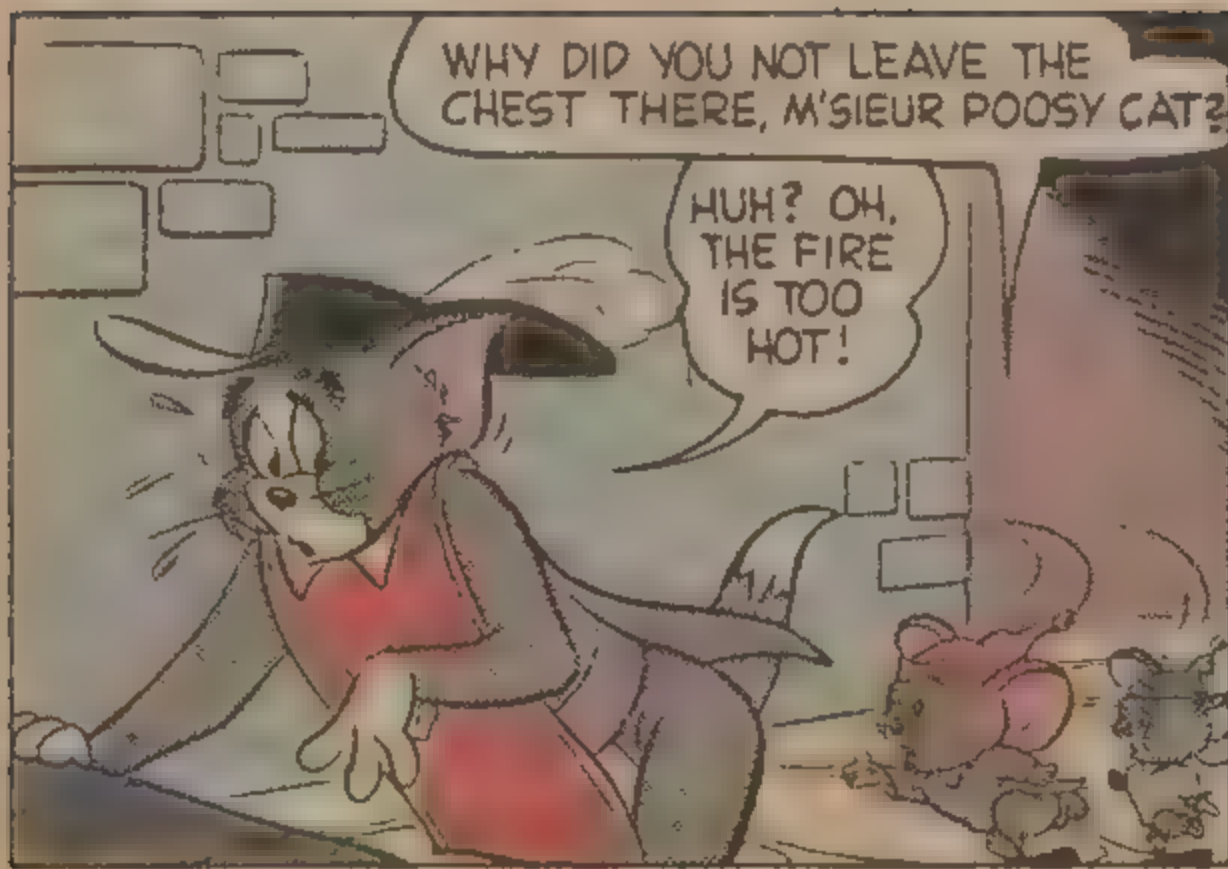


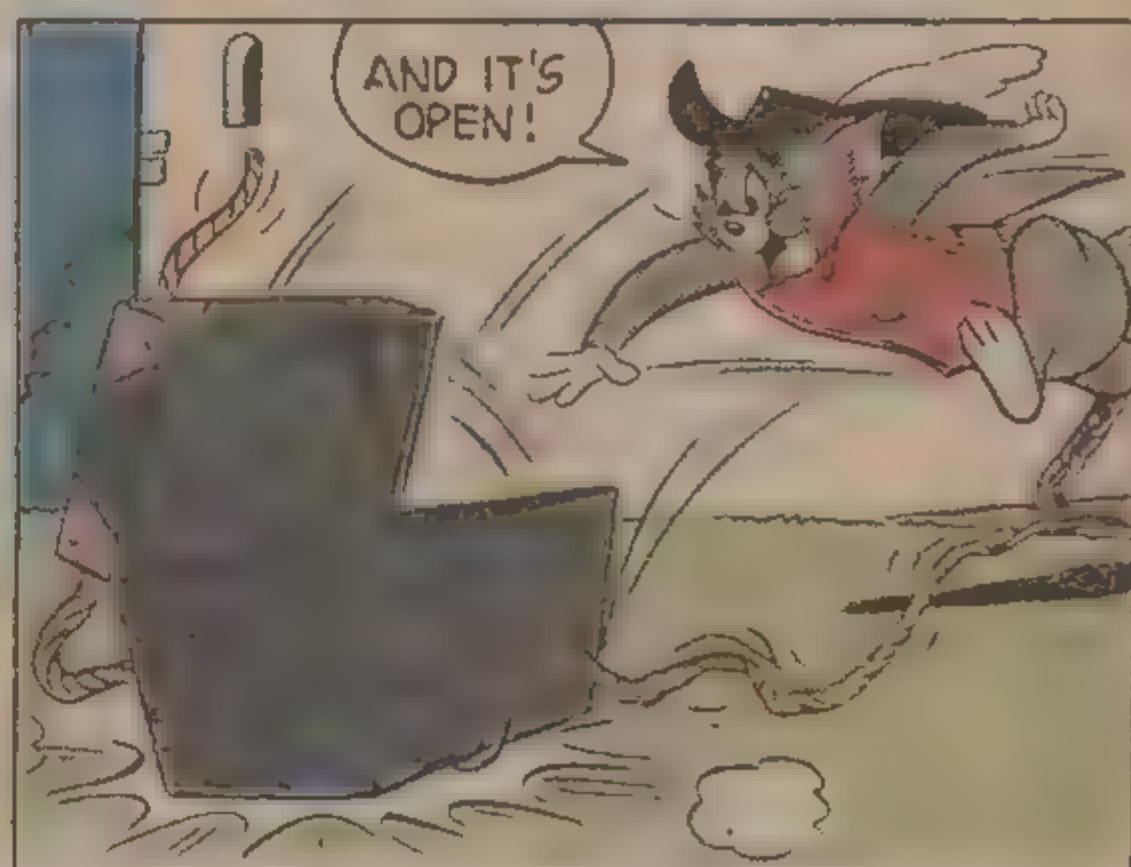
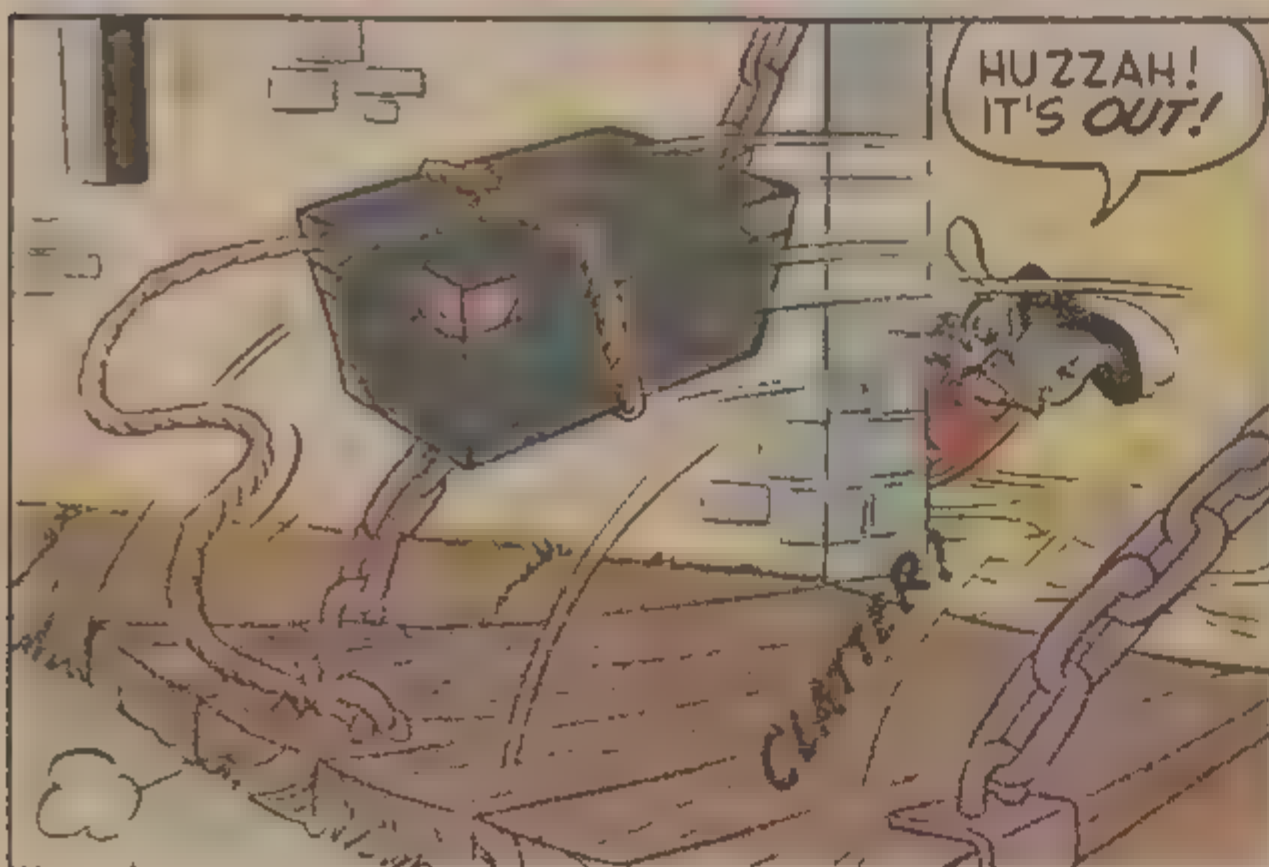
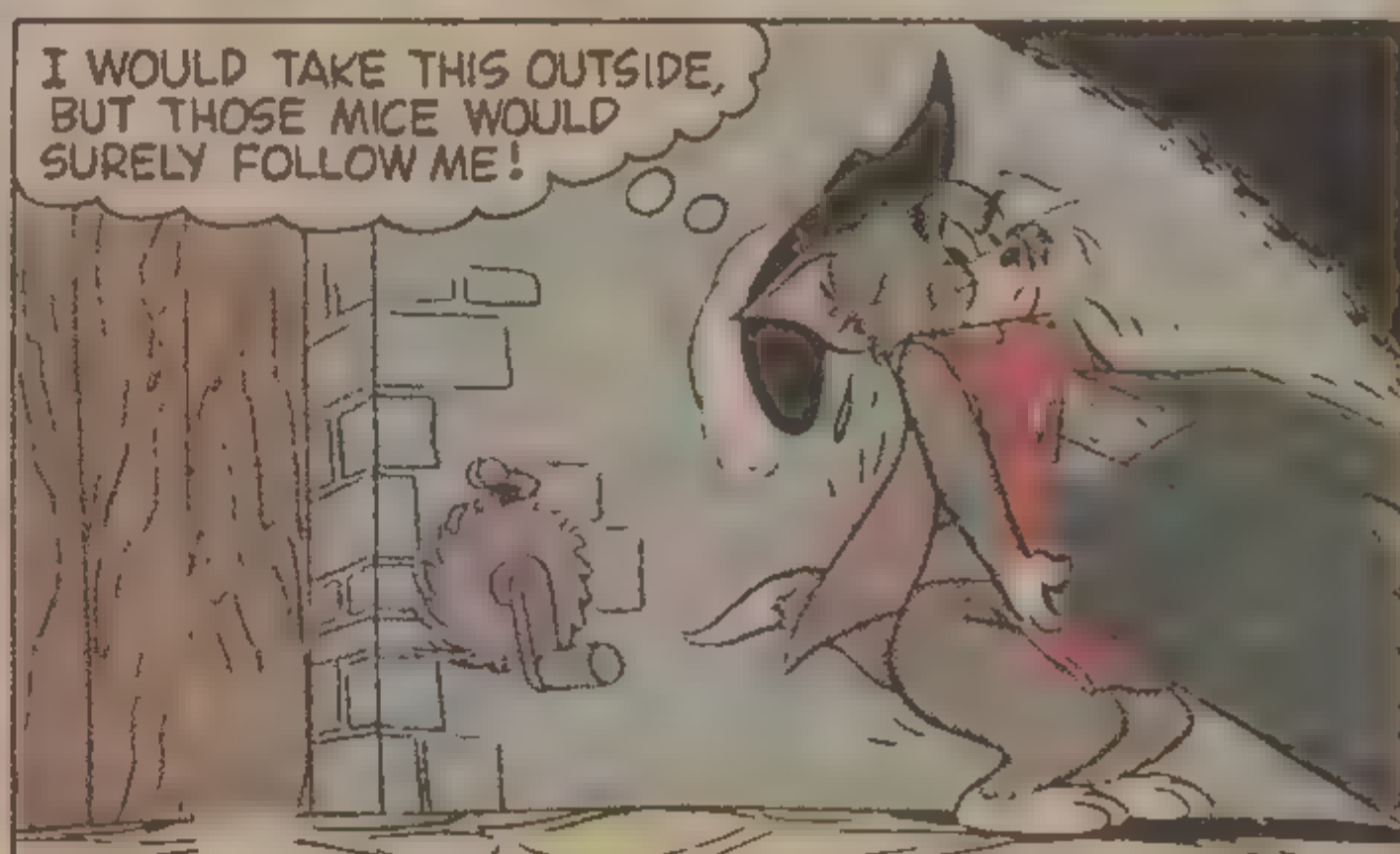
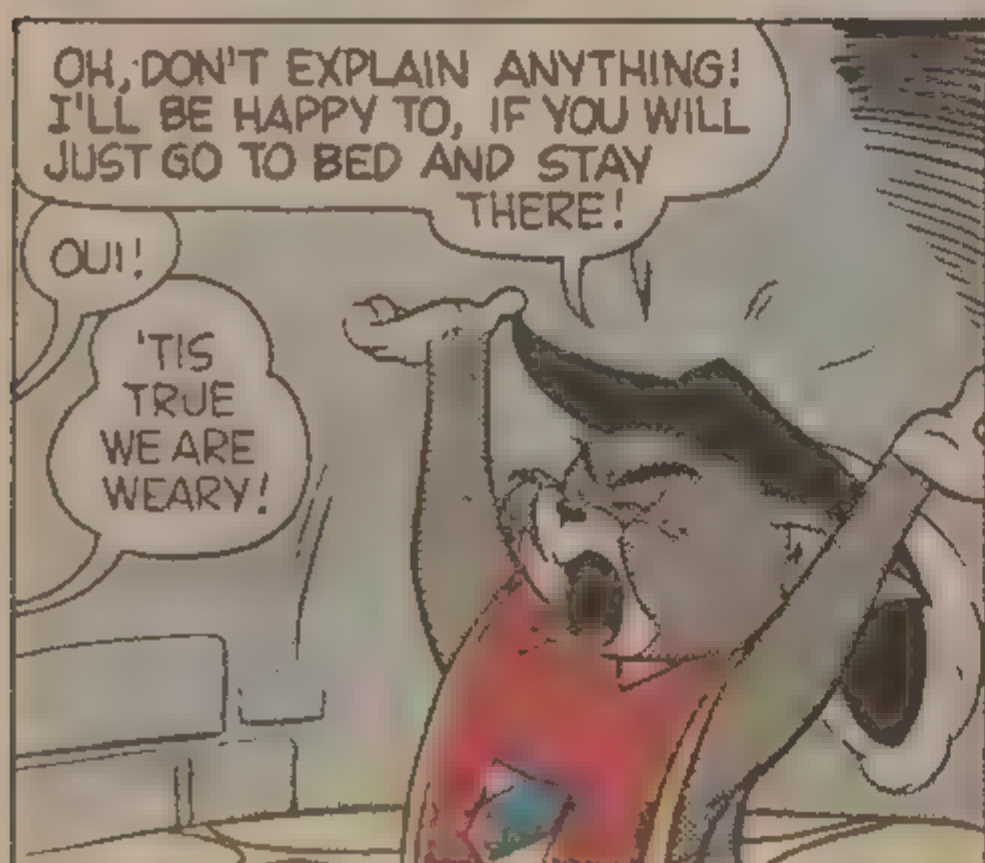
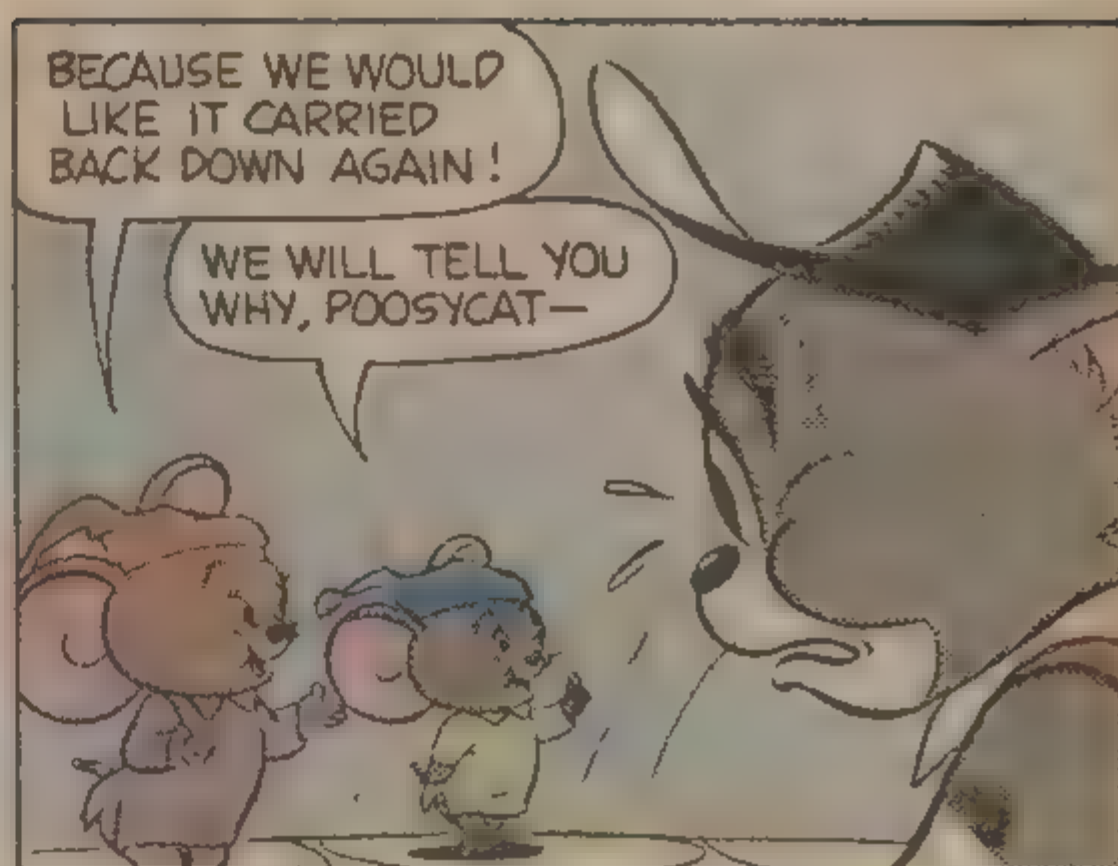
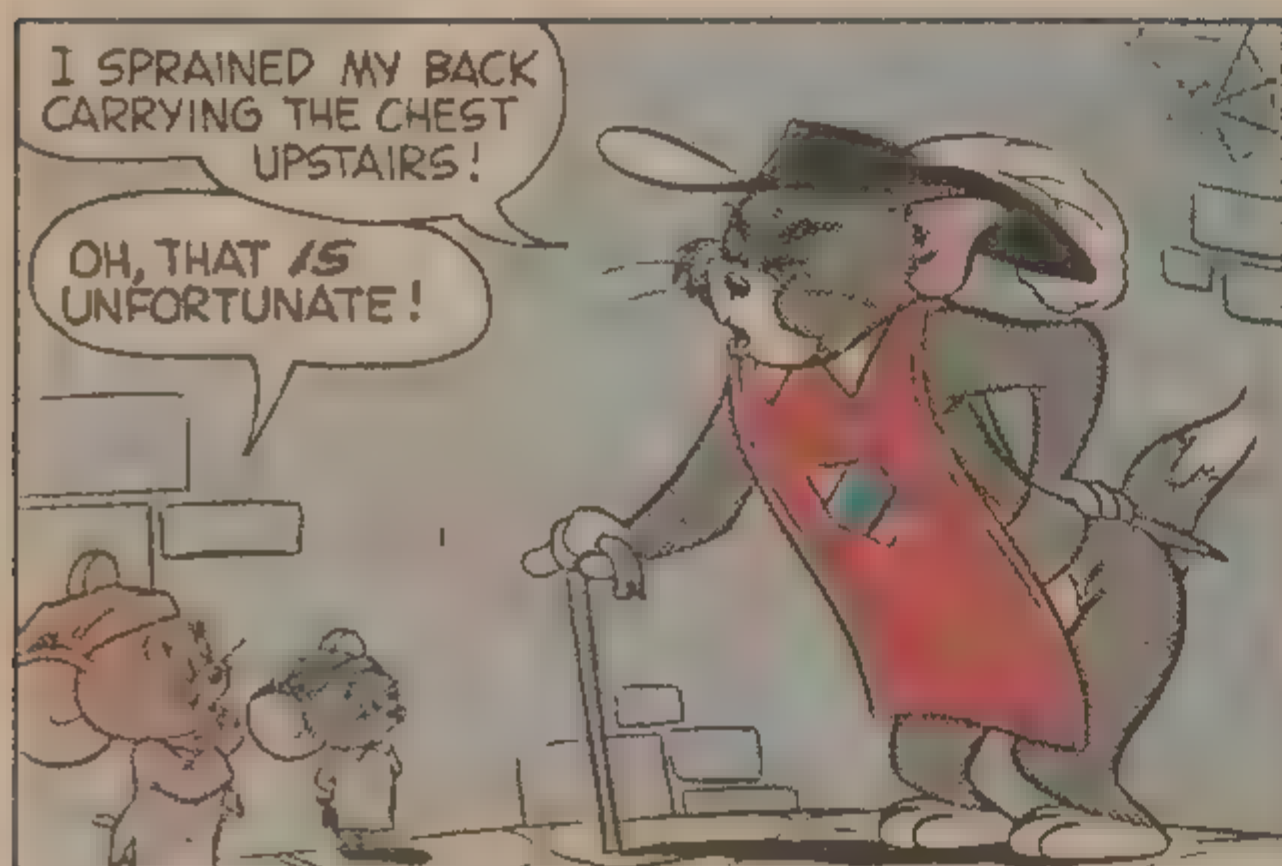
MOUSE MUSKETEERS

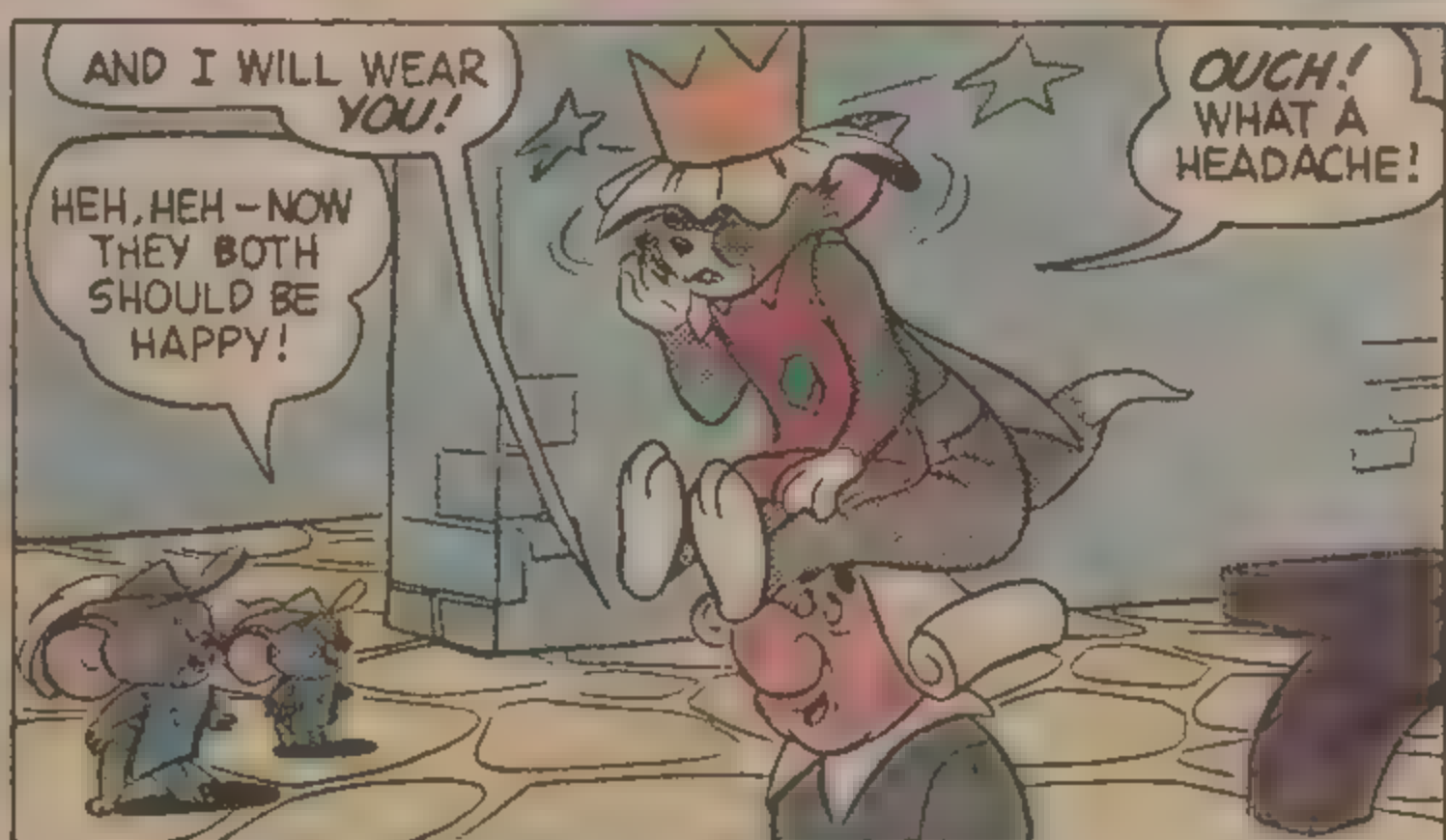
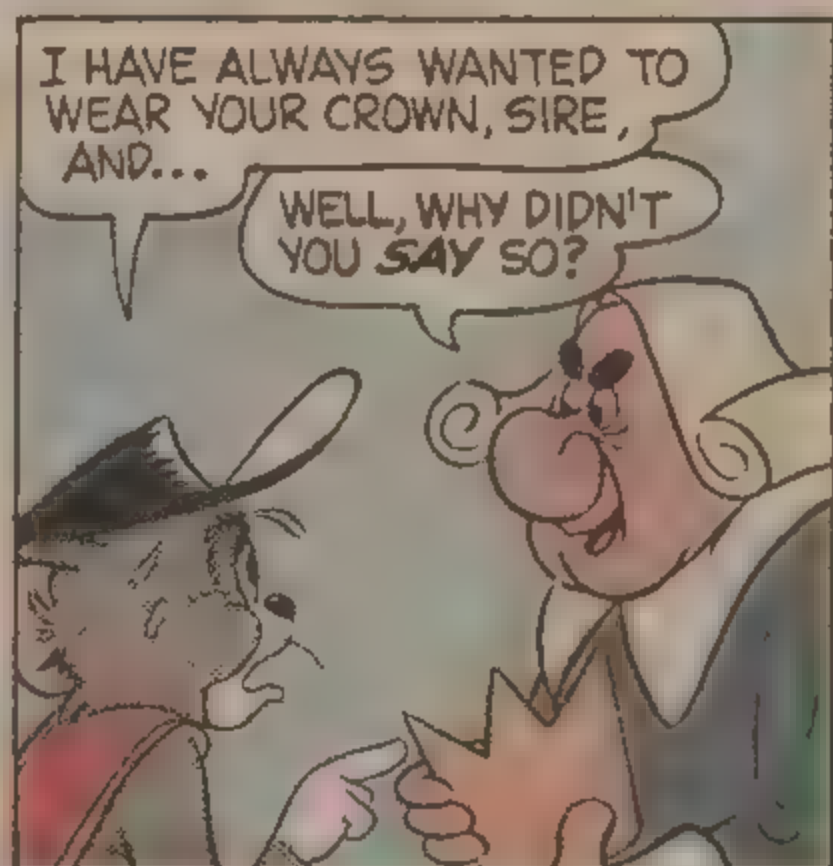
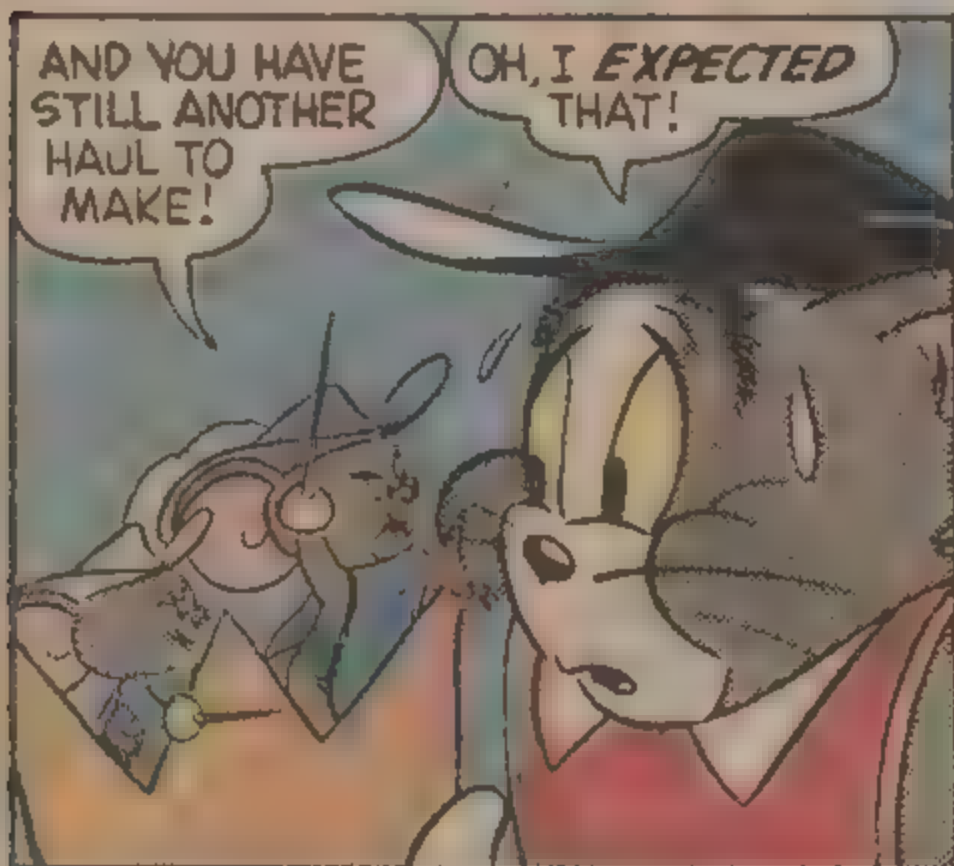
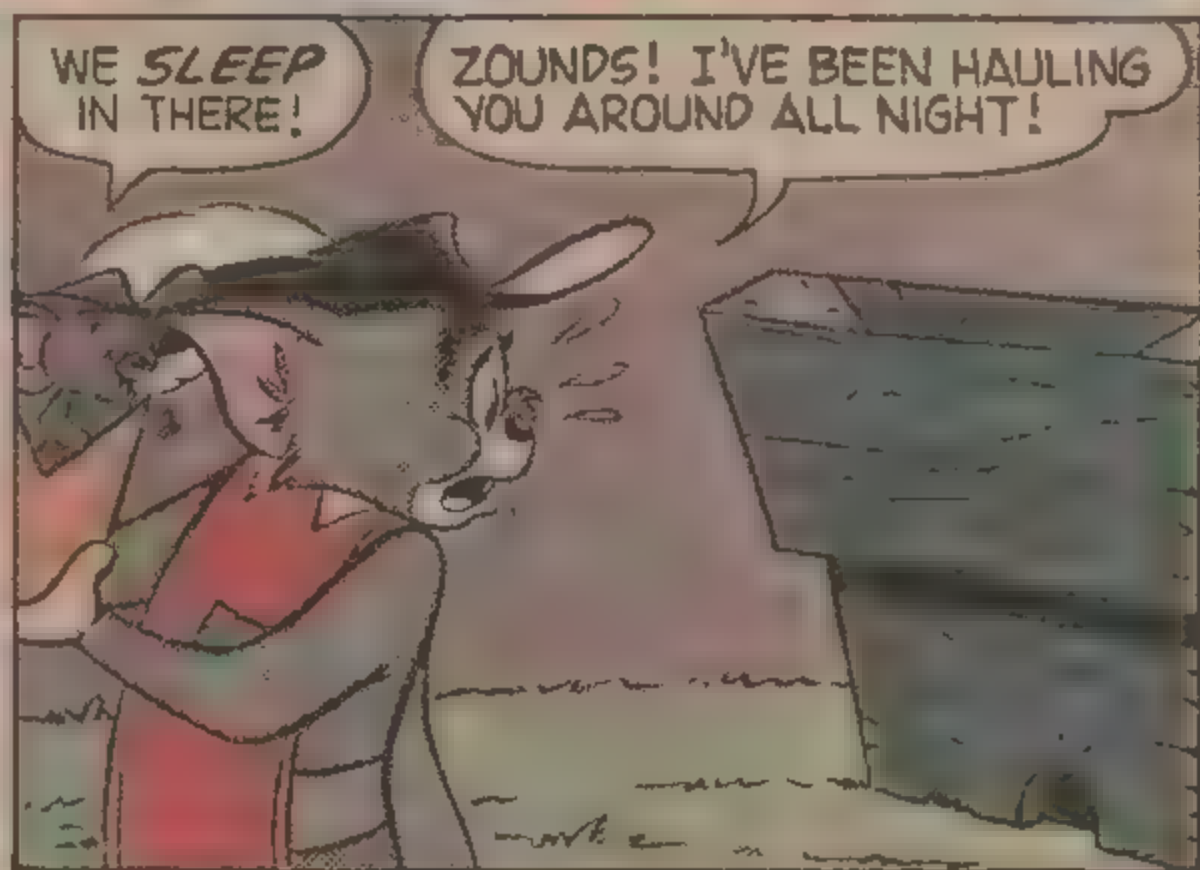
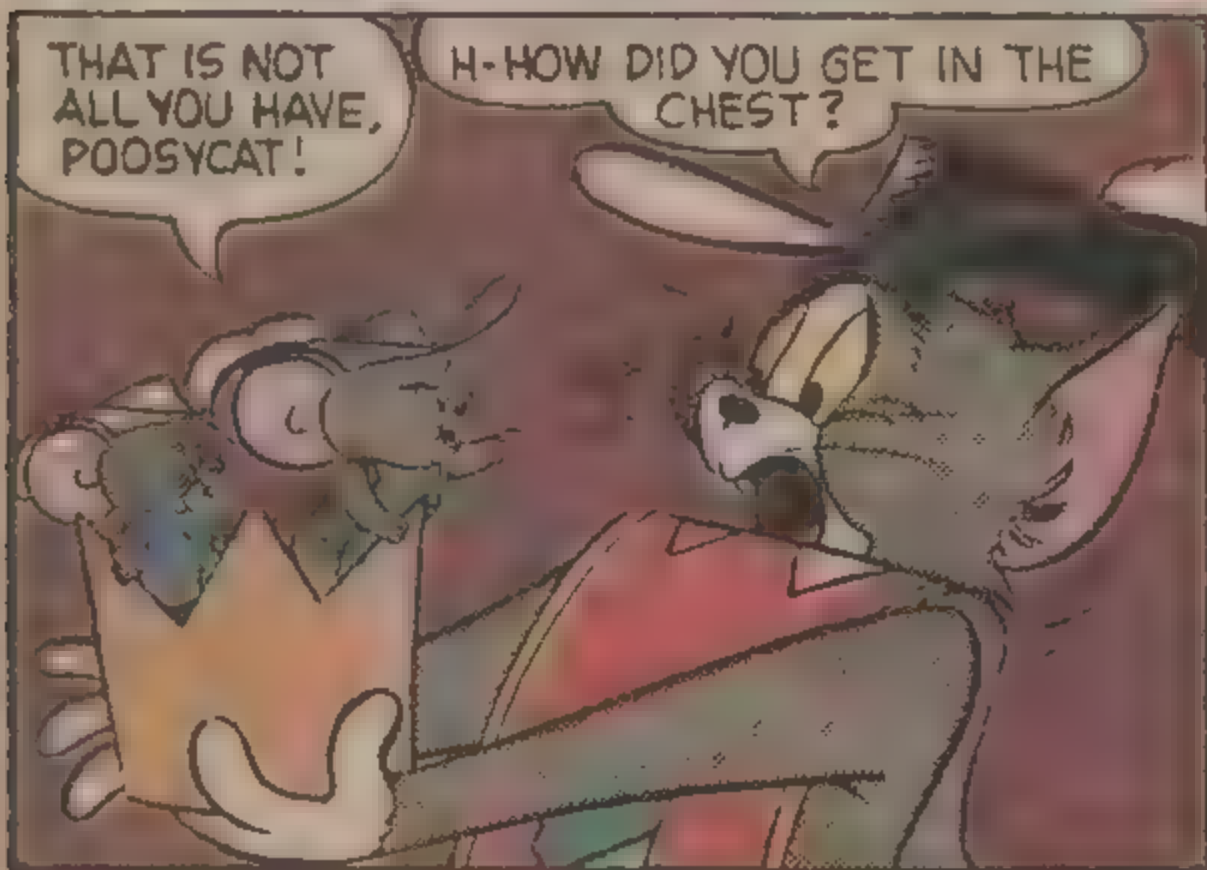
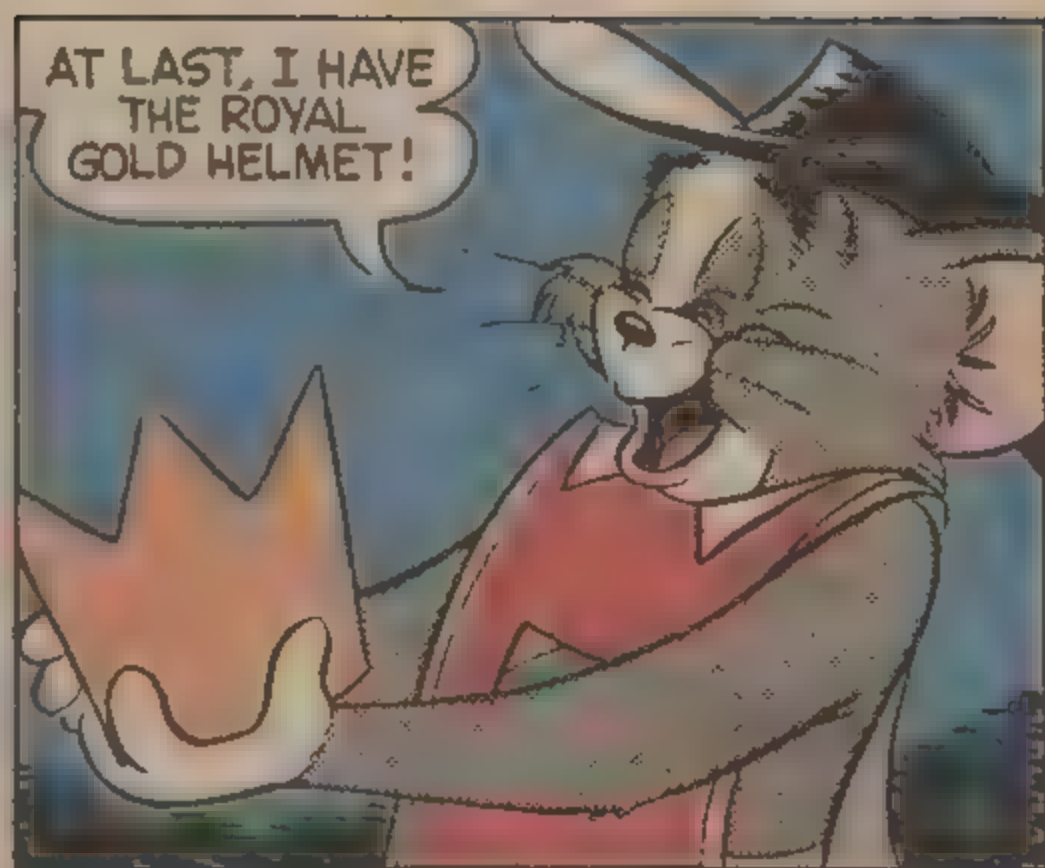
CROWNED WITH SUCCESS





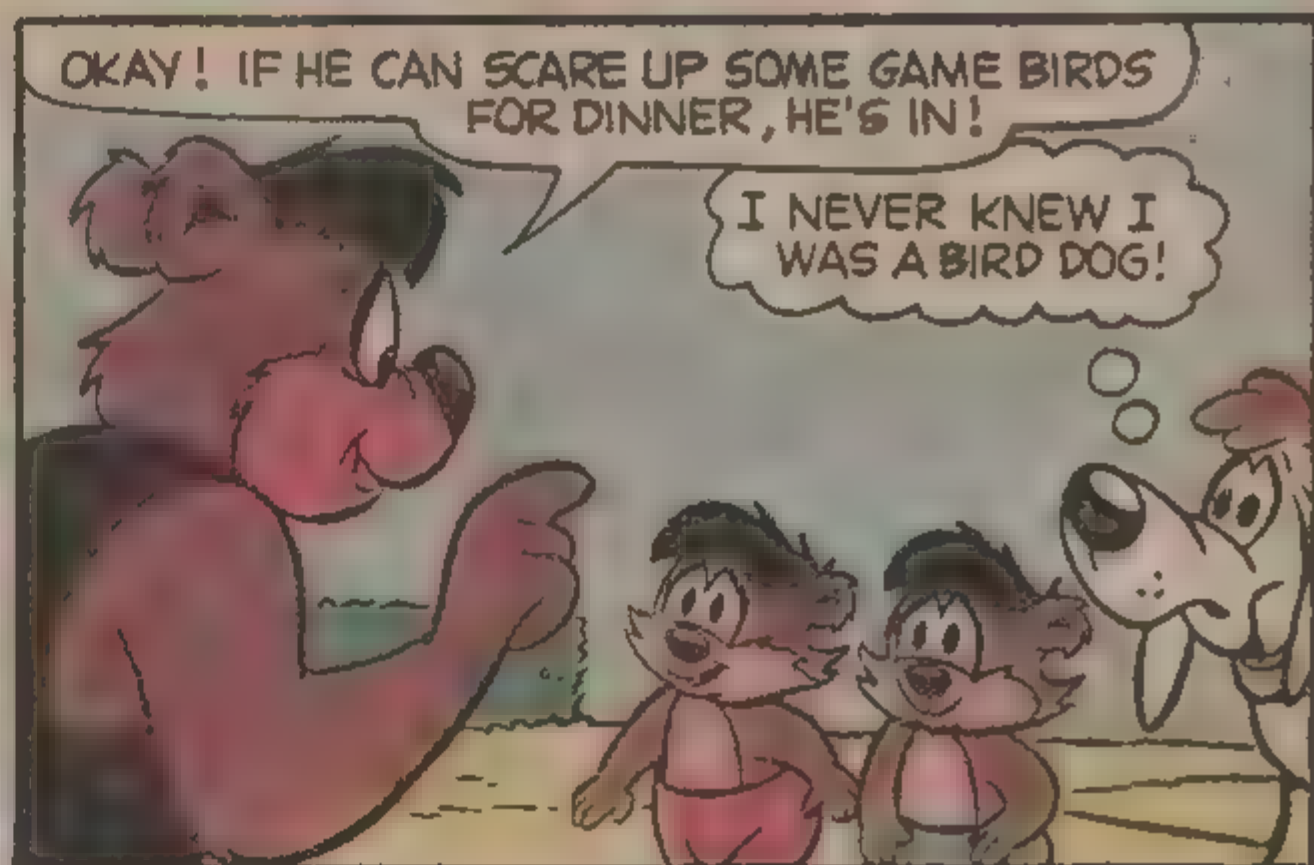
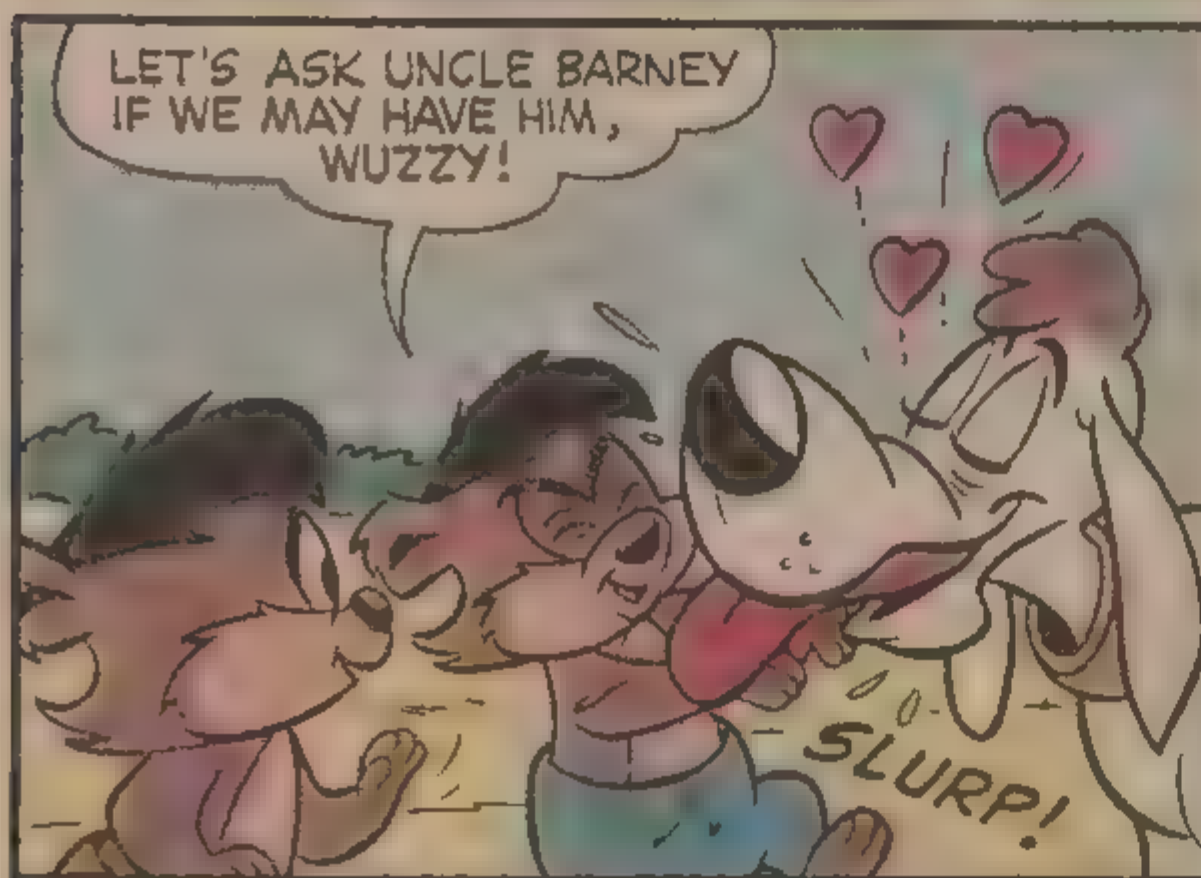
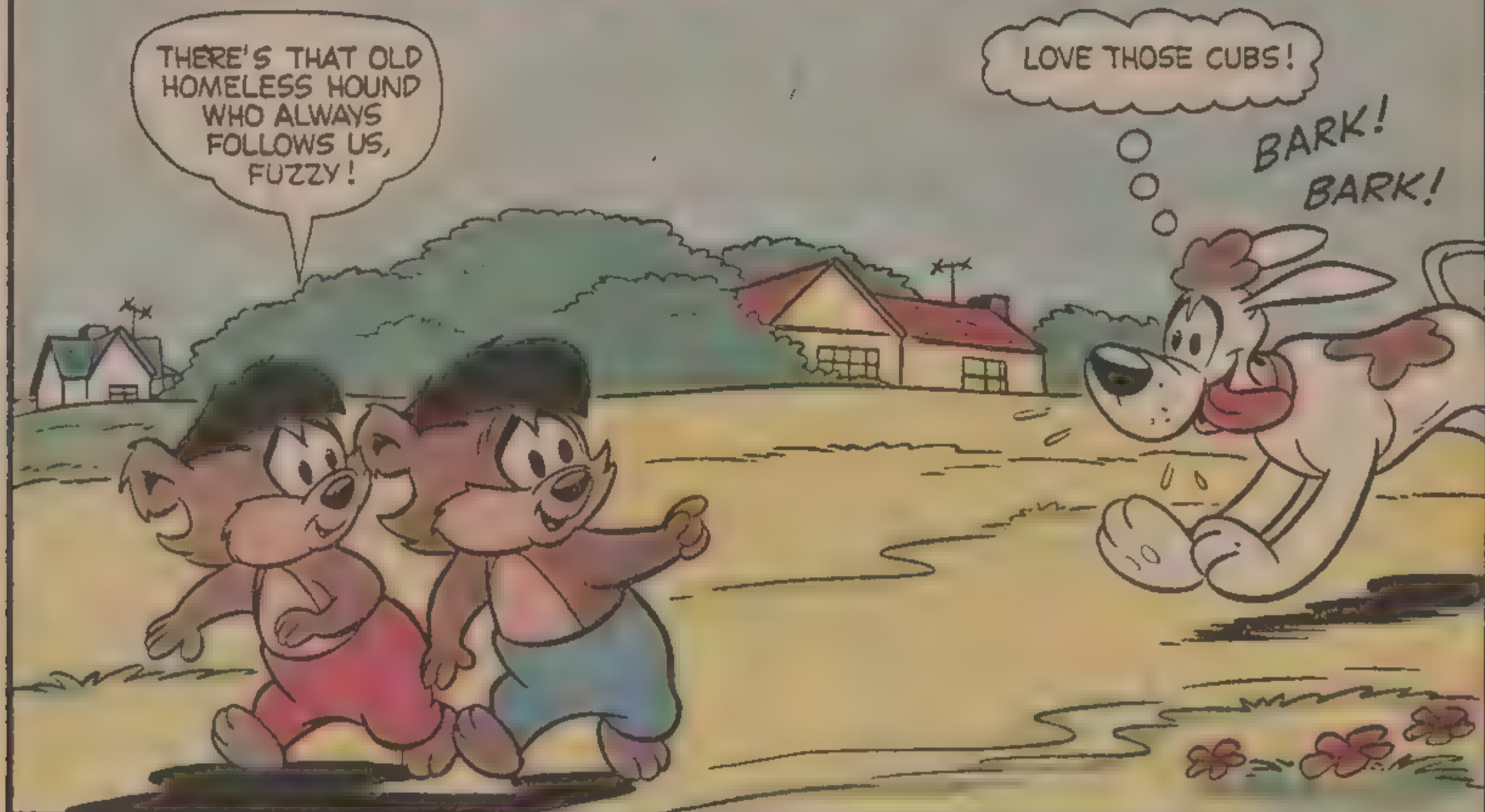


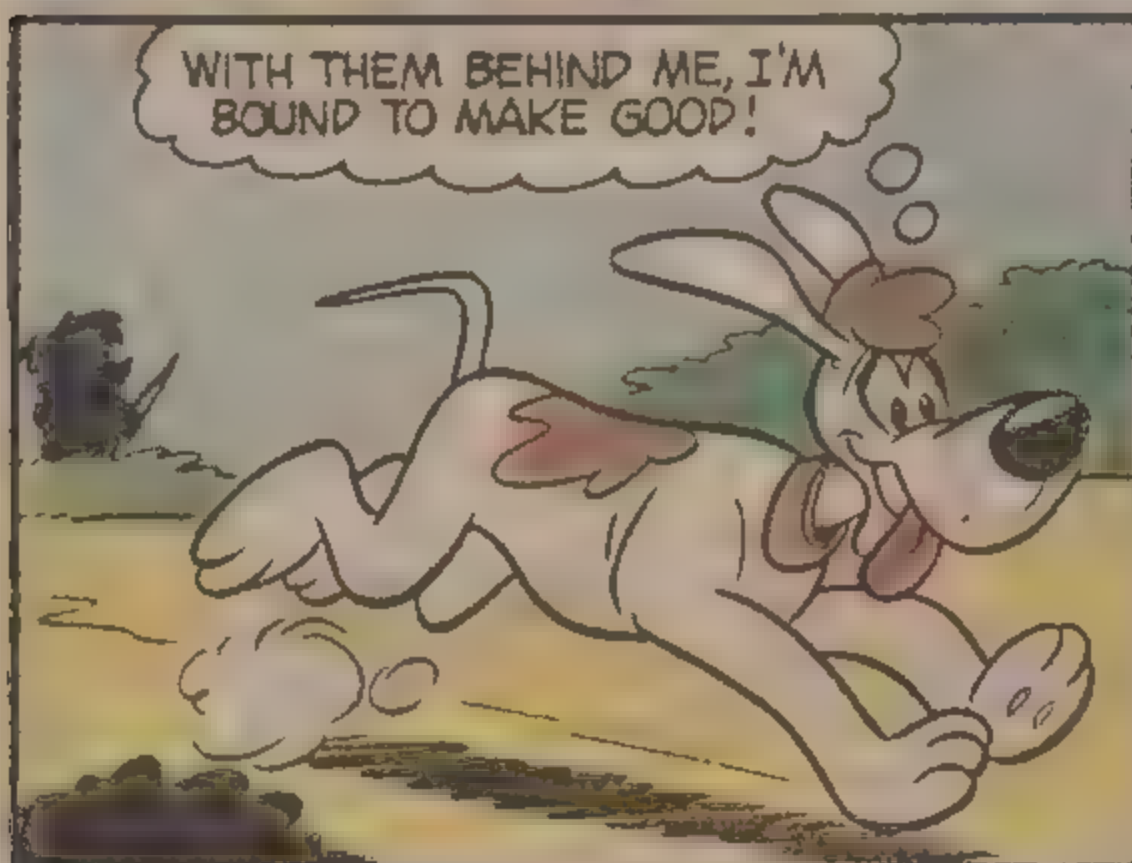
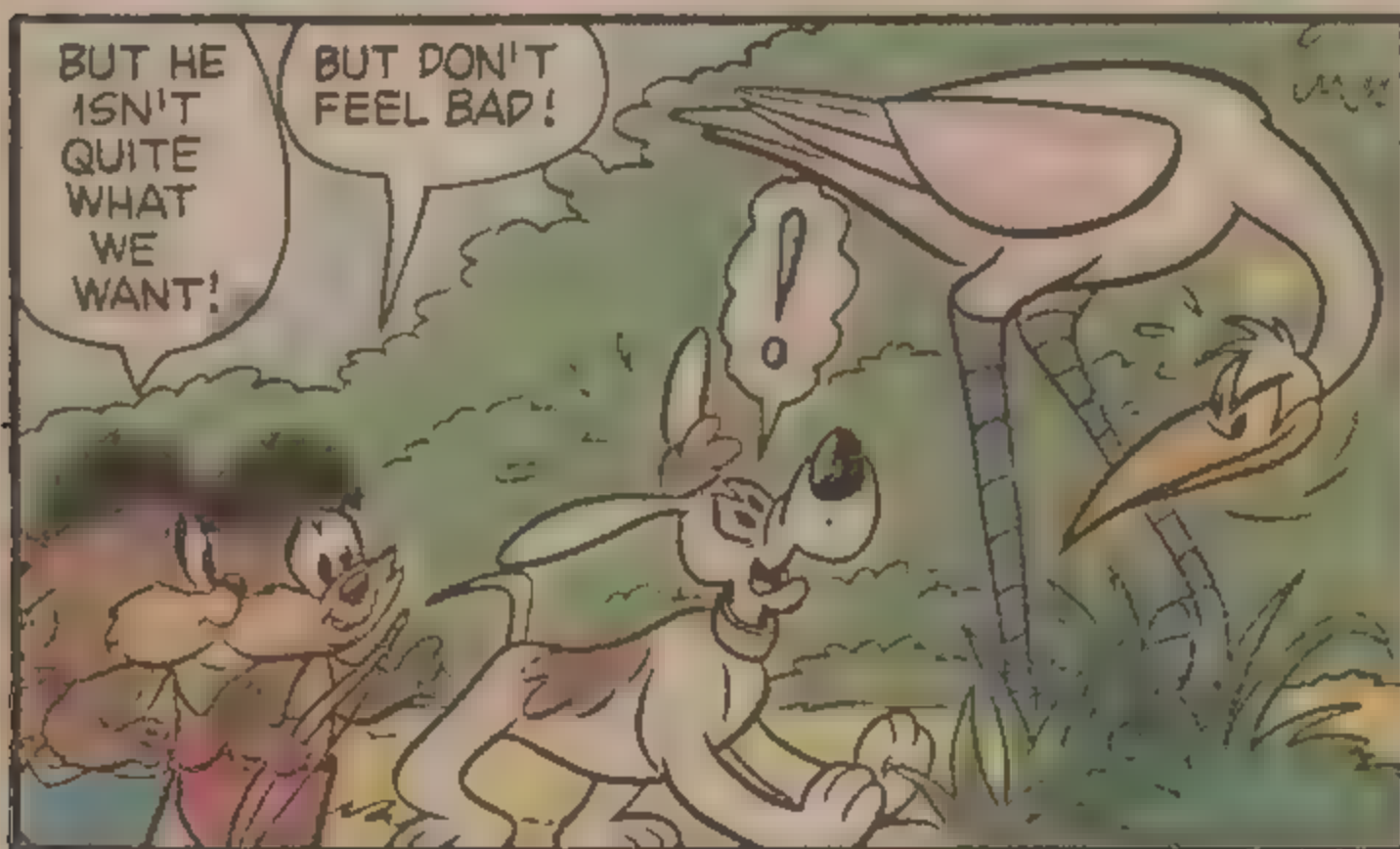
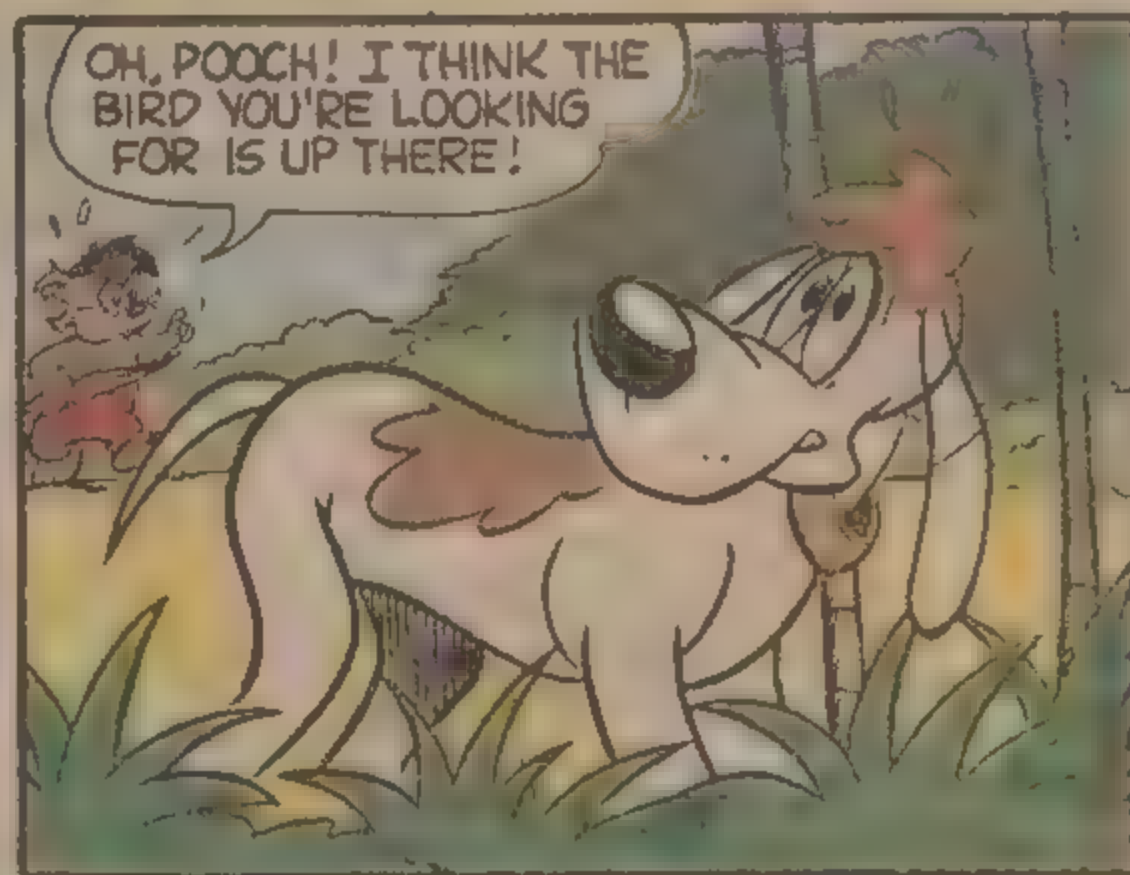
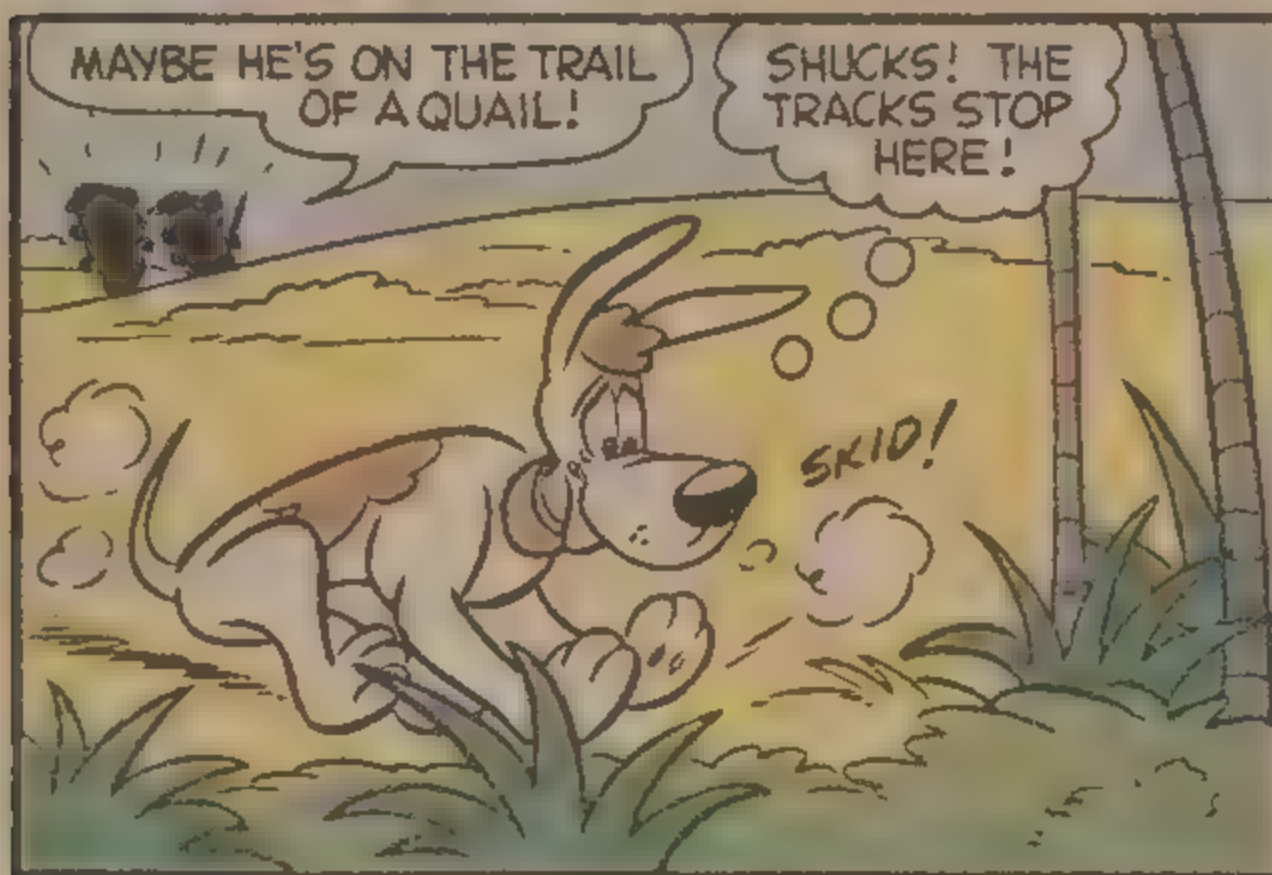
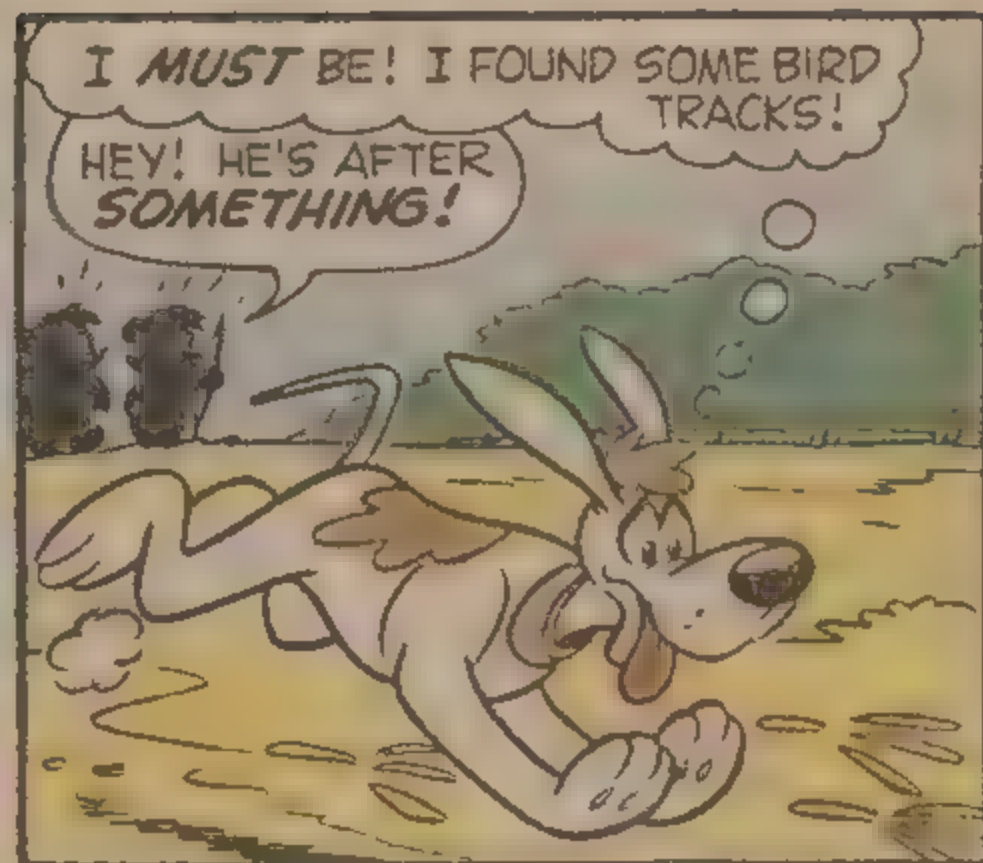
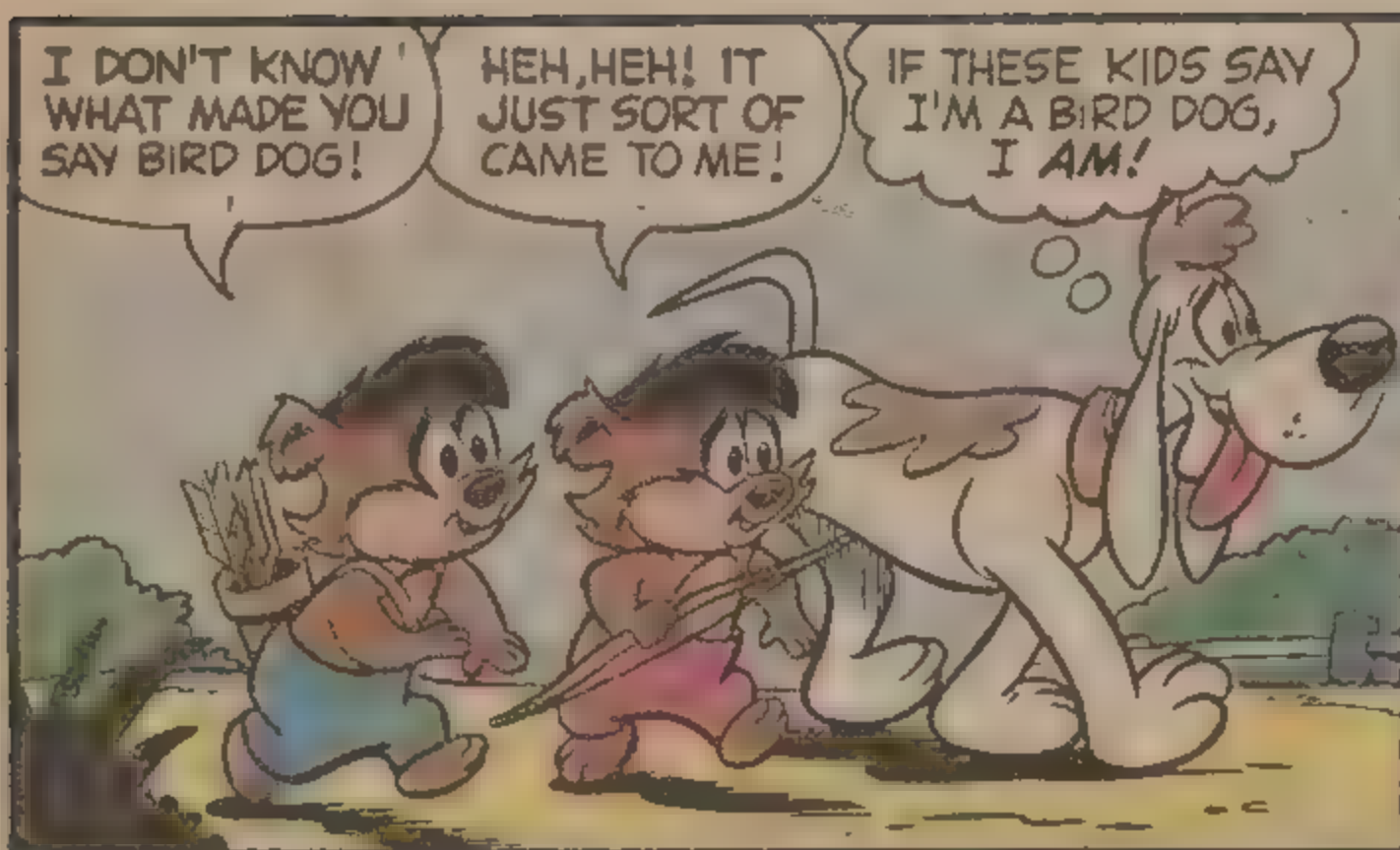


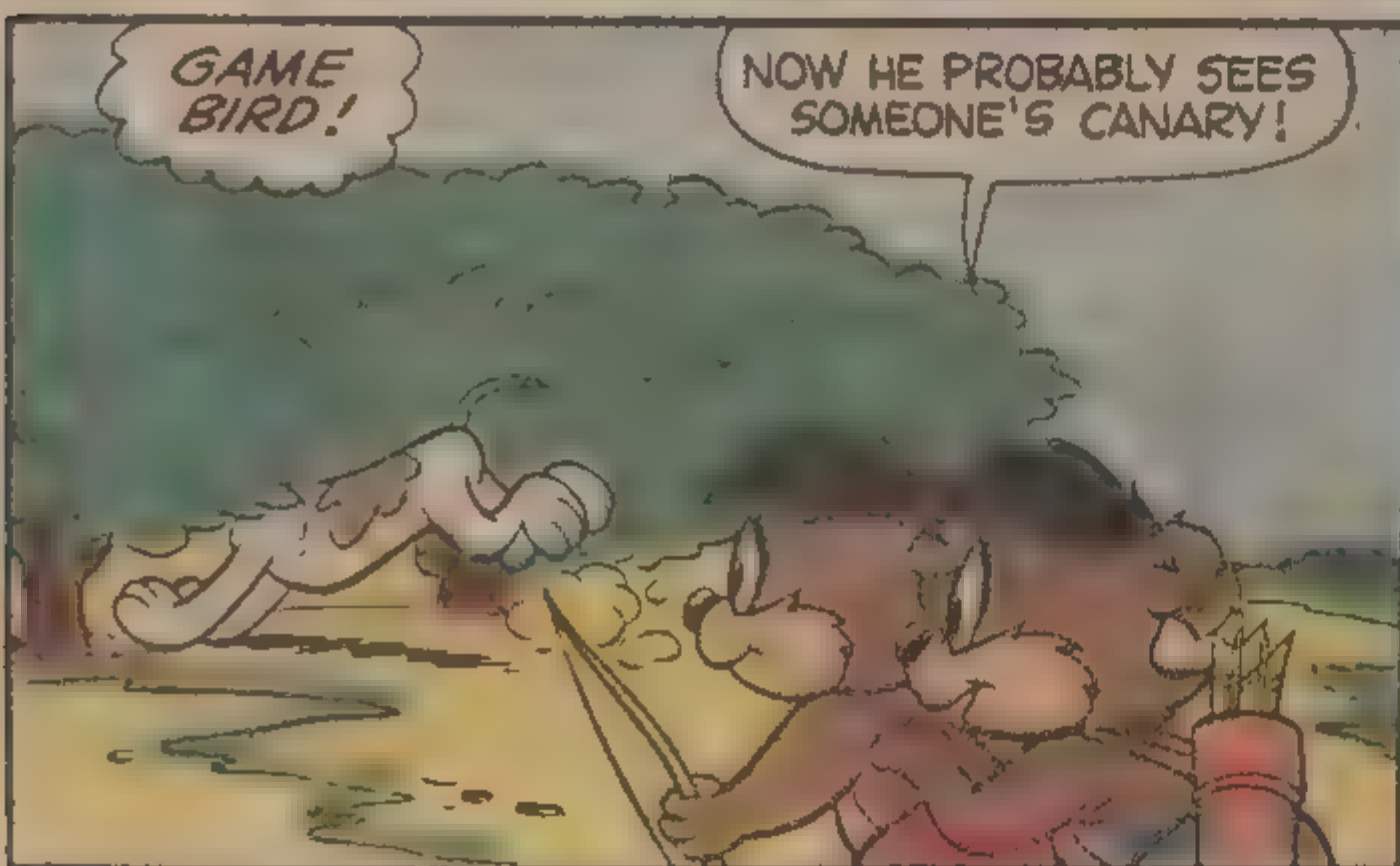
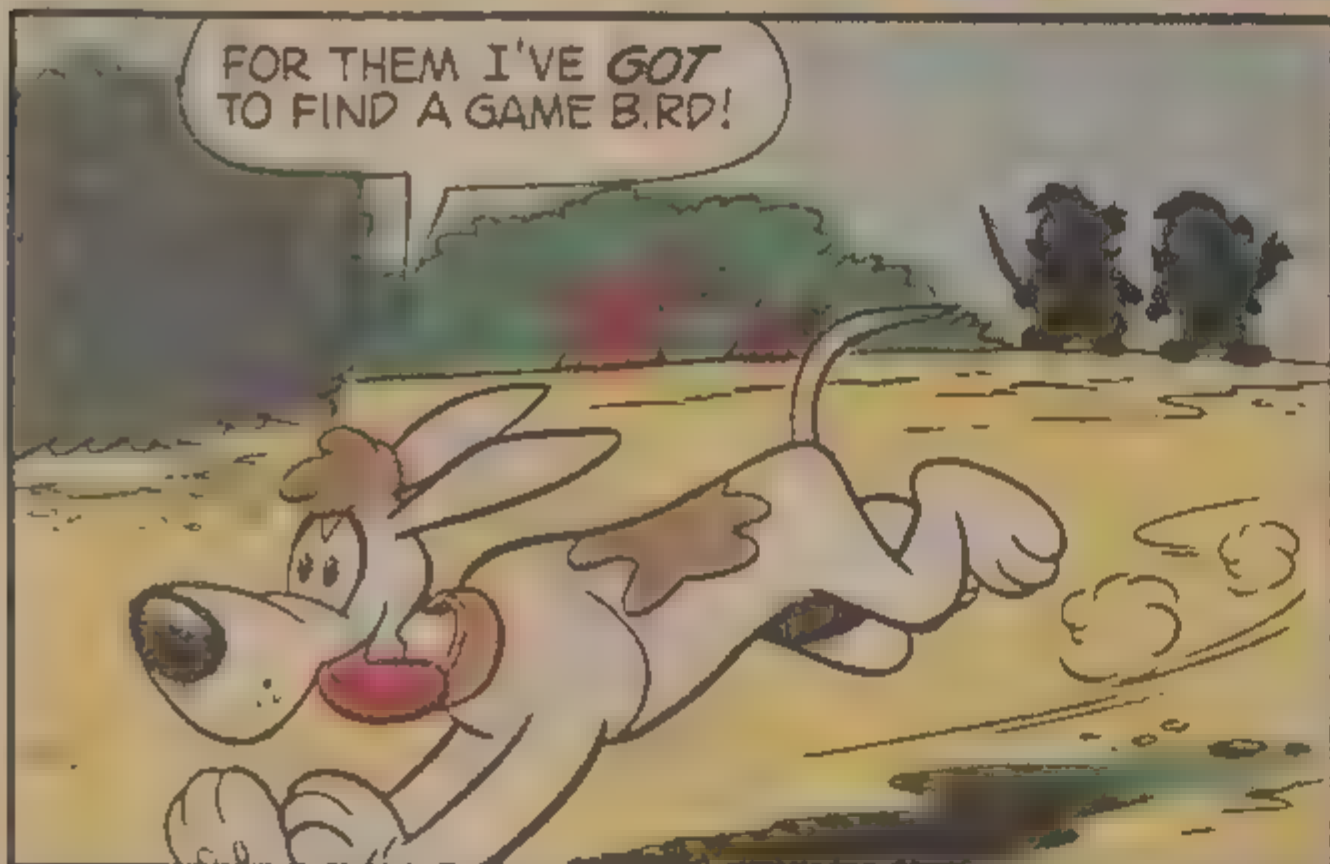
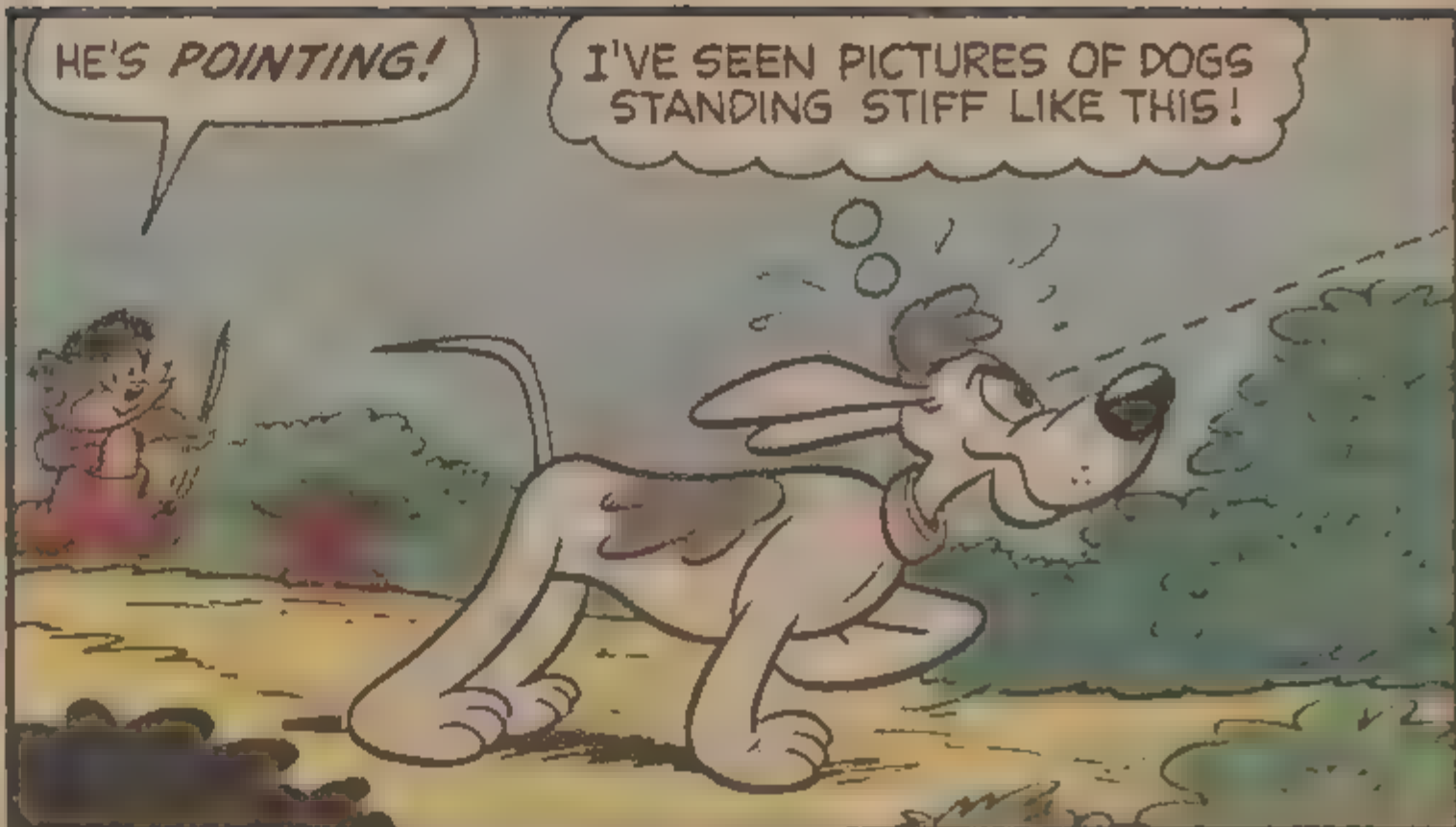
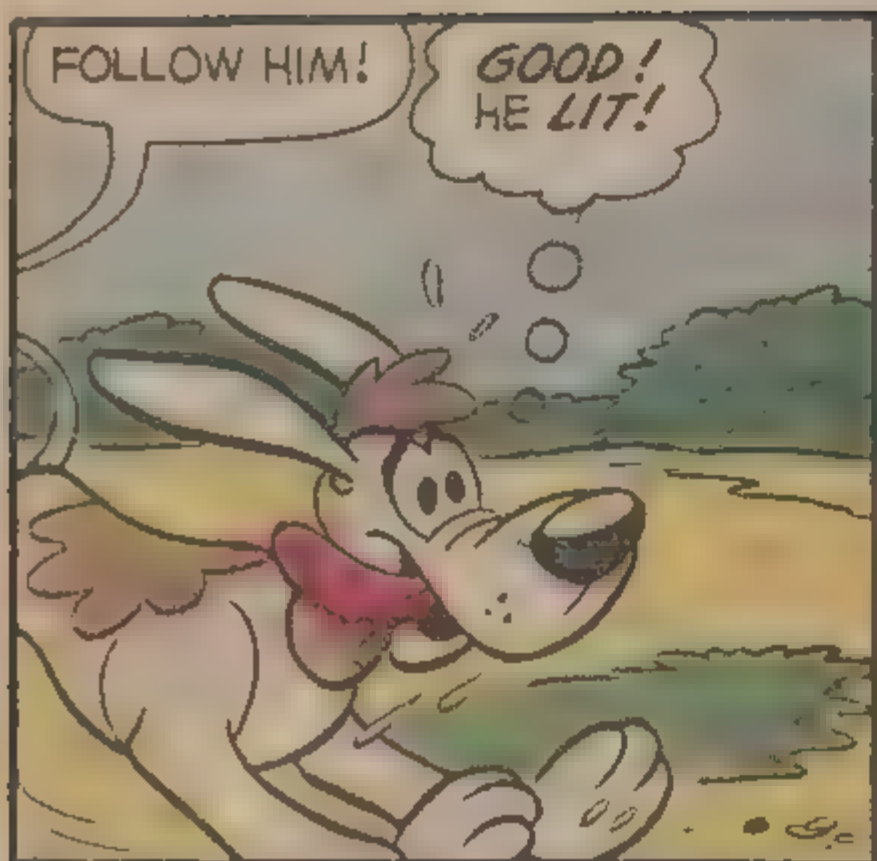


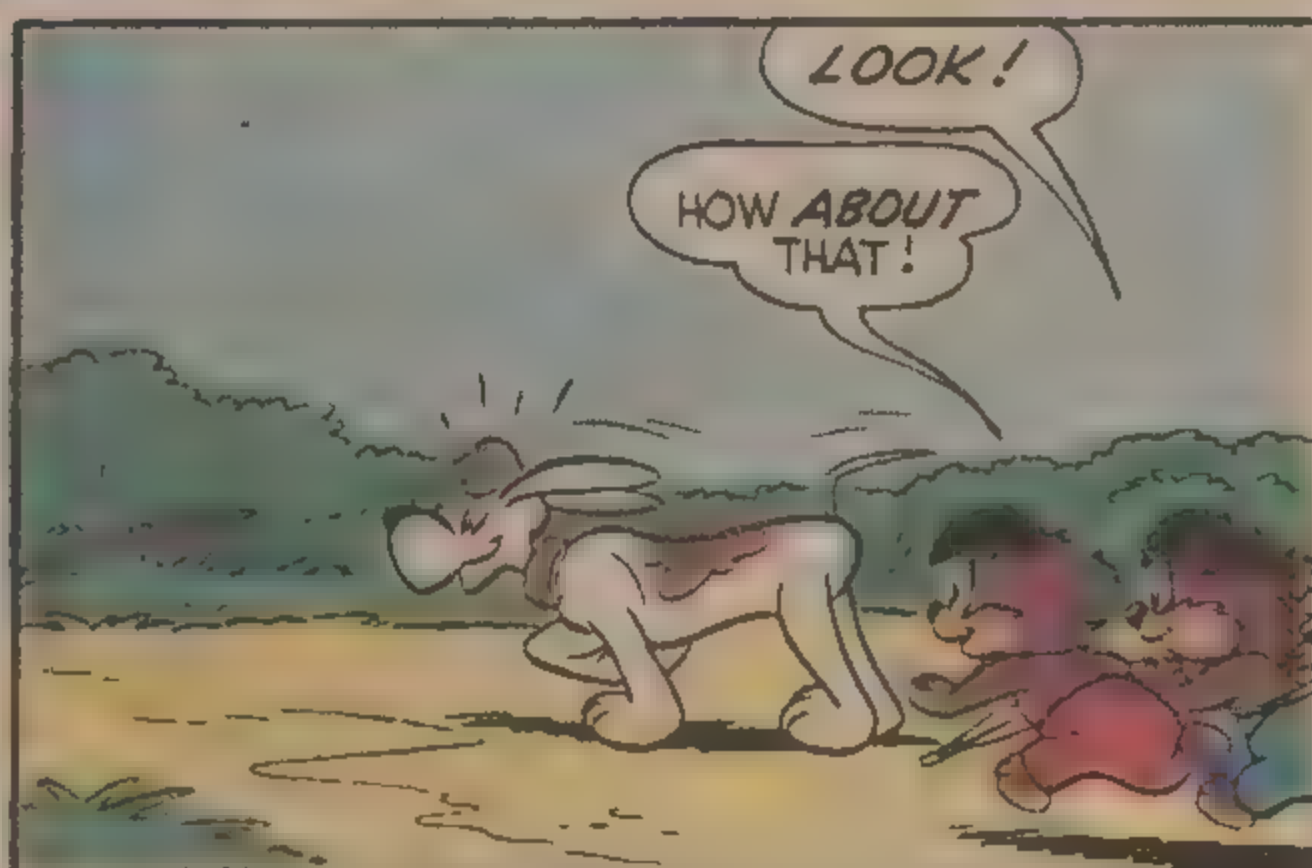
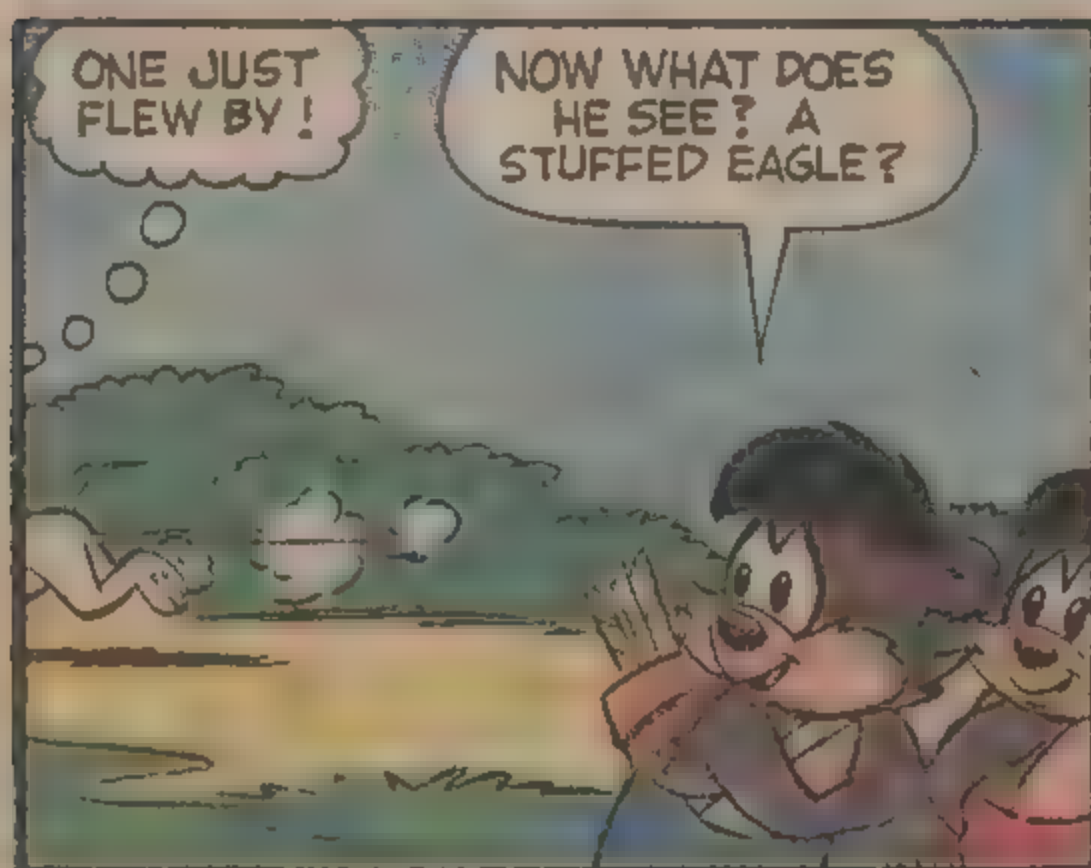
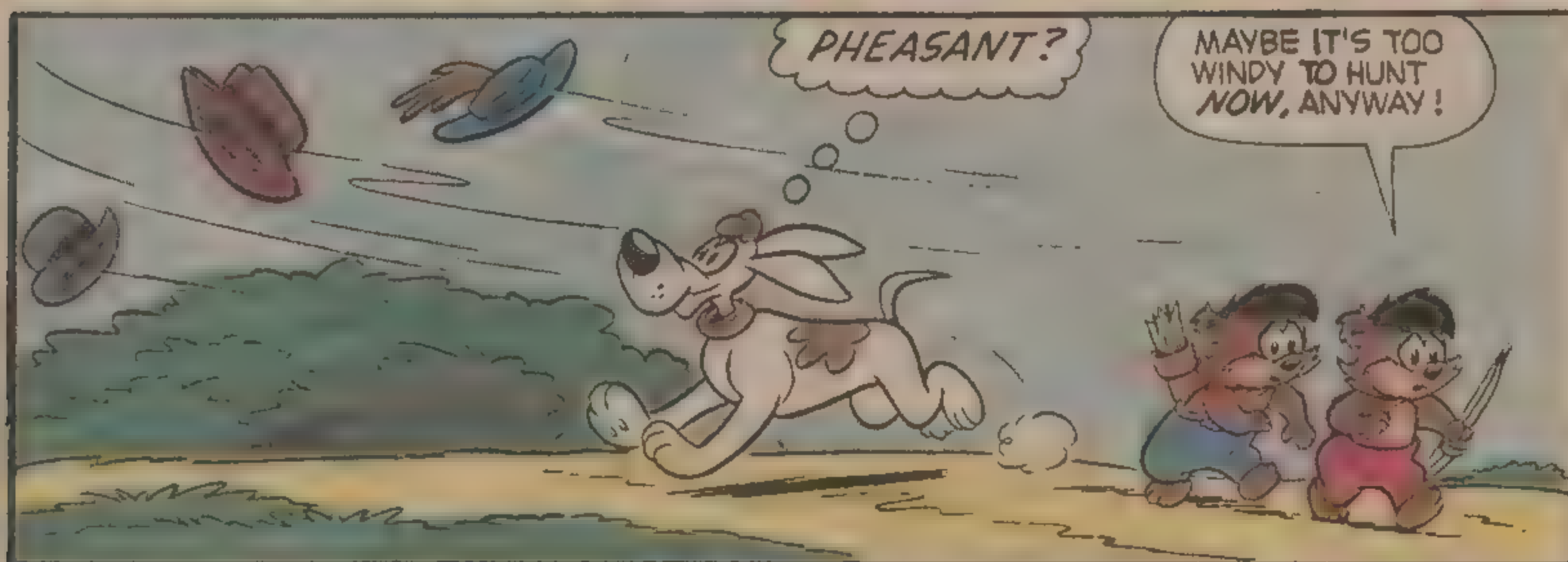
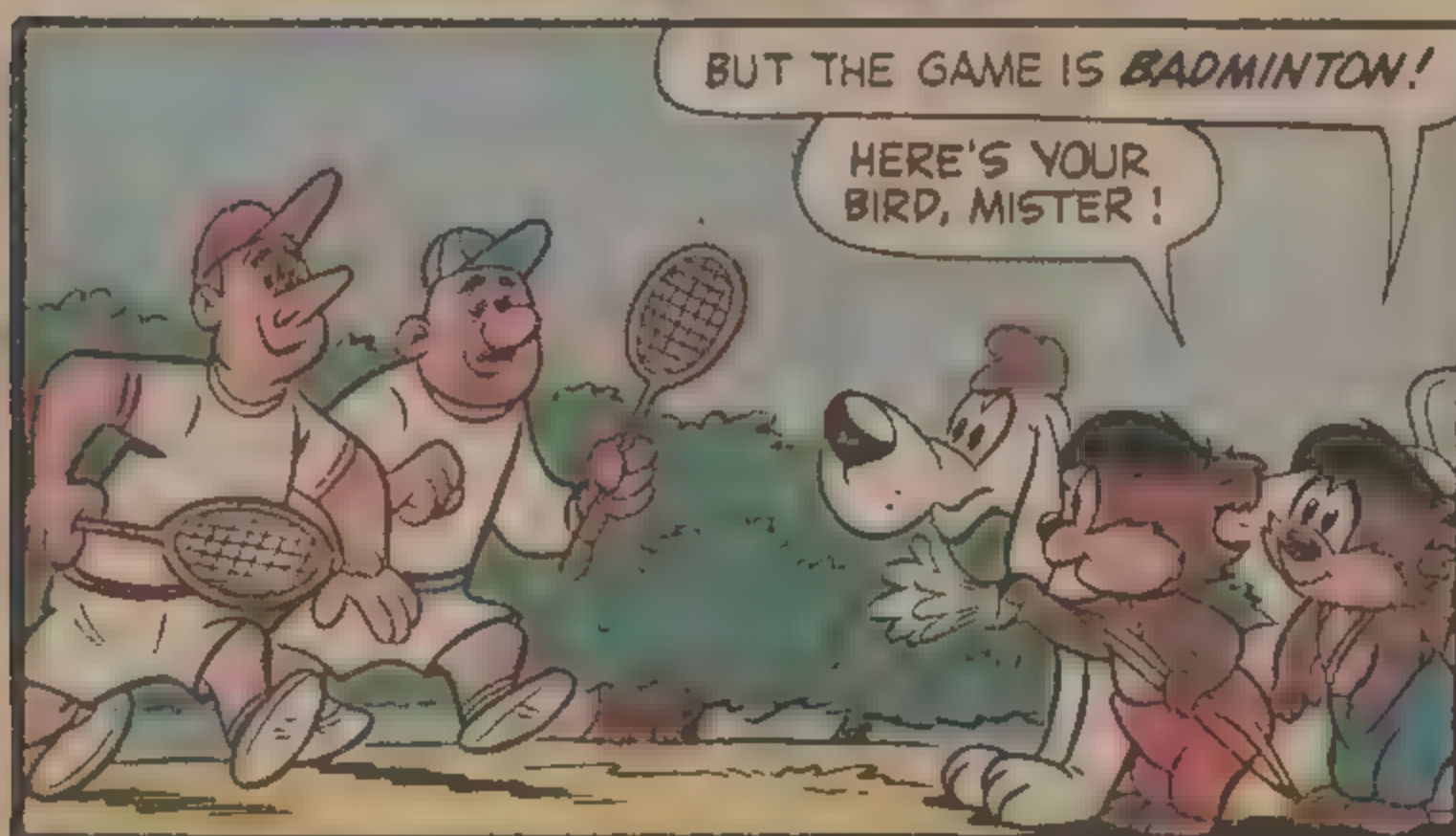
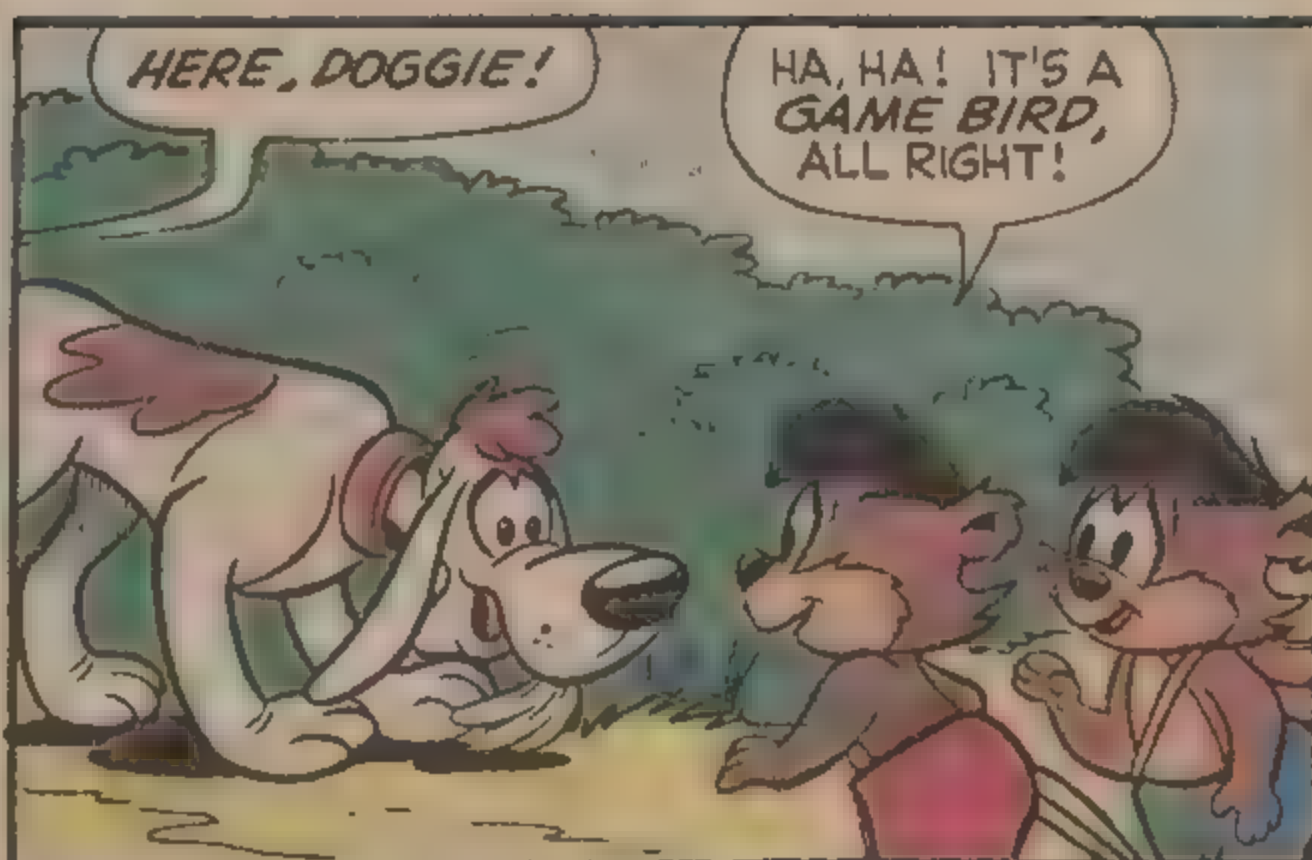
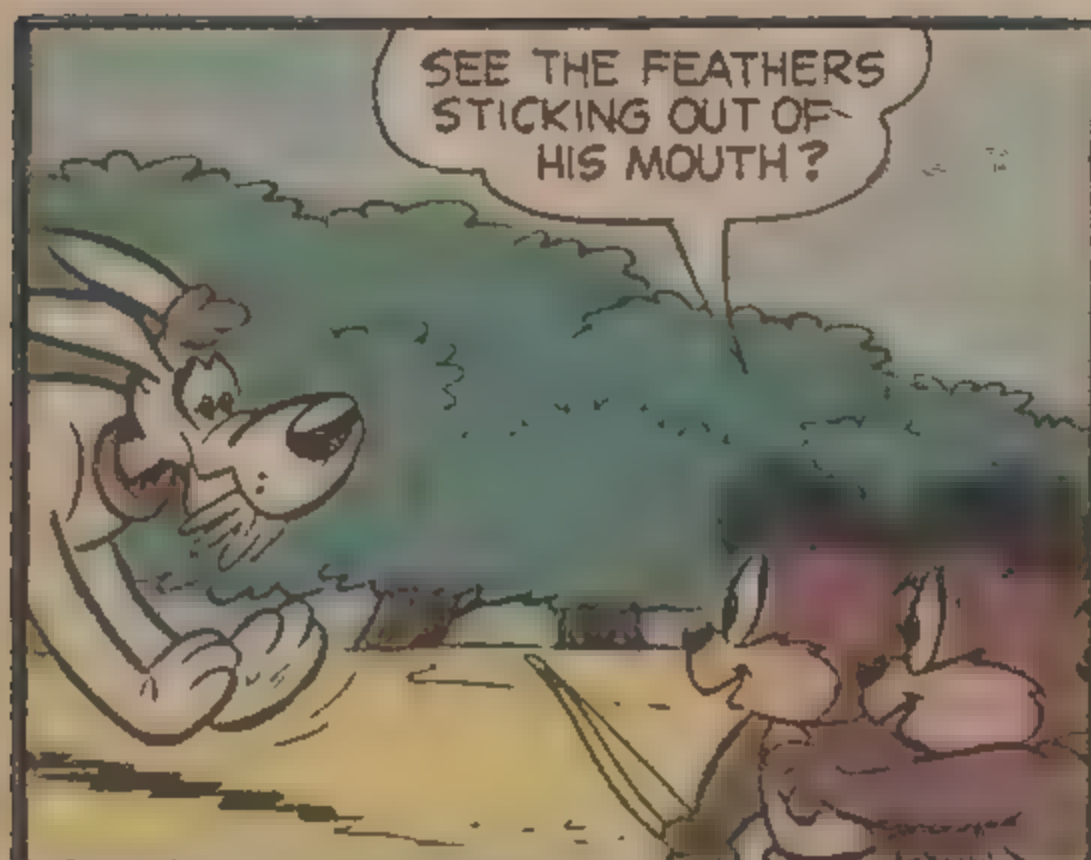
BARNEY BEAR with FUZZY and WUZZY

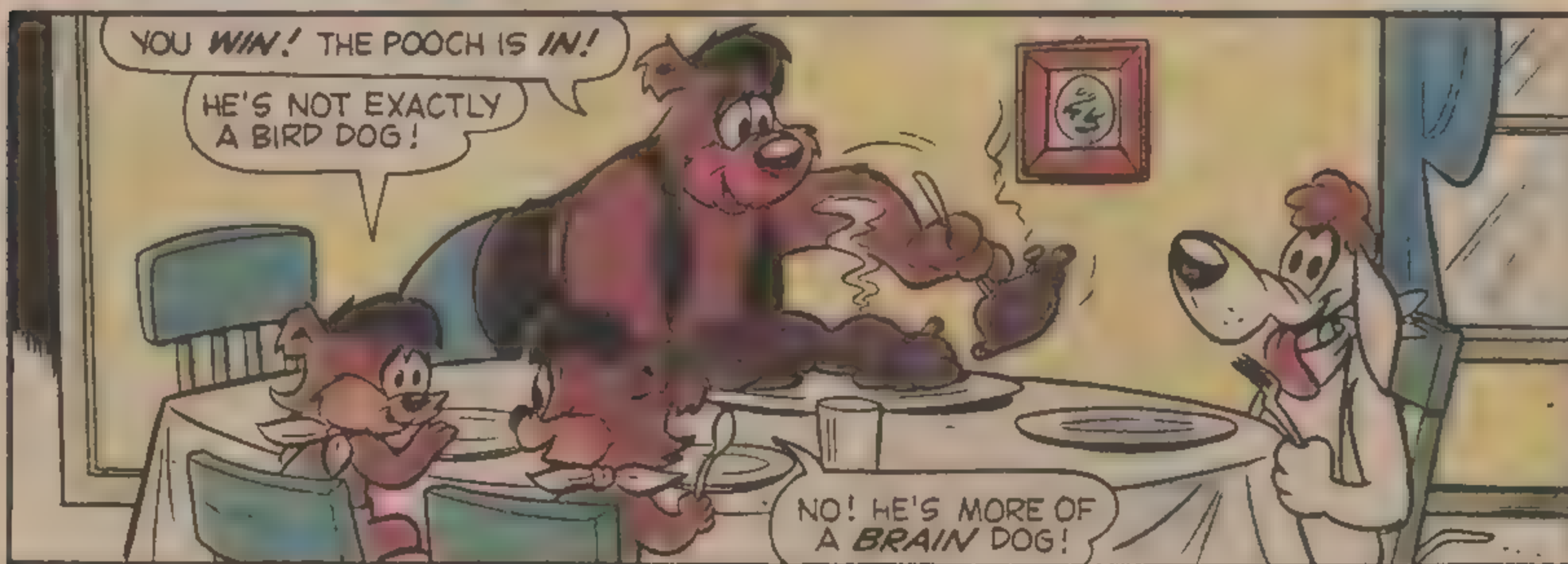
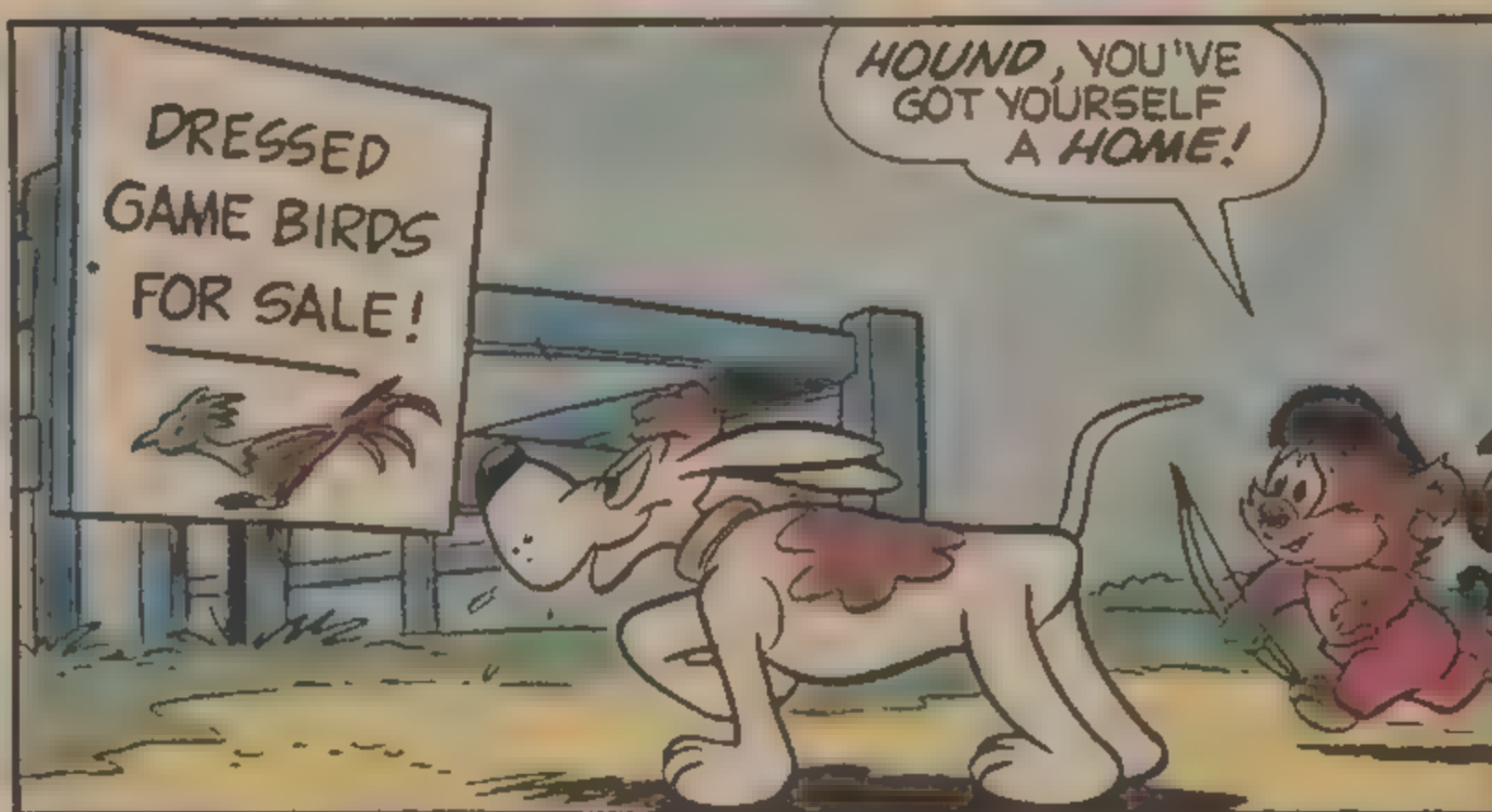
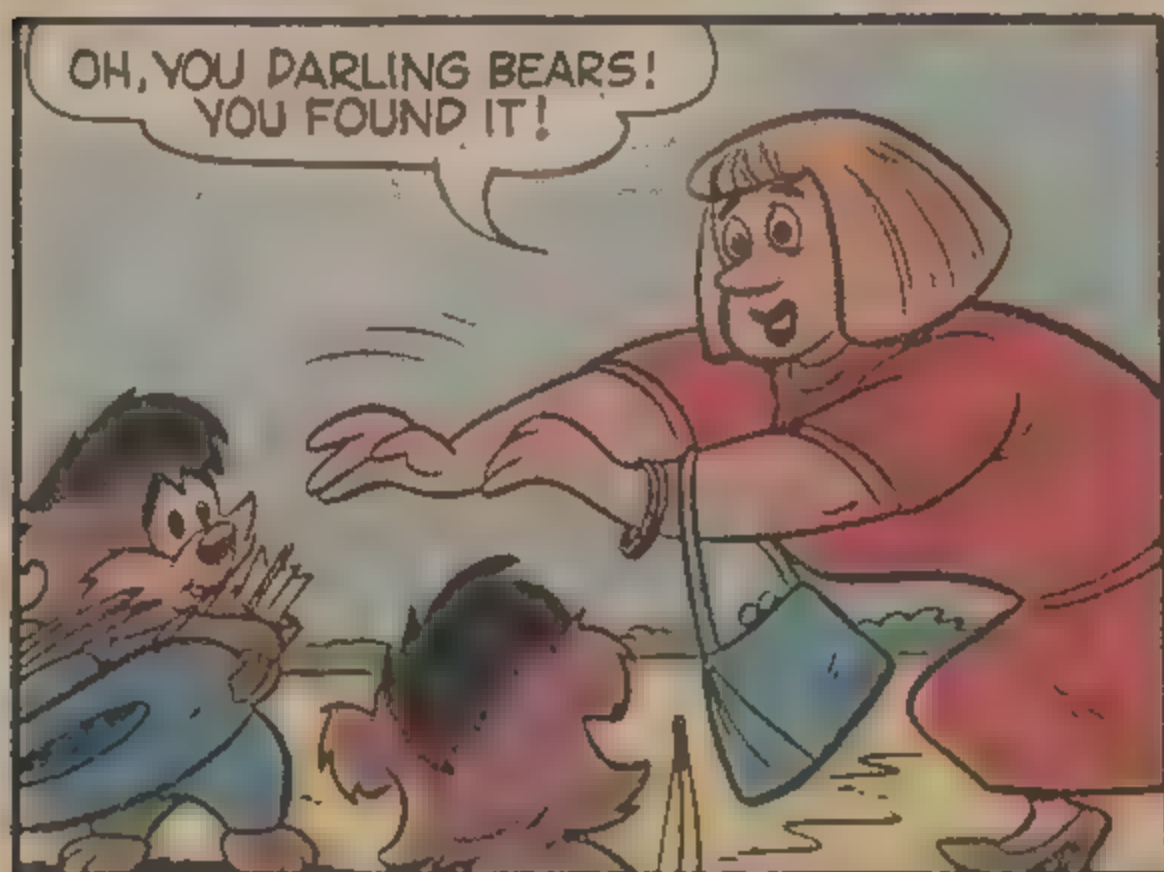
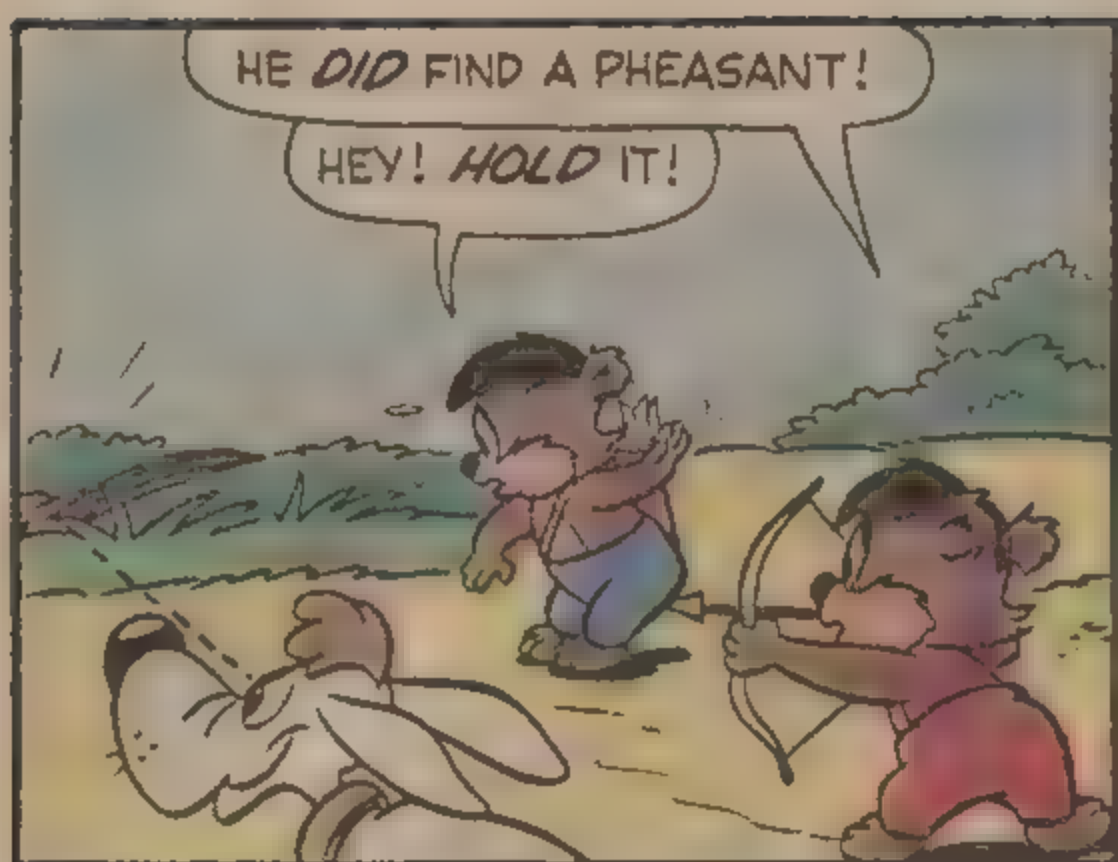
THE BOGUS BIRD DOG

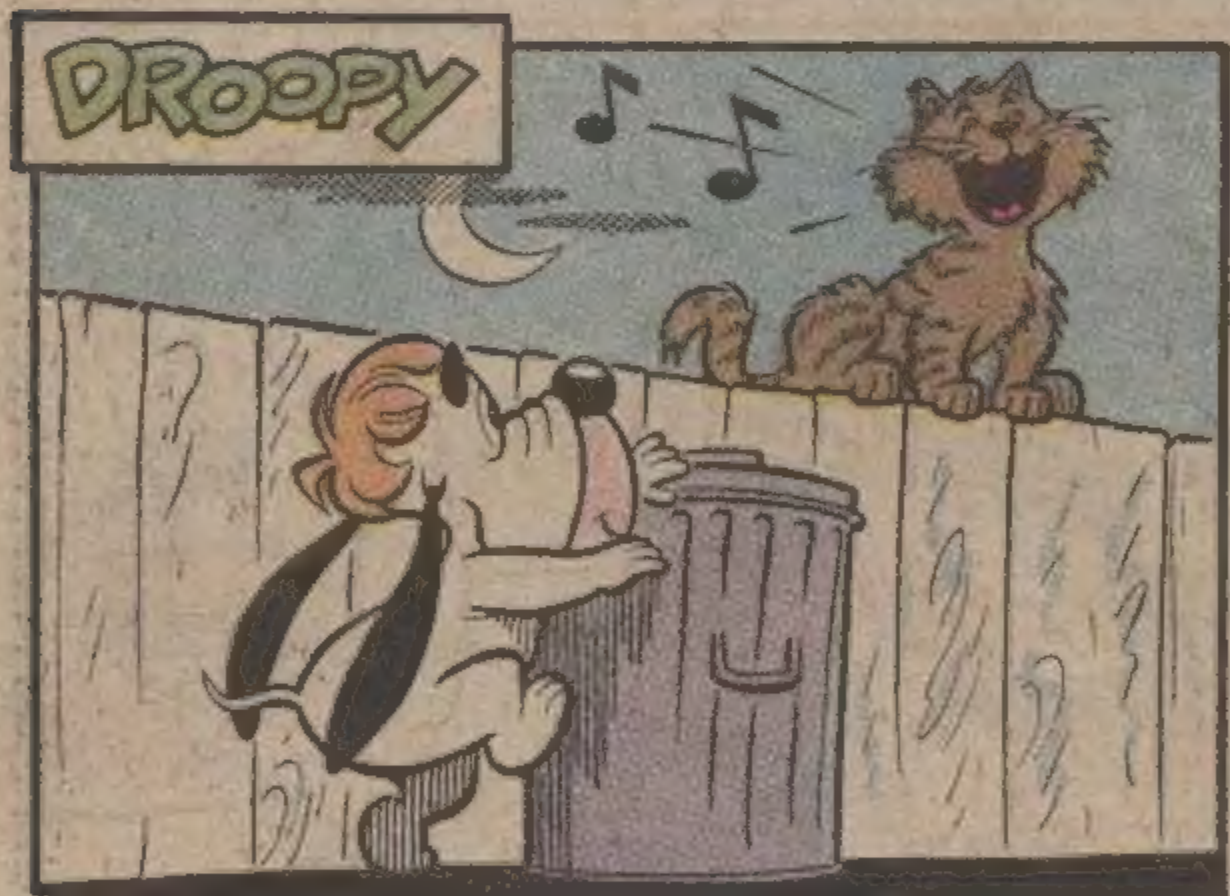
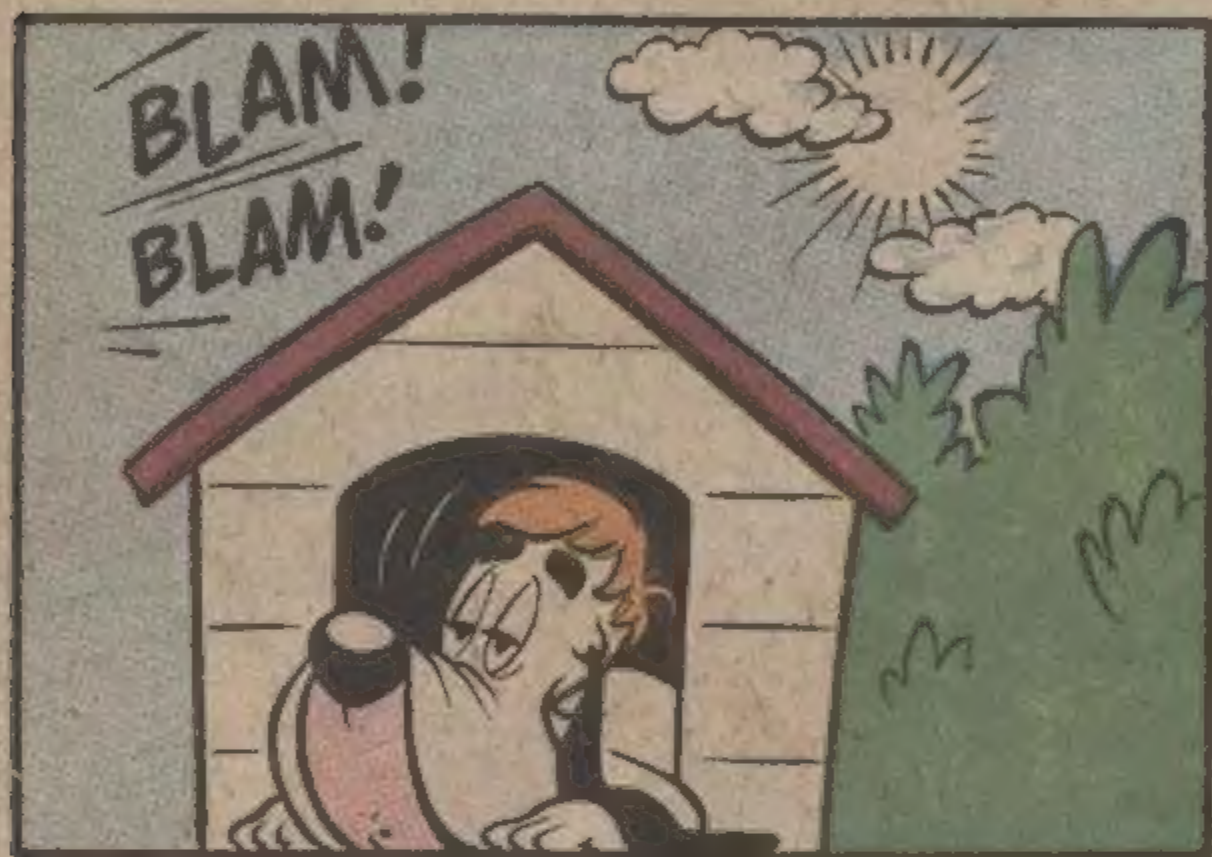












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